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## BACKGROUND OF VICTORY

*Combined Operations Speed Up the War*

by H. A. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS

A FEW days after the Allies landed in North Africa, their Commander in Chief, General Eisenhower, sent a message to Vice Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations Command, in which he referred to that invasion as "the greatest combined operation of all time."

This record, if it really was one, — the General may have forgotten or ignored the expedition of the Persian Xerxes against the Greeks "some twenty-three centuries earlier and a few hundred miles further eastward," — did not stand for long. A still larger expedition, this time against Sicily, invaded that island in the small hours of July 10, 1943.

Both these expeditions were on a large scale. That against North Africa involved between eight and nine hundred ships and that against Sicily more than three thousand, if the smaller type of

landing craft be included. Enterprises of such pith and moment do not instantly take shape after conception in the minds of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, and their respective general staffs. They do not, like Athene, spring fully armed from the head of Zeus. They are the culminating, tangible, visible, and — for the enemy — devastating result of a highly developed technique of which the study began as far back as the dark days of June, 1940 — a technique which is merely the modern development of principles originally worked out by Drake, Essex, Howard, and other harassers of Spain in the great age of Queen Elizabeth.

It is the purpose of this article to survey briefly the background to this, the latest, Sicilian expedition, and to examine the broad outlines of what may be called the combined-operation method of securing victory. The invasions of French North Africa and of Sicily have succeeded for no other reason than that this method was used. There is indeed no other way of ensuring the destruction of the Axis powers. Reduced to its simplest terms, the problem of attacking them is the problem of securing a foothold on the shores of their fortress. The breaching of defenses is the second operation; and the invasion of the country behind is the third.

This problem has been set before the Allies by the simple fact that unless the land route through

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Enlisting in the British Army at the age of seventeen, H. A. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS was probably the first British officer to enter Cologne with the British Army of Occupation in December, 1918. After the war he returned to Balliol College, Oxford. In 1920 he went to Geneva for a short vacation and stayed seventeen years doing secretarial and relief work for the League of Nations. Under various noms de plume, Mr. Saunders has written many books. His official books for the British Ministry of Information in this war, among which is the recent best-seller, *Combined Operations*, have sold more copies than that other European best-seller of recent years — *Mein Kampf*.

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the Caucasus and along the northern portion of the Black Sea be chosen by our invading armies — and there is no sign as yet that such a choice is contemplated — the only way to reach the German and Italian European fortress is across the sea. This entails an amphibious operation, and such an operation is the most hazardous known to war. Ships are most vulnerable when they are within range of the enemy's coastal defense guns. An army can be most readily destroyed when it is ship-borne and therefore unable to deploy or to use its weapons.

The success, therefore, of an amphibious operation depends primarily on preventing the enemy from seizing and exploiting the moment when the invading forces are at their weakest. The dice are heavily loaded in favor of the defense, and the success of the invasion depends on the most careful preparation, on paying the utmost heed to the lessons of the past, and, above all, on the most perfect combination of all three main branches of the armed forces of the Allies: the navy, the army, and the air force.

## 2

CONVINCED, as it has always been, of the necessity of taking the first steps towards ultimate victory by means of amphibious operations, the British High Command began its study of them almost before the last soldier had left the smoking beaches of Dunkirk. It set about providing the necessary training through what soon came to be known as the Combined Operations Command. It created a soldier with special training — the Commando soldier — to carry out a series of experiments with the object of determining the severity of the problem, and a sailor with special training, whose task it would be to handle the special type of craft indispensable for the transporting of an invading army.

From June, 1940, onwards there were men engaged in finding out, usually at the risk of their lives, what exactly was the best method to use when attacking the enemy from the sea. To discover this technique has been one of the most important objects of the Commando raids on the coasts of the Continent. Every time one was carried out, the lessons brought back were carefully studied and included in the ever increasing, ever more strenuous training program of the growing Combined Operations Command. No detail has been too small to study, from the best type of close-support anti-tank gun to the most suitable cosmetic for use in camouflaging the face.

Side by side with the training of the Commando soldiers there proceeded that of the sailors. Some of these had to learn the vitally important duties of the beachmaster, the man who is at once "the constable on point duty and the foreman in charge of the delivery van." The beachmaster and the military landing officer must control the newly captured beaches, see to the handling of supplies, and make sure that their steady flow towards the front is uninterrupted. The sailors in the assault ships have had to learn how to approach the shore, land on it, and then pull off and remain within instant call.

Men who for years have rightly regarded the running of a ship aground as "the first, last, and most perfect example of professional incompetence" have had to learn how to do so under all conditions. The craft they handle are of a most unorthodox kind. Before the outbreak of this war, the Committee of Imperial Defence set up an Inter-Services Training and Development Centre with, among others, the duty of designing prototypes of equipment and craft. They produced three: one to carry troops, another vehicles, and a third to provide close support fire. From these craft all the many types of landing craft and support ships have been developed.

Production at first was halting and beset with difficulties. Throughout 1940 and for a great part of 1941 the burden of British industry was too great to allow a big production of landing craft to be undertaken — so much so that in the autumn of that year an appeal was made to America to undertake the job.

At first the American Navy showed little enthusiasm for the new and strange types of craft whose construction they were asked to authorize. But the complete change in the situation produced by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor brought about a corresponding change of heart. Being realists, the American High Command at once saw the importance of producing such craft. They set about doing so and the victories in Guadalcanal, North Africa, Sicily, and in the central Solomons, have been the result up to date.

While the Combined Operations Command was thus learning the job of invasion tactics, while the Commandos were going out with blackened faces "to pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon," the rest of the British Army was very busy. Battle schools were set up throughout Britain to provide the same kind of training as the Commandos were getting. Many thousands, indeed many hundreds of thousands, have passed and are passing through them.

Both here and at the Combined Training Centres, Private Atkins learns a new technique, side by side with Canadians, Australians, Americans, and the free forces of the overrun nations of Europe. Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, French, Poles, Czechs, Greeks, and the rest who form the armed forces of the United Nations labored to acquire similar knowledge. By the late autumn of 1942 a large body of men belonging to the Navy and the Army was, so far as training was concerned, ready to attempt the hazardous task of invasion.

Nor was the air side neglected. Not only were the Army Coöperation Command of the Royal Air Force and its counterpart in the American Army brought into being and carefully trained, but parachute and air-borne troops were recruited. Small in numbers in 1941, before fourteen months had elapsed they had grown to be a very considerable force.

In the British Army they belong to the Army Air Corps, consisting of parachute and glider regiments. Already they have achieved some remarkable results in action. The parachute battalion which stormed one of the Jebel Mansur hills in the North African campaign earned the admiration of the guards who fought beside them on that day, and their exploits, with those of the corresponding American troops, have shortened the campaign in Sicily.

Here then, at last, is a huge and daily increasing force of all arms specially trained to carry out invasions. How is it used? It is necessary at once to emphasize that the combination of all arms achieved in the field of training and of battle has also been achieved in the field of planning. This may be a truism, but it is one which must not be forgotten, for the lesson that coöperation means victory, independence defeat, has been hard to learn. It has been learned, for the most part, in the sands of North Africa and the gritty hills above Tunis and Bizerta — where the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force have seen each other sharply defined in the hard light of battle. This most penetrating illumination shows up every fault and every virtue with naked candor.

### 3

COÖRDINATION between the three arms is now as complete as it is humanly possible to make it. To give but one example, it is the invariable practice of General Montgomery to establish his headquarters either in the building occupied by the Air Force Commander or next door to it. Coöperation extends far beyond and behind the field of battle. All combined operations of any magnitude are

laid out by the joint planners at the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry, assisted by experts who produce an outlined plan for an operation, the general idea of which has been discussed by the chiefs of staff. The outlined plan is then handed to the Force Commanders, who proceed to produce the final detailed plan.

These plans have of necessity to be prepared months in advance. That again is something which needs strong emphasis. It is impossible to improvise an invasion on the vast scale of the Sicilian expedition. The reason is simple. The exceedingly complicated apparatus of modern war has to be transported to the scene of action in ships: the collection and loading of them, therefore, become of paramount importance, and every plan ultimately depends on the number of ships available, not only at the moment the operation is to be carried out, but perhaps for many months previously. At a very early stage the planners, chiefly accepting the recommendation of the Naval Force Commander, will inform the Admiralty of the number of ships estimated necessary for the undertaking. The Admiralty — probably after a protest or two — will agree on the ultimate figure and will set about the task of collecting the necessary ships.

This job is hard enough, for there is, of course, no such thing as an idle ship these days — none, at any rate, flying the flag of any of the United Nations. Ships are all fully employed carrying food and munitions. A choice has therefore to be made between that part of this sea traffic which is indispensable and that which can be temporarily suspended. The Admiralty makes that choice. And it has to concern itself not only with the merchant ships required, but equally with their escort. All the vessels of the Royal Navy and many vessels of the American Navy, not to mention those of the Royal Dutch, the Norwegian, the Free French, and the Polish navies, are employed in the work of protecting our merchant shipping.

To switch ships to the escorting of the big convoys which will carry the troops and their weapons to the chosen beaches is a matter calling for clear and considered judgment. What North or South Atlantic convoy can be dispensed with for two or three months, thus releasing its escort? What light coastal forces can be spared from their daily task of shooting up enemy shipping along the Dutch and Belgian coasts to give the close support vital for covering the landings? What great ships can be taken away from the home or other fleets to cope with the Italian Navy if it should have the courage to show itself, or to provide the heavy shelling which will soften the proposed objectives?



In addition to close support and cover against the enemy battle fleet, anti-submarine escorts must also be provided, and for this work still more ships must be taken from their regular routine.

The problem of shipping once solved, the problems of supply have to be tackled. Modern ships are mostly oil-driven; therefore tankers must be provided in large quantities at the different ports en route, to ensure that when the ships finally sail against the enemy they will have full tanks and be able to remain in action in the battle zone as long as necessary. Similarly, repair services have to be enlarged and made available for possibly a considerable number of ships. For no one can calculate beforehand with exactitude what the casualties among the transports and their escort may be.

Nor is oil the only vital material to be considered. There is also the question of ammunition, and this is further complicated by the fact that there are many different types and many different calibers of guns, all of which must be provided with the shells and charges needed.

Ships, oil, ammunition — these have been dealt with. Then comes the actual planning of the ships' movements, which is the responsibility of the Naval Commander working in close conjunction with his Army and Air Force colleagues. Once the date and time of the first landing are known, the planners, in conjunction with the Admiralty, work out an elaborate schedule based on probabilities. It covers the tactical loading of the cargoes carried by all the ships.

Here again the job is far from simple. Not only must the right number of ships be loaded with the proper quantity of stores and munitions, but these must be put on board the respective ships in the right order. If, for instance, Bren gun carriers in large quantities will be required at some point the day after the operation has begun, the ships carrying them must have loaded them last so that they may be the first to emerge from the holds. And so it is with tanks and self-propelling artillery and the rest.

Great foresight is necessary throughout. And yet, however keen, the planning cannot be infallible — because it is impossible ever to say with certainty what the exact degree of opposition on enemy-held beaches will be. If it be heavy, then naturally the first ships arriving after those which have landed the infantry must carry tanks, guns, and ammunition. If the opposition be slight, other weapons, such as anti-aircraft guns, may be more useful. The question of stowage is one of intimate concern not only to the Navy but also to the sea-transport

officers of the Army. They deal with it. And the comparatively smooth working of the arrangements for the invasion of North Africa and of Sicily is a measure of their success.

All this labor, however, great though it is, still does not exhaust the task of the Navy. Not only must it protect ships and supply fire support; it must also produce the mine sweepers necessary to clear a path for the invading fleet. And when once a port has been captured, it must put ashore the necessary naval personnel to put the port in working order and to maintain it.

#### 4

THAT, in brief outline, is the task of the Navy. That of the Army is self-evident. It must get ashore quickly. And once ashore, it must establish and enlarge a bridgehead sufficiently wide to enable troops subsequently landed to use it as a spring-board from which to carry out operations against the interior of the invaded country. It is in the establishment of this bridgehead that air-borne troops play so important a part.

These specialists are used to create disturbances behind the lines of the enemy and to disrupt them. Their motto is dislocation and they have proved in Sicily their ability to live up to it. The parachute troops dropped near Comiso and Ragusa, for example, were largely responsible for the capture of this airfield and town far earlier than had been expected. And the same is true of the performance of the American parachutists, who throughout trained in the closest harmony with their British comrades. The glider-borne troops were equally successful.

They are tough men. One of the original units chosen was the famous Royal Welch Fusiliers, who volunteered to a man for this service. Not only must these troops be tough. They must also be intelligent. Much depends on the individual men, for they go into action far more scattered than is the case with ordinary infantry units. They must therefore use their initiative; that they can do so has been amply shown by the Americans round Licata, and the British round that famous bridge, Primo-sole. The use of these troops was a vital part of the strategic plan for the capture of Sicily.

Casualties among the air-borne troops were heavy but not crippling. At one point some twenty gliders fell into the sea, for the objectives they were detailed to attack were close to the shore. And in the storm in which the preliminary stages of the operation were carried out, the exact moment at



which to release the tow rope of the glider was not always correctly calculated. Nevertheless enough of them got ashore to be highly effective in the task of baffling the forward defenses.

The Air Force must be at work days and perhaps weeks before zero hour, for it is its job to make sure that the fighter cover will be adequate. It is quite impossible for the Navy to approach a hostile coast, let alone for the troops to land on it, unless that air cover is effective. The raid on Dieppe on August 19, 1942, was proof of the need for air cover. And the attack on Sicily confirmed its effectiveness. There the softening-up process carried out by the Royal Air Force against the enemy airfields was so efficient that these fields were to all intents and purposes out of action when the moment for invasion arrived.

The targets attacked in the pre-invasion phase are chosen by the Air Force Commander with the sole purpose of ensuring air superiority from zero hour onwards. Superiority is secured by blitzing enemy airfields and by attacking communications. The first process has now reached the stage of an art. Every airfield is attacked in a different way according to its situation and the nature of its surface. Sometimes the best method is to send over squadrons of Fortresses flying in formations similar in outline to that of the airfield. At a given moment they drop their bomb load simultaneously, thus destroying runways and hangars. With another type of airfield it may be better to deliver a low-level attack and use machine guns to destroy dispersed aircraft.

Once the invasion is under way, the task of providing immediate air cover falls on the fighters. In Sicily squadrons of these aircraft based on Malta gave that long-enduring island its chance for revenge. Making over a thousand sorties a day, the fighters prevented any air attack from developing on the hundreds of ships lying off the beaches, or on the men ashore. More than that, they took a full

share in harassing and disorganizing the enemy. In desert warfare, columns of transports can leave the road and disperse fairly easily over the surrounding country. The opposite is true in a country like Sicily. There transport has to stick to the roads, for the surrounding country is either mountain or soft cultivated land. It is enough, therefore, to attack vehicles with machine-gun fire and thus to force them into the ditch by the wayside.

Coöperation is the secret of success. And this teamwork must be achieved not only between allies — always hitherto, as history shows, the most difficult of tasks — but also between the individual branches of the fighting services. That it has been achieved, North Africa and Sicily are witnesses.

Yet a word of warning will not be out of place. The Allies have so far worked wonders, but not miracles. Whatever shortcomings have become apparent in the two invasions hitherto carried out have not been serious enough to prevent success. That is encouraging, but it must not be forgotten that neither expedition met with really resolute opposition. In places, it is true, such as Casablanca, Oran, and Licata, fighting was severe. But, generally speaking, the invading armies were put ashore on beaches not held with the resolution displayed, for example, by the defenders of Dieppe.

To conclude, therefore, that the invasion of the Axis European fortress is easy or, at any rate, not unduly costly would be a grave mistake. That it can be effected by resolute and determined men seems certain. But their success, when it comes, will have been achieved only by their rigid determination to profit by the lessons of the past. Not the least of these is the absolute necessity for complete confidence in each other, not only between the Allies but also between all branches of the fighting services. Never was the motto of the Combined Operations Command, "United we conquer," more apposite than it is today.

»What shall we do with the Germans when the war is won? Shoot them? Here are some alternatives.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH GERMANY?

by LOUIS FISCHER

### 1

FOR at least ten years after this war all belligerents, victors as well as vanquished, will be so weakened from loss of life, blood, and wealth that a large-scale reopening of hostilities is unlikely. The true function of the peace is to prevent wars in the period following this first decade of peace by sheer exhaustion. The threat of a new world war will arise twelve or fifteen or twenty years after the end of the present conflict. The primary purpose of the peace settlement, therefore, is to deal with the dangers and difficulties that will appear, not two years after the war, but twenty years after the war.

Proposals for Germany's annihilation and disruption are counsels of despair. Because the peace planners cannot cure, they wish to kill.

Of course one can argue that Germans are incorrigible and must be sterilized, pulverized. If Germans are incorrigible we are doomed to a hundred years of policing Germany against her will, and we shall tire of it.

But perhaps there is a cure. Germany may actually be getting her re-education right now. One of the purposes of decisively defeating Germany is that the defeat itself will constitute a big piece of re-education. Two defeats in two major wars, each costing millions of casualties, are a bitter lesson for any nation. A military collapse in this war, accompanied by devastating bombings and the physical invasion of Germany, should convince large numbers of Germans that Germany can never win a world war.

Germany had a perfect army in 1914, had many allies, won most of the battles for four years, and then lost the war. This time Nazi Germany was well prepared for aggression and rigorously organized by a dictatorship against any anti-war revolts from within. She conquered many countries and vast

territories, and again she lost the war. To be bled white and then to lose — to lose twice — will make another world war an unattractive proposition to Germans.

Comparing the Kaiser war with the Hitler war, Germans will see that in both cases Russia lined up against them and America came in to turn the tide against them. In both cases bright prospects at the beginning turned into black doom at the close.

All this cannot but impress Germans with the inevitability of their defeat in any world war. When this war is over, every German family will count its dead and crippled and its vanished wealth; the country as a whole will contemplate its ruined economy and ruined prestige. For what? For nothing. The millions of personal ledgers and the public ledger will show no gains — only endless, tragic losses. Realization of defeat will produce a terrific emotional impact which may shock Germany out of its nonsense about war and militarism. Conceivably, Germany could become a pacifist nation after she is subjected to the "unconditional surrender" which Roosevelt and Churchill promised at Casablanca.

Russia will loom large in Germany's picture of gloom. No matter who sweeps back their last battalion and ends the war, and no matter how many victories they win in Russia, the Germans will know that it was the Red Army which made the first and biggest contribution to their defeat.

The attitude of Germans towards Russia after this war will consist of begrudged respect and fear mixed, strangely, with a certain attraction. Russians have always liked Germans and admired their thoroughness; but Germans, though they usually got on well with Russians, had a low estimate of Russian ability to manage, to build, and to wage war. Even so, an influential school of German political thought, represented by Bismarck and his followers, felt that Germany ought never to be on bad terms with Russia.

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Over the past two decades LOUIS FISCHER, author of *Men and Politics*, has served as a correspondent in the capitals of the world, with several long assignments in Europe. He is known especially for his coverage of the League of Nations.

Kaiser Wilhelm II disregarded this principle to his cost. Between 1919 and 1933, Germany and Russia usually lived amicably together, and even Hitler, for all his highly advertised anti-Communism, did not end all ties with Russia the moment he came into office in 1933. On the contrary, he sanctioned large Nazi Government credits for Russia in order to expand trade relations. And subsequently, in August, 1939, he concluded a pact with Stalin.

This traditional German view of Russia will, after the present war, grow into a profound conviction that Russia must be reckoned with as the major factor in any calculation of Germany's future. Russia may be exhausted when the war closes, and much in need of repair, but Germans know Russia's resilience and capacity of recuperation. They will realize that the new Russia which has learned the trick of industrialization and the use of modern weapons of war must hereafter be the chief concern of Germany's foreign policy.

With Russia in the opposite camp, Germany cannot possibly win a war; that is the real significance for history of the Nazi reverses on Soviet soil. To Russia's vast and protective geographical bulk, her rich reserves of manpower, and her fabulous natural resources has now been added the ability, demonstrated in this war, to make and to use machines. That new factor is of epochal importance to the future of Europe and Asia. It may alter German psychology and Germany's role in the world.

Some Germans will assuredly dream of a Russo-German military combination later in the twentieth century to conquer Europe and defy the world. But doubts will plague these schemers: Will Russia join such a partnership? Will not the opposing coalition again be too powerful by that time, for who knows what new powers — such as China and India — may weigh heavily in the balance against a Russo-German alliance? In any event, it would mean a third world war, bloodier than the last because we are all becoming more proficient in the science of killing — a war the outcome of which could be as disastrous for Germany as the First and Second World Wars. Moreover, Germans will comprehend that in any future Russo-German war axis, Germany might easily be the junior member and might, even in victory, gain less than Russia.

## 2

WHEN Hitler's regime crumbles and falls under United Nations military blows, the shape of the immediate peace to come will depend, in great meas-

ure, on who occupies Germany. Will America and England march in quickly and seize key cities, bridges, railway lines, and frontier posts in Germany, or will the Red Army enter too and take over part of the country? Nobody can know in advance. The United Nations may reach a preliminary understanding on the matter, or it will be determined by the location of the eastern front and of the Anglo-American front against Germany in the West.

If the Nazis have been pushed back out of Russia and the Soviet forces are somewhere in the Baltic states and Poland when German generals ask for an armistice, the Red Army may be in Berlin first. But if by that time Anglo-American forces have smashed through Italy and reconquered France and Holland, boys from Kansas and Liverpool may patrol Germany's heartland. If Germany surrenders or if there is a sudden internal collapse in Germany, all the victorious armies may start rushing towards German territory, and some forces could come in aeroplanes and drop parachutists. Before they arrive, an interval of chaos may be expected in which anti-Nazis will wreak vengeance on fellow Germans who were Nazis.

When the occupying armies restore order they will establish contacts with the civilian population. Germany is a large country of about seventy million inhabitants whose friendly assistance would facilitate the work of the occupying force; a sullen German attitude would obstruct that work.

The attitude of the German people towards the occupying armies will reflect the attitude of the occupying armies towards the German people. Some Germans will welcome foreign military occupation after Hitler's surrender. For it will mean tranquility instead of civil war. Unless there are strong foreign armed forces in Germany, the defeat of Hitler will sound the signal for the outbreak of a fierce struggle among various German classes for political power. It will be a bloody struggle, for Germans will hate the men who made the war and who helped make Hitler.

Twice in one generation the German people have seen the same groups of their countrymen — the Junker estate-owning squires, the big industrialists seeking expanded markets for their manufactures, the militarists dreaming of conquests, and the Prussian bureaucrats willingly serving all these groups — catapult Germany into world wars which they did not win. The venom and bitterness that are now accumulating among the German people against their masters should not be underestimated.

In wartime, the people go along. They dare not disobey. They are powerless before the secret police, the official propaganda, and the mass psychosis



which grips any nation at war. But when defeat comes, there is a letdown, a search for culprits, as in all the defeated countries of the last war. Russia, verging on defeat in 1917, dethroned the Czar and scrapped his absolutist system. Austro-Hungary, in 1918, cracked up into its national component parts; the Hapsburgs lost their crown. Turkey got rid of Sultan and empire. Germany drove out the Kaiser and the monarchy and established a republic.

These changes ran deep in Russia, Austro-Hungary, and Turkey. But the so-called German Revolution was a very polite affair. No one stepped on the grass. None of the institutions and few of the personnel of the old regime were discarded. For a few months the monarchists, warmakers, and reactionaries hid in their political lairs until the storm born of the 1918 debacle blew over. But in 1920 the anti-republicans made a bid for power, and within a few years — sometimes in republican disguise, yet just as often in full monarchist regalia — men and groups who ruled Germany before 1914 were back in the limelight and in office. Thereafter it was only a matter of time before the Kaiser's field marshal, Hindenburg, inducted Hitler into office and Germany began to prepare for a second world war.

This, in pill form, is the history of Germany from 1919 to 1939. It is a very bitter pill for the German people, and they will remember it. They will realize that if Germany is to have peace it must crush the groups and interests that made the war in 1914 and lost it in 1918, made the war in 1939 and lost it in the 1940's.

Will the occupying armies sanction and abet the elimination of these warmaking, backward-looking German groups? To do so would constitute a peaceful social revolution designed to obviate the necessity of bloody civil war. That civil war is brewing in Germany today. The foreign occupying armies will have the choice of suppressing it and saving the Junkers, armament makers, militarists, and encrusted bureaucrats, or of directing it into legal channels. Should they suppress it, they will merely postpone it and will have to sit on the lid while violent revolution continues to ferment under the surface.

One can well imagine what will happen in a Russian zone of occupation in Germany. If the Russians, loyal to Stalin's famous Order of the Day, of February, 1942, show sympathy for the German people and wipe out the enemies of the people, Germany may begin to look to Russia for its salvation and its future.

In ordinary circumstances, Germans will prefer America to Russia. After this war, Germany will

be tired, hungry, and sick. Parts of the country will have been ruined by enemy air raids. Only America can send aid. Ever since the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, Soviet Russia has suffered from a scarcity of food, and at the present moment, according to official statements published by the United States Lend-Lease Office, "millions of persons are starving" in the Soviet Union. The longer the war lasts, the hungrier and more exhausted Russia will become, and when the fighting ends she herself will need foreign food, medicines, and machinery. Post-war Germany, therefore, cannot expect supplies from stricken Russia. Instead of aid, Russia would introduce violent strife, and if Germans will pine for anything when hostilities cease it will be for rest and order.

America, accordingly, can win Germany's heart if we fill her stomach, and conquer her soul if we wisely assist in the birth of a new Germany wherein the warmaking elements will be deprived of their economic and political power to do evil. The alternative will be to throw Germany into the arms of Russia. Soviet Russia is not strictly communistic herself. But she could export communism to Germany.

Nobody who has lived long under a dictatorship wants more of it. The Germans will not wish to exchange brown dictatorship for red. They will have had enough tyranny. The only people who enjoy dictatorship are the few at the top who exercise it. The millions submit because they cannot help themselves. But they do not like it. It frays their nerves, offends their sense of personal dignity, and cramps their individuality. After this war, the nations most eager for freedom will be those dictatorship countries that have been without it for years.

Germany, therefore, will welcome outside help to set up a free democracy. Help from the West will seem more desirable than the political supremacy of Russia. For apart from all else, the Germans will know that sooner or later America and England will leave Germany. They will not be so sure of Russia's intentions.

None of these considerations will count, however, if Russia, fully grasping the causes of Germany's troubles, insists on the ousting of the militarists and reactionaries, whereas the democratic occupying armies do just the opposite. In that case, many Germans will prefer the courage and clarity of Russia's policy to the vacillation and conservatism of the other United Nations. Nothing is certain about the future except that it is uncertain. But this one can say with assurance about Germany after the collapse: what was will be very unpopular. If the democracies try to keep the past alive they will fail.

## 3

How can armies of occupation help re-establish democracy in Germany without seeming to impose the will of a foreign country on the German people? Very simply. An army which enters a foreign country, either in war or after a war, needs the aid of local citizens. The foreign army cannot actually administer the water supply, the traffic system, the care of health, the distribution of food, and so on, without subjecting itself to an inordinate strain and at the same time irritating the population. For these and other obvious reasons, an occupying army must immediately find local people to collaborate with it in the administration of the district, the province, and ultimately the entire country. It is in the choice of these local citizens that the occupational army can determine the future trend of Germany's politics.

An American general, at the head of the brigade of American troops, marches into the Cologne area with instructions from the United Nations to occupy it and "carry on." He will find the city of Cologne in ruins. The population will be hungry; there will be epidemics; production in factories must be restored. Otherwise, through lack of food, clothing, and facilities, the epidemics will spread and the population will grow sullen and restive. The American general must get in touch with some outstanding, able Germans to help in this gigantic task of administration and restoration.

Will he summon an old regime politician and a former colonel of the Reichswehr? Or will he inquire who are the anti-Nazis of Cologne, the church leaders and the progressive laborites, the forward-looking businessmen and liberal-minded Germans who, during the horror of the Hitler nightmare, had silently and secretly opposed fascism? The general will need engineers to remove the debris and resume production; he will need physicians and lawyers, newspapermen and radio commentators, retail merchants and representative housewives, police officials and registrars. The persons he selects will acquire prestige through the selection and the population will look to them for the alleviation of their misery.

By giving these local people a certain amount of independence, the general will prevent them from being regarded as foreign stooges, and if these Germans do indeed reduce suffering they will win popularity. The American general may also have to search in concentration camps for the best anti-Hitlerites; or, if the camps have meanwhile been disbanded, he can examine the lists of former political

prisoners and discover among them the men and women who would continue the struggle they waged while Hitler still tortured Germany.

Gradually, by this normal process, new figures and new elements in the population will emerge and become ripe for leadership. On the national scale, the same procedure will take place. All of Germany will require new regulations, laws, and edicts. New courts will try Nazi criminals. Demobilized German soldiers will ask for employment. The farmers among them can be settled on the lands of the big Junker estate owners who always formed the backbone of the militaristic caste in Germany and who stood by Hitler through thick and thin. If these farmers get land from the occupying armies they will be grateful and they will cooperate.

The Junkers, who mulcted the treasury of the German Republic and of the Hitler government to the tune of many billions of marks, have always been unpopular with Germany's land-hungry peasantry, especially in East Prussia. Germans will begin to see the dawn of a new day of prolonged peace if the economic power of the Junkers is broken. The farmers will appreciate the blessings which the victorious democracies have brought them. They will become pillars of the new German democracy. The militaristic, aristocratic, Pan-German Junkers will be replaced by simple, hard-working, peaceful dirt farmers. That will be a shift in the direction of peace and democracy.

The German army will be disbanded. The military equipment that remains will be confiscated. Factories will not be permitted to manufacture arms. But that is only a first step. The industries must be supervised, first by the occupying armies, and then by the German government, which, for a while at least, will feel the pressure and influence of the United Nations. Ultimately, of course, the nature of that German government will decide the future of the world's relation to Germany.

If the government is not controlled by industrial oligarchs, land barons, financial wizards, and militarists dreaming of expansion, then Germany and Europe and the rest of the world can look forward to a period of peace. The United Nations will put the responsibility for peace and for the absence of war preparations squarely on the German government.

The political "commissars" who accompany the American and British and other armies which occupy Germany will make the peace. They will be the peace conference. There may never be an old-fashioned peace conference after this war. The peace will not be born in a hothouse at Paris or London. The peace will grow; it will grow gradually. It will be written by the thousands of United Na-

tions officers and soldiers who enter German territory and by the Germans who collaborate with them. Together they will create the new democratic Germany.

## 4

**B**UT what about the millions of German children taught in Nazi schools and reared on fascist ideas? How can they be purged of their Hitlerite psychology, their racial prejudices, and their faith in force, cruelty, and dictatorship?

The German youth which swallowed the Hitler doctrine did so because it knew nothing else and because it was told that democracy, the other system, was rotten, depraved, and unworkable. The first blow to this miseducation will be the victory of the so-called "depraved" democracies over Hitler. The German indoctrinated youth will have to say, "There was something wrong with what the Nazis taught. The democracies were able to beat us. Therefore they were not so decadent as we have been told." The next step in this re-education will consist in showing the German youth that democracy can work in Germany. Seeing is believing. If they see that democracy brings Germany prosperity, dignity, and liberty, whereas fascism brought none of these and only death in war, they will prefer the new to the old.

The alternative is to line up all German children between the ages of eight and eighteen who have been inculcated with Nazi dogma and shoot them. There must be about ten million German children between the ages of eight and eighteen. It would require a lot of bullets and a lot of American firing squads to kill them. Those bullets would kill German bodies and shatter the soul of the democracies. That would not be a very Christian way or a very effective way of making peace. Germany would never forgive or forget, and such wholesale murder in cold blood would only provoke retaliatory murder later on.

If we shoot ten million German children we might as well shoot all seventy million Germans. Otherwise those who remain alive will be sure to indoctrinate every newborn child with hate and fascism. And if we do not shoot the children, but try to re-educate them in democracy while we are imposing a foreign dictatorship upon Germany, we shall not get very far.

The foreign bayonet and the teacher's ruler do not go together. The Germans are a proud people. They would no more accept education from foreign conquerors than Americans or Britons would. One merely has to imagine a German military occupa-

tion of the United States with Germans running the schools of Ohio, Missouri, and the whole country — painting our national heroes as knaves and demons, and everything in our history as foolish — to realize that any such operation on Germany will certainly fail.

Peace in Europe depends on the birth of a new Germany from which the remnants of the old regime will have been expunged. It is paying Hitler far too big a compliment to say that he enjoys the unanimous support of the German people. He has had enemies within the gates for many years — else why the packed prisons, the concentration camps, and the ruthless terror? The liberal churchmen, the responsible progressive laborites, forward-looking businessmen, the Social Democrats, and some Communists are as much anti-Hitler as ever. The pacifists still abhor him. Many common folk may have thought that Hitler could solve Germany's problems and therefore supported his regime while, with the help of democracy's appeasers, he won bloodless conquests for Germany in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, in Memel.

Some Germans began to doubt Hitler when he invaded Poland, and by the time Germany is defeated tens of millions of Germans will understand the folly of ever having believed that fascism could bring Germany any benefits. A tremendous questioning and intellectual inquiry must today be proceeding inside Germany. Germans are analyzing their past and finding out their mistakes. Many nations have been aggressors; England and France were aggressors in past centuries. They changed; others can change too. In Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Russians talk about Napoleon and the French as we talk about Hitler and the Germans, while the French laugh at the unwarlike softness of Prussia.

History teaches bitter lessons. Failure is the sternest teacher. The hope of the world is that not only Germany, but her enemies too, will learn the lesson we are trying to bring home to Germany: that aggression, narrow nationalism, and imperialism do not pay in the modern world. For if Germany becomes a new Germany and other countries take the path that led her to disaster, we shall have more wars. No change in Germany can last unless it is accompanied by similar changes in many other countries. We can induce and help Germany to oust her anti-democratic, chauvinistic, expansionist elements. But if her neighbors and conquerors do not do the same, Germany will slip back into her old ways. There cannot be a new Germany in an old world. There can only be a new Germany in a new world.





## THE BERRY PATCH

by WALLACE STEGNER

### I

THAT day the sun came down in a vertical fall of heat, but the wind came under it, flat out of the gap beyond Mansfield, and cooled a sweating forehead as fast as the sun could heat it. In the washed ruts of the trail there were no tracks.

"Lord," Perley Hill said. "It's a day for seeing things, right enough."

He jerked off the black tie and unbuttoned his shirt, rolled up his sleeves and set his right arm gingerly on the hot door, and as Alma steered the Plymouth up the long slope of Stannard he looked back across the valley to where the asbestos mine on Belvidere blew up its perpetual white plume, and on down south across the hills folding back in layers of blue to Mansfield and Elmore and the shark-fin spine of Camel's Hump. Just across the valley the lake was like a mirror leaned on edge against the hills, with the white houses of the village propped against its lower edge to keep it from sliding down into the river valley.

"It's pretty on a clear day," Alma said, without looking.

Perley continued to look down. "Things show up," he said. "There's Donald Swain's place."

"Twon't be his much longer," Alma said.

Perley glanced at her. She was watching the road with rigid concentration. "Having trouble?" he said.

"I thought I told you. He's in hospital in St. Johnsbury. Stomach trouble or something. With Henry and George in the navy, Allen can't run it alone. Donald's had him put it up for sale."

"I guess you did tell me," he said. "I forgot."

"Already sold half his cows," Alma said.

They passed an abandoned farm, with a long

meadow that flowed downhill between tight walls of spruce. "Looks like a feller could've made that pay," Perley said. "How long's it been since Gardner left here?"

"I remember coming up here to pick apples when I was about fifteen," Alma said. "Must be twelve years since anybody's worked this place."

Perley drummed on the door, grinning a little to himself at the way Alma never took her eyes off the road when she talked. She faced it as if it were a touchy bull-critter. "Kind of proud of yourself since you learned to drive, ain't you?" he said. "Be putting Sam Boyce out of business, taxiing people around."

She took her foot off the accelerator. "Why, you can drive," she said. "I didn't mean —"

"Go ahead," Perley said. "Any OPA agents around, you can do the explaining about the pleasure driving."

"Tisn't pleasure driving," Alma said. "Berry-ing's all right to do."

Perley watched the roadside, the chokecherry bushes getting heavy with green clusters already, the daisies and paintbrush just going out, but still lush in the shaded places, the fireweed and green goldenrod flowing back into every little bay in the brush.

Just as Alma shifted and crawled out onto a level before an abandoned schoolhouse, a partridge swarmed out of a beech, and Perley bent to look upward. "See them two little ones hugging the branch?" he said. "They'd sit there and never move till you knocked them off with a stick."

Alma pulled off the road into the long grass. An old skid road wormed up the hill through heavy timber, and the air was rich with the faint, warm, moist smell of woods after rain. Perley stretched till his muscles cracked, yawned, stepped out to look across the broken stone wall that disappeared into deep brush.

From his farm in Vermont, where he lives when he is not teaching English composition at Harvard, WALLACE STEGNER writes with the controlled freedom of the Vermont hills. He is the author of three novels; a fourth, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, will appear shortly.



"Makes a feller just want to lay down in the cool," he said. "If I lay down will you braid my hair full of daisies?"

The berry pails in her hands, Alma looked at him seriously. "Well, if you'd rather just lay down," she said. "We don't have to —"

"I guess I can stay up a mite longer," Perley said.

"But if you'd rather," she said, and looked at him as if she didn't quite know what he'd like to do, but was willing to agree to anything he said. She'd been that way ever since he came home. If he yawned, she wondered if he didn't want to go to bed. If he sat down, she brought a pillow or a magazine as if he might be going to stay there all day.

He reached in and got the big granite kettle and set it over her head like a helmet, and then fended her off with one hand while he got the blanket, the lunch box, the Mason jar of water. "Think the army had wrapped me up in cellophane too pretty to touch," he said.

"Well," she said, "I just wanted to be sure." She looked at his face and added, "You big lummo."

He nested the pails, hooked his arm through the basket, slung the blanket across his shoulder, picked up the water jar. "If I just had me a wife would do for me," he said, "I'd lay down and get my strength back. With the wife I got, I s'pose I got to work."

"Here," Alma said mildly. "Give me some of them things. You'll get so toggled up I'll have to cut you out with the pliers."

## 2

ALL the way up the skid road under the deep shade their feet made trails in the wet grass. Perley jerked his head at them. "Nobody been in since yesterday anyway," he said.

"Wasn't any tracks on the road."

"Thought somebody might've walked," Perley said. "Haven't, though."

"Benice if we had the patch all to our lonesomes," she said.

They came out of the woods into a meadow. A house that had once stood at the edge was a ruined foundation overgrown with fireweed, and the hurricane of 1938 had scooped a path two hundred yards long and fifty wide out of the maples behind. Root tables lay up on edge, trunks were crisscrossed, flat, leaning, dead and half-dead. Perley went over and looked into the tangle. "Plenty raspberries," he said.

"I've got my face fixed for blueberries," Alma said. "We can get some of those too, though. They're about gone down below."

Perley was already inspecting the ruined cellar. "Ha!" he said. "Gooseberries, too. A mess of 'em."

"It's blueberries I'm interested in," she said.

"Well, I'll find you some blueberries then." He tightroped the foundation and jumped clear of the gooseberry bushes. Fifty feet down the meadow he went into a point with lifted foot, the pails dangling in one hand. "Hey!" he said. "Hey!"

When she got to his side he was standing among knee-high bushes, and all down the falling meadow, which opened on the west into a clear view of the valley, the village, the lake, the hills beyond hills and the final peaks, the dwarf bushes were so laden that the berries gleamed through the covering leaves like clusters of tiny flowers.

"Thunderation," Perley said. "I never saw a patch like that in fifteen years."

Before she could say anything he had stripped off the army shirt and the white undershirt and hung them on a bush, and was raking the berries into a pail with his spread fingers.

By the time two buckets were full the wind had shifted so that the trees cut it off, and it was hot in the meadow. They went back into the shade by the old foundation and ate lunch and drank from the spring. Then they lay down on the blanket and looked up at the sky. The wind came in whiffs along the edge of the blowdown, and the sweet smell of the raspberry patch drifted across them. Away down along the view that this house had had once, the lake looked more than ever like a mirror tipped against the hills. Below the village Donald Swain's white house and round red barn were strung on a white thread of road.

Perley rolled over on his side and looked at his wife. "I guess I never asked you," he said, "how you were getting along."

"I get along all right."

"You don't want me to sell any cows?"

"You know you wouldn't want to do that. You were just getting the herd built up."

"A herd's no good if you can't get help."

"People are good about helping," she said.

"What'll you do when there aren't any more people around? Seems like half the place has gone down country or into the army already."

"It's been going since the Civil War," Alma said, "and still there always seems to be somebody around to neighbor with."

He rolled onto his back again and plucked a spear of grass. "We should be haying," he said, "right now."

"Sunday," she said.

"Sunday or no Sunday. There's still those two

top meadows. Those city kids you got can't get all that hay in."

"All they need is somebody to keep 'em from raring back in the breeching," Alma said. "I'll be behind with a pitchfork if I have to."

"I can see you."

She did not stir from her comfortable sprawl, but her voice went up crisply. "You thought we ought to sell when you got called up," she said. "Well, you've been gone going on a year, and hasn't anything gone wrong, has there? Got seven new calves, an't you? Milk checks have got bigger, an't they? Learned to drive the tractor and the car, didn't I? Got ten run of wood coming from DeSerres for the loan of the team, an't we, and saved the price of feed all that time last winter."

"Allen Swain can't make it go," Perley said.

"His farm don't lay as good as ours, and he's got a mortgage," she said. "Mortgage," the way she said it, sounded like an incurable disease. She half rose on her elbow to look at him. "And I an't Allen Swain, either."

"So you want to be a farmer."

"I am," she said.

Perley picked another stem of grass and grinned up into the tops of the maples. They had been growing densely before the hurricane, and the going down of trees on every side had left them standing tall and spindly. The wind went through their leaves high up, a good stiff wind that bent and threshed their tops, but only a creeping breath disturbed the grass below. It was like lying deep down in a soft, warm, sweet-smelling nest.

"Laying here, you wouldn't think anything could ever touch you," he said. "Wind could blow up there like all get-out, and you'd never feel it." Alma's hand fell across his chest, and he captured it. "Unless you stuck your head out," he said.

### 3

FOR a while he lay feeling the pulse in her wrist. "Smell them raspberries?" he said once, and squirmed his shoulders more comfortable against the ground. "There isn't anything smells sweeter, even flowers." Alma said nothing.

"Funny about a berry patch," he said. "Nobody ever plowed it, or planted it, or cultivated it, or fertilized it, or limed it, but there it is. You couldn't grub it out if you tried. More you plow it up, the more berries there is next year. Burn it over, it's up again before anything else. Blow everything down, that's just what it likes."

He filled his lungs with the ripe berry odor and

let the breath bubble out between his lips. "Don't seem as if you'd ever have to move," he said. "Just lay here and reach up and pick a mouthful and then lay some more and let the wind blow over way up there and you never even feel it."

"It's nice," Alma said. "I didn't hardly think the blueberries would be ripe yet, it's been so rainy."

"Makes you think the world's all right," Perley said, "the way they come along every year, rain or shine."

Alma stirred. "We better get busy," she said. "Some gooseberries, too, if you'd like some."

"Might use a pie," he said. He sat up and stretched for the pails. There were only the granite kettle and the two-quart milk pail left. "You lay still," he said. "I'll get some."

"Tisn't as if I needed a rest," she said. "Here I've been just having fun all day."

"Well, take the kettle then. It's easier to pick into." He picked up the milk pail.

"Perley," Alma said.

"Uh?"

"This is what you want to do, isn't it? I mean, you wouldn't rather go see somebody?"

He watched her steadily. "Why?"

"Well, it's only two more days. I just —"

"I already saw everybody I want to see," he said.

"I was saving the last couple days."

"Well, all right," she said, and went into the blowdown with the kettle.

He picked very fast, wanting to surprise her with how many he had, and when after a half hour he worked back toward the side where she was picking he had the pail filled and overflowing, mounded an inch above the brim. He liked the smell of his hand when he scratched his nose free of a tickling cobweb. For a moment he stood, turning his face upward to watch the unfelt upper-air wind thresh through the tops of the maples, and then he came up softly behind Alma where she bent far in against a root table to reach a loaded vine. He bent in after her and kissed the back of her neck.

"How're you doing?" she said, and worked her way out. Her shirt was unbuttoned halfway down, her throat was brown even in the hollow above where her collarbones joined, and her eyes sought his with that anxiety to know that he was content, that he was doing what he wanted to do, which she had shown all the time of his furlough. "I got quite a mess," she said, and showed the berries in her pail. "How about you?"

"All I want," Perley said. He was watching the sun dapple the brown skin of her throat as the wind bent the thin tops of the maples. "I wouldn't want any more," he said.

# THE NEGRO COMES OF AGE IN INDUSTRY

by ROBERT C. WEAVER

## I

**34 DEAD; OVER 500 INJURED IN BLOODY DETROIT  
RACE RIOT**

**MOB SLAYS 2, WRECKS BUSINESS SECTION IN NEGRO  
AREA OF BEAUMONT**

**TWO FORT BLISS SOLDIERS SLAIN AS FAKE RIOT  
RUMORS CAUSE OUTBREAK**

**MILLION MAN-HOURS LOST IN DETROIT RIOTING**

**T**HESE headlines startled the nation. They announced violent eruptions in areas of racial tension. In each instance the outbreak followed a familiar pattern of dissemination of false rumors, the occurrence of a provocative incident, and the development of mob psychology and hysteria. Beneath these outward manifestations there are fundamental social and economic maladjustments breeding race hatred. They have existed for generations.

Although the recent wave of interracial violence was unmistakably foretold by a series of smaller conflicts, an attempt has been made to ignore or to minimize the dangers of the situation. Specific outbreaks have been interpreted as isolated "incidents," and peculiar local irritants have been presented as the occasion for them.

Racial conflict has been brewing for the past three years. Huge concentrations of white and colored troops in areas contiguous to small urban and semi-rural communities have taxed existing housing, transportation, and recreational facilities. Traditional attitudes and methods of local law enforcement have often increased or incited racial discord. In centers of industrial activity, there have been and continue to be — especially for Negroes — inadequate housing, woefully deficient recreational facilities, and overcrowded transportation lines.

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A graduate of Harvard, where he subsequently won his Ph.D., ROBERT C. WEAVER has been Chief of the Negro Employment and Training Branch of the War Production Board. Here he examines the causes of recent race riots, and sets these disturbances against their background of tradition and prejudice in the economic life of his people.

These community defects, under the strain of wartime living, result in short tempers and fights. Local police, on many occasions, have been most inept in handling potentially explosive situations involving Negroes, and the press has often stressed inflammatory material. But more important than any of these has been the reaction of the community to the changes in the economic status of the Negro which were inevitable at the outbreak of the war — changes which are becoming imperative as we face a serious shortage of manpower.

During the First World War, Negroes were introduced as unskilled workers in many new industries and areas. Problems of housing, transportation, and recreation arose. Racial tensions grew and ultimately found expression in post-war riots essentially similar to those of 1943. Now areas of Negro employment are again expanding. The black worker is entering new industries and, more important, he is going into new and higher types of occupations. He is being introduced in many places as a semi-skilled and skilled production worker. Not only has economic necessity required this development, but the Negro himself has constantly pressed for wider job opportunities. These trends and the opposition to them are underlying factors in the current racial tension which faces America.

The arbitrary assumption that Axis agents manufactured the recent riots may appear to relieve the nation of a grave responsibility, but actually it is only a convenient avoidance of the facts. The fundamental cause of these conflicts has not been "zoot suits," the acts of hoodlums of any race, the migration of prejudiced Southern whites, or the rise of native racialists. Although each of these elements played an important part, the primary cause of the outbreaks was the existence of long-neglected issues in interracial relations.

We face the rise of racial disturbances because we have not taken preventive measures to avoid them. An immediate program for relieving the tension



would begin by ameliorating situations which cause the Negro to be acutely resentful of a position outside the main stream of American life. It would establish fair employment practices offering the Negro a chance to participate freely and fully in the war production program; it would permit him to serve in the armed forces on the same terms as white citizens; it would make him feel that he is an important part of the nation and that his contribution is wanted and appreciated by his fellow citizens.

Simultaneously steps should be taken to interpret the cost of racial tension and conflict to the nation, to direct management and labor in methods for successfully introducing new sources of labor, to secure the effective coöperation of national, state, and local officials in carrying out programs for dealing with the basic causes of race conflict, and to direct community pressures upon those who encourage race prejudice and bigotry.

These steps will be effective as emergency war-time measures, but they are only temporary palliatives. A long-run national program for combating racialism in the United States must dig down to the basic causes. One of the most important of these is economic. It stems from the fear of job insecurity and competition. The black worker has become a symbol of a potential threat to the white worker, and the Negro's occupational advancement is consciously or unconsciously feared.

This fear has been bred in the economic realities of America. Its origins lie in the unfavorable position of the "poor white" in the slave era and under the intense competition for employment in the South during Reconstruction. The repeated introduction of the Negro as a strikebreaker, particularly in the industrial North and West, was instrumental in spreading the fear geographically and infecting organized labor with its germ. It has grown out of the American worker's experience with an economy which has seldom had enough jobs to absorb the labor supply. In such an economy, its development was an inevitable consequence of a caste system which perpetuated the concept of white men's jobs and black men's jobs; while, at the same time, it was used to secure the support of the white worker for such a system.

Resistance to advances in the economic and occupational status of the Negro persists even in periods of full employment, such as the present, because better jobs for him represent a direct challenge to the accepted color caste system. To some the changes represent a loss of Negro servants and laborers; by others they are interpreted as a threat to the white man's job in the post-war economy. Also, in recent months, the higher earnings of the

Negro have made him an effective competitor for limited available supplies of housing, transportation, food, clothing, and other goods and services.

At the same time, the entrance of the Negro into new spheres of activity has brought the "race problem" into the experience of hundreds of thousands of Americans who never before had any real contact with it. These citizens are poorly prepared to meet the situation. Most of them accept the popular misconceptions about race; many of them have been conditioned to look for undesirable racial characteristics; almost all of them have been disturbed about the so-called militancy of the Negro, who has often been described as their potential economic competitor.

## 2

THIS summer more than a million Negroes were in war plants. The vast majority entered war work during the latter half of 1942 and the first quarter of 1943. Unemployment among Negroes has reached a new low, and occupational progress has been steady. Signs are already in the air that the black worker may emerge from this war with significant footholds in semi-skilled production jobs. The tradition of white men's jobs and black men's jobs is being challenged and actually broken down in a score of tight labor markets outside the South. In the South itself there are unmistakable evidences of economic advances among Negroes, and this fact has been dramatically and unpalatably brought to the attention of the white community by the scarcity of Negro domestics.

Although unemployment among Negroes has been materially reduced, there is far from effective utilization of this source of labor. *Fortune's* survey of five thousand leading business executives in February of this year revealed that fewer than 30 per cent of them employed as much as 10 per cent Negro labor, and over a third did not believe that Negroes could be effectively used in their plants.

Colored workers in war industries are still, for the most part, employed below their maximum or potential skills. Few of them participate in in-plant training and upgrading programs. They are poorly represented in industries where most of the jobs require semi-skilled and skilled production workers. Their female labor reserves remain essentially untapped by war industries, and the bulk of Negro workers are still in non-essential employment. Many are concentrated in areas of labor surpluses and are not being trained or recruited for essential war work.

The job ahead is primarily one of effective utiliza-



tion of labor. It involves securing acceptance of Negro women in industrial employment, transferring Negro men and women from non-essential to war production, moving Negroes from areas of labor surpluses to tight labor markets, and facilitating vastly wider participation of Negroes in in-plant training and upgrading programs. There has been progress in Negro employment, but it has been uneven and spotty. The continuation of this progress, necessary to the war effort, involves a definite break with the situation at the beginning of the war. It will occasion changes which have been interpreted in the past as economic threats to the white worker and inconveniences to the normal economy.

Many sincere and well-meaning people counsel retreat from the current trend toward new and better jobs for Negroes. Such employment, they say, inevitably results in conflict; therefore the Negro should not press for industrial diversification and occupational advancement but accept more employment in traditional jobs. Such action, they think, will reduce racial friction and thereby increase production.

Persons indulging in this type of thinking have neglected two all-important factors: the manpower requirements of war production and the nature of the Negro community.

It is reliably estimated that 75 per cent of war jobs are skilled and semi-skilled. One tenth of the population cannot make its maximum contribution to the war effort if it is generally restricted to the remaining unskilled and service jobs. This is particularly true in areas where colored labor forms an appreciable segment of the unused manpower reserves. In many tight labor markets, segments of industry have already recognized this fact.

Accordingly, even in regions where there has been the firmest adherence to occupational caste lines, relaxations are painfully but slowly appearing. In a shipyard in Brunswick, Georgia, for example, skilled Negroes are being recruited. In the area of Hampton Roads, Virginia, as of February, four government establishments and the largest private contractor employed 2000 skilled and 7000 semi-skilled Negroes. Shipyards in Mobile, Alabama, are recruiting Negro welders — and that occupation, from its inception in the industry, has traditionally been a white man's job.

Outside the Deep South, the relaxation of occupational limitations has been more rapid and extensive. In Baltimore, Maryland, a leading shipyard employed some 10,000 Negroes in June. Of these, over 2000 were skilled men in a wide variety of occupations. Two years ago this yard employed only a few colored workers and restricted them to un-

skilled work. In the aircraft industry, where at the beginning of the defense program there was an announced and pronounced exclusionist policy toward Negroes, over 65,000 colored men and women had found employment by the summer of 1943. Thousands of these were in production jobs.

Large industrial corporations have inaugurated company-wide programs for inducting and upgrading Negroes. A good example of this trend is offered by the Western Electric Company, which used few colored workers prior to Pearl Harbor and restricted them to unskilled and service jobs. From the fall of 1941 to January, 1943, Western Electric increased its Negro employees in its New Jersey plants from none to over 1200. A large proportion of these were women, and colored workers were employed in technical, clerical, skilled, and semi-skilled capacities. In the Baltimore plant, Negro employment grew from 10 unskilled workers in January, 1942, to over 700 employees in March, 1943. During the same period the company's Chicago plant increased its colored labor force from approximately 30 to over 700.

Truly, management is beginning to realize the validity of the conclusion of the American Management Association: "Today's urgent need for manpower effectively removes Negro employment in industry from the realm of social reform." Labor unions outside the railroad industry are also responding to this urgent need for manpower through relaxations of the remaining exclusionist policies of certain organizations. For in some tight labor markets closed-shop agreements often break down when the union is unable to recruit workers through its machinery; work permits, second-class membership, and full acceptance of Negroes are resulting.

In the months to come these trends will continue, probably at an increasing tempo. America's job is to recognize their necessity and to plan to direct them in an orderly manner.

In considering the Negro community, the important factor to remember is that Negroes are the objects of discrimination and segregation. In almost every instance there are certain phases of the colored man's life in which he finds himself, his home, his amusements, or his thinking separated from the main stream of the nation.

The Negro in the United States has developed more rapidly than his opportunities for participation in American life. Although he has been and is conditioned through exposure to education and propaganda to seek the goals of Americans, he is denied these goals and accused of being impatient and unduly militant when he exerts pressures to

achieve them. As a matter of fact, in demanding fully recognized citizenship, the Negro is being a typical American, seeking accepted American objectives in characteristic American ways. He is demanding for American citizens more of those freedoms which the nation is dedicated to secure for peoples all over the world.

When, in his quest for more of the rights of American citizenship, the Negro encounters occupational limitations, he is again reminded of his inferior status in America. He realizes that job discrimination is a part of a general picture which emphasizes that he does not belong — that his position is outside the main stream of American living.

At the outset of the defense program Negro leaders viewed with alarm the long-run economic implications of tying the Negro to restricted occupational and industrial patterns. They knew the immediate dangers of having WPA become almost exclusively a group of Negro projects. They were apprehensive of the apathy of Negroes toward the war. Experience had taught them that such results would haunt colored Americans in the future and become justification for extending patterns of discrimination.

They remembered World War I, when Negroes were brought into industrial areas and introduced into industrial employment only to be generally dismissed in the depression of the thirties. They united in pressing for training, employment, and upgrading in all war industries, and today the Negro community is no less dedicated to such a program. The fight for equal job opportunities is not the agitation of a few Negro radicals; it is the will of the Negro people.

### 3

WHEN the Negro worker leaves his job he returns to a world of which it is difficult for the average white American to conceive. It is so similar to the rest of American life and yet so different. It is a world in which the same radio programs, daily newspapers, schoolbooks, Bible, and motion pictures enter. Yet it is a world in which most of the members are poor. Most of them work long hours. Most of them are held together by one bond — their status as Negroes. This in its fundamental features cuts across cultural levels, class lines, and economic position.

Negro status makes theirs a world apart; a world in which there are definite limitations based on color affecting all who live in it; a world in which the professional man, the white-collar worker, the skilled

artisan, the common laborer, and the service worker all know that certain opportunities are closed to them. It is a world in which the fortunate few — a Joe Louis or a Marian Anderson — who get to the top are idols of the group. In this city within a city, where the majority of Negroes live, there are constant reminders that there is a “race problem” and that it affects and limits the inhabitants.

It is this separation and this feeling of being apart, supported by a multitude of individual experiences of being excluded, that have promoted certain characteristics which are often termed racial traits. Negro workers are said to be too aggressive, while in the next breath they are damned for being too submissive. Modern psychology has, of course, a valid explanation for aggressiveness. Usually it is a reaction to frustration. It appears in any group which is underprivileged and disadvantaged. It is not racial; it is human.

It should be unnecessary to reiterate the fact that colored people vary as much as white people. Years ago, when the matter of educating Negroes was a controversial issue, a leading white Southerner, when asked if he believed “in educating *the* Negro,” replied, “Which one?” There are Negroes with bad work habits. There are other Negroes with good ones. But *the* Negro is seldom judged by this latter group. Those who constitute it are considered the rare exceptions since they don’t fit the stereotyped conception which the press, radio, and moving pictures perpetuate.

The important thing in a war economy, however, is the fact that most of the undesirable traits which are attributed to Negroes — laziness and irresponsibility, tardiness and absenteeism, body odor and the like — are environmental and occupational rather than ethnological. Today, as all groups of workers face problems of inadequate housing and transportation, — chronic ills of the Negro, — the incidence of tardiness, absenteeism, and lack of interest in jobs transcends racial lines. It is a national problem. Workers of any race who are in heavy, dirty work have body odor. Any man or woman who has no hope of ever rising above common labor will not be so industrious as his fellow employee who can get advancement. Habitual low wages, uncertain income, and general economic insecurity breed irresponsibility. Tardiness and absenteeism, too, are often the result of industrial inexperience, hopelessness of promotion, and certain physical transportation difficulties.

Much has been written about the supposed undesirable work habits of Negroes. We know today that these are not racial characteristics and that they can be modified through fair employment prac-

tices. Lack of responsibility and laziness are most effectively counteracted when a worker, regardless of his race or color, is given a job for which he is qualified and has an opportunity for advancement in accordance with his abilities. Men and women who have prepared themselves for skilled or technical work cannot be expected to be vitally interested in a janitor's or maid's job — especially at a time when the radio and the press are full of appeals for trained people to enter war production.

Workers who, because of the color line, cannot rise to production or skilled jobs regardless of their regularity, punctuality, or affability will hardly manifest these characteristics. Groups, such as the Negro, which have systematically been let out of jobs when the peak of labor demand has passed, can make their maximum efforts for war production only if they believe that the contribution which they now make will assure them a chance for equal job opportunities in the post-war economy. In a word, the causes of undesirable work habits must be known and understood, and handled by recognized methods of good personnel administration.

The American Management Association conducted an "off the record" panel discussion on the Negro worker at its Production Conference on November 10, 1942. Shortly after that meeting it published a Special Research Report, *The Negro Worker*. Some of the conclusions of this report, reflecting as they do the experience of enlightened personnel officers, are pertinent. They are: —

1. Negro workers have great potentialities: they . . . have responded to training for industrial employment.
2. Regardless of race or color, *where accepted, good personnel procedures are employed, workers respond and satisfactory production may be expected.*
3. *There is some evidence of a relationship between the rate of absenteeism among Negroes and the character of the work assigned to them.* The Association did not find any case in which absenteeism among Negroes was so high as to constitute a real handicap to their employment.

#### 4

THERE is, of course, another side of the picture. Absenteeism, regardless of its cause, is an enemy to production. Tardiness is a deadly slow-up factor in modern production. And fellow workers do not stop to analyze why a person is over-aggressive; they resent him. Excessive fraternizing on the job and lack of cleanliness are objectionable both to management and to serious employees.

When the offender in any of these particulars is an easily identified member of a minority group, his

action is usually considered a "racial characteristic," and the other members of the group are judged by him. It is not too much to ask that intelligent management analyze the situation carefully and take steps to deal with it effectively. Some managements — though by far too few — are doing so today. It is, however, impractical to assume that the mass of white workers will delve into the social institutions which have created certain habits in individuals.

A large section of Negro leadership and the Negro press realize these things. They see the immediate dangers incident to the display of undesirable work habits by some Negroes. They know, also, that to stress, even in Negro circles, the existence of these situations and give what some would call "constructive leadership" is to forge another weapon which will be used to justify the status quo in racial employment patterns. For it has long been the habit of those who would defend the exclusion of Negroes from many types of work to cite the failings of some Negroes as the reason for all racial limitations.

To meet this danger the colored weekly papers are devoting an increasing number of editorials and news stories to the matter. Negroes who have significant followings have discussed it in their speeches and writings. As there is marked improvement in the integration of Negroes in war industries, the Negro will within his own ranks turn more attention to this *second* phase of his fight to enter and to stay on the production lines of American industry.

To have stressed this side of the picture when a vast majority of Negroes, regardless of training and work habits, were being turned away from the gates of defense plants would have been most unfortunate. It would have fallen upon deaf ears and have been interpreted by the Negro people as an appeasement policy. Such an eventuality would have made subsequent appeals for self-improvement suspect. Today, however, it is possible and desirable to press government, management, and labor for more work opportunities for Negroes and at the same time to warn colored workers that they have a grave responsibility to prove their worth.

This is a project which demands the joint action of management and the Negro community. If Negroes are convinced that management is sincere in its efforts to establish fair employment policies and equal opportunities for advancement, there are many persons of influence who will join with management in improving the performance of colored workers. If the Negro community is sure that in this war, in contrast to World War I, the colored



worker will not be relegated principally to the hot, the dirty, and the least secure jobs, and that this time he will have equal job security in peacetime employment, it will have a real incentive to plug for maximum efficiency from its members.

The interests of the Negro community and those of enlightened management are identical. Both want to make of the colored worker a successful and efficient producer. Working together they can do much to accomplish this end. Neither can succeed in this objective unless it has the confidence and support of the other.

The influence of group pressure upon efficiency is shown by a recent occurrence in Indianapolis. Although there is much machine work in that area, Negroes have participated little in it. One of the first companies to engage colored machine operators made a careful selection of a crew of ten Negroes for this training. Upon the completion of their course these men were assigned to machines. One of the group was unsatisfactory. His production was below the standard and showed little improvement as time went on.

The other nine operators called the matter to the attention of the management and requested that the inefficient worker be assigned to other duties. The management hesitated to take this action but the crew was adamant. At the third conference on the matter they stated their case simply and forcefully. The crew, they said, was on trial. They were being watched by the company and their fellow workers. The one slow and inefficient colored worker endangered their record and tended to destroy the respect of other workers which they hoped to build up. They insisted that management act — and they won their point.

The coöperation of the Negro community is necessary if we are to achieve full utilization of all labor. Such coöperation, however, cannot be effective unless it is met with understanding and is welcome. Negroes, by themselves, cannot secure full use of their labor resources; desirable work and behavior habits will not evolve or grow in a community which is continually discriminated against. Nor will such habits alone prevent racial tensions.

The immediate wartime necessity is to learn, community by community and as a nation, how to take rapid strides towards achieving equal economic opportunity for the Negro and, at the same time, to avoid the racial conflicts we have recently seen. Our whole tradition as a nation has been one of doing new things when we realized the necessity for taking the step. Making effective adjustments incident to the expansion of Negro employment in

war production is but a part of a successful program for meeting the overall manpower problem. Both will require conviction and resolution.

One of the primary needs to meet the immediate necessities of wartime production and secure the full coöperation of the Negro community is to present the problem to the people of the nation in its true light. The upgrading of Negroes and the industrial employment of Negro women are not social experiments. They are wartime economic necessities. Every delay in the production of the vital instruments needed to carry on this war means unnecessary loss of American lives. It is not white men's work we have to do — it is war work, and there is more than enough of it. These truths must be told and retold until they become a part of the average citizen's thinking.

But what of the Negro worker after the war? Two principal factors will determine his economic status: the degree to which he is integrated into a wide variety of occupations, industries, firms, and labor unions at the close of hostilities and the type of post-war economy we are to have. A depressed economy has always meant but one thing for the Negro worker — widespread unemployment. If, however, he has a significant degree of occupational status, his chances are good for retaining a higher proportion of the more desirable jobs and suffering a lower intensity of job displacement than in the past. If we have an economy of full employment, it will establish a framework favorable to the continuing occupational advancement of the black worker and to the removal of the white worker's fear of him as an economic rival.

Full employment in the post-war period will not remove racial tensions. It will set the economic stage for effective programs designed to reduce the frequency and intensity of *one* of the basic causes for race conflict. In such an economy trade-unions can, as some of them have so well done in the past few years, take the lead in establishing coöperation between white and black workers. Other agencies, both governmental and private, will find conditions more favorable for developing racial understanding and national unity.

And there will be important secondary results. Such an economy should provide better housing for all the people, better educational and recreational facilities, and more adequate transportation. Thus it would ease situations which are often serious irritants in areas of interracial contacts. Most important, however, is the fact that economic success will offer practical experience in relaxing the caste system which limits the Negro in America.



## JOHN BUCHAN

by FERRIS GREENSLET

### 1

IN WRITING of his fishing friend, Sir Henry Wotton, poet and ambassador, Izaak Walton used the very words I would apply to my own friend, John Buchan: "A man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of [his] nation, [a man] whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind."

Our first meeting was in March, 1915, in the first rather jolly year of the Old War, when it was felt that Kitchener's Army would have the thing settled by autumn. The Kaiser and his sons would don the death's-head uniform of the White Hussars to lead a last forlorn-hope cavalry charge at Sedan or Waterloo, and that would be that. I was introduced to Lieutenant Colonel Buchan at the Fly Fishers Club. Slight, sandy-haired, high and wide of brow, he was home on leave from G.H.Q. in France. I remembered that, a dozen years before, we had published from Park Street his first full-length serious novel, *The Half-Hearted*, and I pleased him by praising it.

Of his talk on that first meeting, I recall only an anecdote about old Lord Bryce, which gave a pleasing picture of an octogenarian stout fellow. In the winter of that year, when a show, as they phrased it then, was staged at Soissons, Bryce visited the front. Buchan had been detailed to take him around. In the course of the tour, a piece of heavy stuff droned through the air and landed with a stomach-sickening thud perilously near them.

Following instructions, all threw themselves down on the ground. Within a few seconds, Bryce erected his white head, twisted it around from side to side surveying the scene, and said: "When that cools off, I'd like to measure it."

Our second meeting was in the winter of 1917. The Old War in its third year was getting hard to take. It lacked the excitement and change of a planetary war of movement — reverses, successes, forays, and escapes that can be followed fully only on a globe. In 1917 the front was a single long gash across the face of France. The sound of the big guns carried to England as the line swayed back and forth, now ten miles forward, now eight miles back. Casualties were colossal. In the Battle of the Somme, Britain lost 400,000 men, 60,000 in a single day.

The German submarines were getting in their dirty work with ever increasing effectiveness. Food was scarce, heat hard to come by. Belts were pulled tighter; deep breathing took the place of gowing fires. It seemed as if the war might last forever. English faces became a little pinched but never despondent. Dogged does it!

The brightest memory of that dark, cold, ill-fed winter is of the growth of my friendship with John Buchan, who was then back permanently from the front and established as Director of Information under the Prime Minister. We had, we found, things in common — how many, it took a quarter of a century to discover. We were of precisely the same age. Buchan at nine was easing brown trout from the burns that descend the Tweedside hills at the moment I was derricking speckled beauties from the Halfway Brook that bisects the old military trail between Fort Edward and Fort William Henry in Northern New York. We both fed on legends of old wars, Buchan's the older. And later we had listened, at Oxford and Columbia, to the same sirens' song. We spoke the same language, largely Latin, after

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Fisherman and philosopher, FERRIS GREENSLET, long the guiding genius of Houghton Mifflin Company, was responsible for the first wide success of such now familiar authors as Henry Adams, Willa Cather, and Amy Lowell. He is also the biographer of James Russell Lowell and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It is fitting that this, and succeeding selections from his autobiography, *Under the Bridge: With Many Authors and a Few Fish*, should appear in the *Atlantic*, for it was as Associate Editor that he began his distinguished career.

dinner. Buchan's mildly Rabelaisian turn matched my rather Shandean sense of humor.

During the war and the first year of "peace," our meetings were in London, hurried, with no time for the reflective pause in the rapid fire of conversation. We tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky. With the twenties the scene changed to the more leisurely Cotswolds. A country boy, walker of hills and wader of streams, John had felt the life of town and trench which was his in the war made harder, not easier, by "the scent of hawthorn and lilac battling with the stink of poison gas, and bird song in the pauses of the great guns."

Soon after the war was over, he sold his commodious house in Portland Place and, after considering an Elizabethan residence on a productive stretch of the Colne at Bibury, found his perfect setting four miles from Oxford in the little Manor House of Elsfield, by the Cherwell. It resembled that in which Sir Richard Hannay is discovered in the opening chapters of *The Three Hostages*.

Like Henry James's in Rye, the hospitable front door opened directly from the village street; at Elsfield it was set in stonework of Saxon construction. At the back, one looked over a walled garden down sloping shaded fields to the slow Cherwell, where coarse fish passed their sleepy lives unmolested by the fly-fishing lord of the Manor. In the middle distance was a gazebo where Samuel Johnson liked to come for tea and talk with his friend Francis Wise, librarian of the Radcliffe. To the far left were visible the dreaming spires of Oxford — St. Mary's, the Magdalen and Christ Church towers, the dome of the Radcliffe Camera.

During week-ends at Elsfield — in the course of long tramps through pastures, by spinneys and ancient woods, always in winter or early spring, when the primal forms of the land were bare and we got the essential savor of earth and wood and water — we exchanged experiences and views on books and men, and our friendship became consolidated and assured

## 2

BACON tells us that talking makes a ready man, but reading a full man. Behind John's ready utterance was a mind full to overflowing. In a paper on Sir Walter Scott, he has himself recorded what he did during three weeks in bed during the old war: —

"In the spring of 1917," he writes, "I was compelled, for reasons not unconnected with public affairs, to spend a considerable time in bed, and, in the pleasant idle weeks of convalescence, I amused myself with carrying out a plan which I had long

contemplated. I had been in the habit of reading some of the Waverley Novels every year but on this occasion I re-read carefully what I considered the best — *Waverley*, *Old Mortality*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Redgauntlet*. Then I read my favorites among the voluminous works of Alexandre Dumas, the Valois and D'Artagnan cycles; Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* and *Les Misérables*; and I concluded with half a dozen of Balzac."

The opportunity was special but the achievement not — for him — exceptional. He was a swift, omnivorous reader, but never so hasty as to miss any telling phrase or micrometric nuance. He read the best of the current novels, English and American, biography, poetry, travel, philosophy, always a little Latin or Greek, and deeply in the fields of his special interests, Scottish and English history and the American Civil War.

He wrote as rapidly as he read. In the quarter century of our dealings as author and publisher, forty titles, running to more than fifty volumes, appeared on the Park Street list. It was during the war and the first years at Elsfield that he wrote the sterling novels of adventure for which he is best known to the wider public. Many of them were set down on a pad held on his knees during the daily round trip of three hours between Oxford and the publishing offices of Thomas Nelson & Sons in the shadow of St. Paul's. He referred to them lightly as his "shilling shockers," but one has only to compare them with the numerous tales described as "in the manner of Buchan" to see their individuality and pre-eminence.

From *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, written in the early days of the war, through all the doings of Richard Hannay and his fellow adventurers of the Runagates Club, Buchan's novels strike a note of poetry and high courage that set them above other contemporary work in the field. What he said in *Pilgrim's Way* of Basil Blackwood is true of any of his heroes: "He was of the same breed as the slender gallants who singed the beard of the King of Spain and, like Essex, tossed their plumed hats into the sea in joy of the enterprise, or who sold their swords to whatever cause had daylight and honour in it. His like had left their bones in farther spaces than any race on earth, and from their uncharted wanderings our empire was born."

The tales were never artfully contrived and subtly phrased, fifteen hundred words a day, like Stevenson's. Buchan never invented with the pen in his hand; he waited until the story had told itself to him, and then, like his master Scott, poured it out in his swift, small, all but illegible hand. It

pleased him and his most devoted reader that in the pursuits and hurried journeys that fill these books there is always a trout or salmon river to be followed, a mountain to be climbed.

## 3

IN 1924, John and Susan Buchan paid a visit to the States. I drove them around New Hampshire, which reminded them of the Highlands of Scotland. We climbed Chocorua, and John, a member of the Alpine Club, proved a testing companion of the trail. Talking continuously, even on the steepest stretches, he accomplished the ascent in fifty minutes. Muttering "Non sum qualis eram," foaming at the mouth but trying to look pleasant, I just managed to keep within sound of the one-sided conversation.

We went to Washington, where I sat in the outer office of the White House talking with C. Bascom Slemp, while John went in to see President Coolidge. He came out after an hour, twice his allotted time, flushed and smiling. Asked what they had been talking about, he replied, "Latin poetry." The President, he said, had shown a surprising knowledge of Virgil and Horace, and had spoken eloquently of what the language and literature of Rome had meant to him all his life.

I inquired, rather skeptically, "Wasn't it you who did most of the talking?"

"No," he said, "it was the President himself."

From Washington, we set out in a large open car for a ten days' tour of the battlefields of Virginia, where, as Mary Johnston told us later, the trunks of trees are so full of bullets that sawmill accidents are of daily occurrence.

We drove through the fat fields of Maryland to Antietam and Harpers Ferry, and up the valley of the Shenandoah. Equipped with old Confederate battle maps, we followed the marching and counter-marching of Stonewall Jackson's valley campaign. At Port Republic we approached a house marked on the map "Lewis House," and found old Miss Lewis sitting on the piazza where she had sat, a young girl, on a June day in 1862, and seen Wheat's Tigers of Taylor's Louisiana Brigade burst from the woods behind the house to capture a Massachusetts battery on its front.

To my imagination, fed on Brady photographs and the drawings of Frank Leslie's "own artist in the field," Valley Pike and the wood roads that climb through the gaps of the Blue Ridge and the Masanuttons were thronged with thin, bearded men in shabby gray uniforms. But it was John who told

me — told even Sam Morison, who had joined us at Washington — the names of the mountains without looking at the map.

From Staunton we drove to Charlottesville, pausing at "Miramar" for a glass of the Langhorne sherry; then on to Richmond, and under the expert guidance of Douglas Freeman covered the terrain of the Seven Days, from the Chickahominy to Malvern Hill. There John decided to leave to Freeman the biography of Lee, on the scale of Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson*, that he had long planned to undertake. We visited the great houses along the James — "Westover" and "Shirley" — and turned north again through Fredericksburg to Washington. John's memory of the trip through the perspective of fifteen years was set down in a paragraph of the eloquent chapter in *Pilgrim's Way* entitled "My America": —

I came first into the United States by way of Canada — a good way to enter, for English eyes are already habituated to the shagginess of the landscape and can begin to realize its beauties. My first reflection was that no one had told me how lovely the country was. I mean *lovely*, not vast and magnificent. I am not thinking of the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite and the Pacific coast, but of the ordinary rural landscape. There is much of the land which I have not seen, but in the East and the South and the Northwest I have collected a gallery of delectable pictures. I think of the farms which are clearings in the Vermont and New Hampshire hills, the flowery summer meadows, the lush cow-pastures with an occasional stump to remind one that it is old forest land, the quiet lakes and the singing streams, the friendly accessible mountains; the little country towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut with their village greens and elms and two-century-old churches and courthouses; the secret glens of the Adirondacks and the mountain meadows of the Blue Ridge; the long-settled champaign of Maryland and Pennsylvania; Virginian manors more Old-English perhaps than anything we have at home; the exquisite links with the past like much of Boston and Charleston and all of Annapolis.

It was during this visit that, for the first time, I heard him make a public speech. I was astounded and charmed when the quiet, swift voice to which I was accustomed deepened its pitch and increased its volume, taking on old cadences of the Kirk of Scotland and an eloquence I had not heard since the brief churchgoing period of my own youth.

A frequent topic of conversation during the weeks we were together was the part field sports shared might play in international understanding. A little later the manuscript of a new novel, *The Courts of the Morning*, came over from him with a summarizing dedication to me in verse: —



The same old tremor of the spring  
Assails the heart of you and me;  
Nor does the reel less blithely ring  
By Willowemoc than by Dee.

As bright the Ammonoosuc streams  
Dance through their silent scented woods  
As those which fill my waking dreams  
In Hebridean solitudes.

Your land, old friend, is one with mine  
Whate'er may hap from time or tide,  
While, with St. Izaak the Divine,  
We worship at the waterside.

In acknowledging it, I quoted Thoreau's fine saying: "The stars are apexes of what triangles!"

## 4

THE following spring we had a week together, harling for spring salmon in the picturesque stretch of the Tay known as the Meikleour water from the charming manor of that name. There I learned that he was planning to give up his active partnership in the prosperous Nelson business and go in for Parliament and politics. He was elected by a large majority as the member for the Scottish Universities — St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh. It was as if all the New England colleges were to get together and send a single representative to Congress. It proved a loyal and well-satisfied constituency.

After his entrance to Parliament, a graver note came into his writing. The adventure stories skirted nearer the edge of tragedy, and the historical novels, *Witch Wood* and *The Blanket of the Dark*, were his most serious fictions. He had the two best gifts for the historical novelist, the love of place and the sense of wonder. In *Witch Wood* it was the border country of the Tweed, where he had spent the long summers of his youth; in *The Blanket of the Dark*, the Cotswolds between the valleys of the Windrush and the Evenlode, where in his prime he took his forty-mile walks. Through both the horns of Elfland blow. In these stories, as in his biographies of Montrose and Cromwell, he seemed to have conquered time and to become the contemporary of the three hundred years of British history of which he wrote. He was pleased and startled when I quoted to him, with a *tu quoque*, the limerick about the remarkable Miss Bright

Who could travel more swiftly than light,  
Took a walk one day,  
In a relative way,  
And returned on the previous night.

Towards the end of his eight years in Parliament, he came to occupy a peculiar position of triangular liaison between the two elements of the National Government and the Crown. All three valued his historical learning, his Scottish good sense and discretion, his human touch. Many days he would breakfast with Ramsay MacDonald, circle the duck ponds in St. James's Park with Stanley Baldwin, and lunch at Buckingham Palace with "The People's King," about whom he was to write one of his best books, more fulfilled than any other with the rhythms of *The Pilgrim's Progress* that had entranced his boyish ear on Sunday afternoons in the little gray manse by the Fife shore.

In 1934 he confided that proconsular duties and honors were impending. Next year he wrote that he had been appointed Governor-General to Canada, that he had been raised to the peerage, and had selected as his "alias for parties" the title of Lord Tweedsmuir, the name of the little village on the border that stood in his mind for his happiest memories. He said I would understand. I replied that I did — that if I were ever raised to an American peerage, I should choose to be none other than Lord Lake George.

## 5

NO post could have suited Lord Tweedsmuir better than Ottawa, no other could have better suited the post. He knew his Parkman and the writings of the Abbé Casgrain by heart; no earlier Governor-General had ever been in imagination so much the contemporary of the whole course of Canadian history, in temperament so completely the *voyageur*.

During the first years, while his health and that of the world permitted, he visited every corner of the Dominion — by special train, by airplane to the frozen north, by canoe down virgin rivers. Thousands of square miles of wilderness became a park bearing his name. He made quite literally a million friends. When I went to Ottawa, the week of his death, porters, conductors, small shopkeepers, spoke of him with broken voices. Even the French press of separatist Quebec, which had greeted his arrival with epithets of *agent provocateur* and *espion*, spoke of him with remorseful eloquence.

With his sense of its historic symbolism, he came to take an amused pleasure in the Vice-Regal etiquette that was observed at Rideau Hall and at the Citadel in Quebec. He never came through an open door. It was closed, then opened by an aide announcing "His Excellency." Off parade, it was "His Ex."

Not until the spring of 1938 were His Ex and I able to fish again together. Then, occupying the luxurious lodge of an overlord of the lumber industry, we had a short week on the Montmorency. No river can be more lovely. The configuration of the Laurentian Mountains north of Quebec is such that, looking up a long stretch of any stream, one sees a succession of bold promontories, smaller Anthony's Noses, that give them the look of the Vale of Tempe. The slow curves of the Montmorency were precisely right to produce the effect to perfection. In every curve was a stretch of fruitful dry fly water, with a better than pound average. In the confluent Rivière des Neiges, descending through an awesome series of Devil's Punch Bowls and Diana's Baths, the fish were fewer but bigger.

Good as the fishing was, the talk was better. One evening, we returned to the juicy subject of debate we had argued since 1917. Had the internal combustion engine done the world more harm than good? I had always held for harm. It had, I maintained, been a disturber of the world's peace, bad for the fishing. It had made our knowledge of place more extensive perhaps, but less intensive. Kenneth Roberts had told me that, in preparing for his *Northwest Passage*, he had spent three days motor-ing through the country between Lake Memphremagog and the Connecticut River. Parkman, in a note to *Montcalm and Wolfe*, says he had spent three weeks walking through the same terrain. Locomotion had taken the place of meditation. By providing the mechanical medium of swift attack and aggression on land, in the air, on the sea, it had been and would continue to be the cause of world wars.

After an enumeration of instances on both sides, lasting through the evening, I surrendered to the conclusion more formally stated by my opponent two years later in *Pilgrim's Way*: —

"If a man so dominates a machine that it becomes a part of him, he may thereby pass out of a narrow world to an ampler ether. The true airman is one of the freest of God's creatures, for he has used a machine to carry him beyond the pale of the Machine. He is a creator and not a mechanic, a master and not a slave."

But the thoughts that chiefly occupied His Ex's mind, both on the Montmorency and back on the terrace of the Citadel, were of Anglo-American friendship and coöperation. One day he disclosed his thought that a visit of their Britannic Majesties, George and Elizabeth, to both their Dominion of Canada and their friends of the United States would be helpful. Another day he ventured the

proposition that the kinship of the English and American peoples was evidenced in the fact that the phrase "a good man" meant the same thing to both — quite other than its meaning to French or Italian or German. Three weeks later, in Washington, he expressed the idea more fully in an impromptu speech to the two houses of Congress.

My last visit with him was in Ottawa in 1939. I came away gravely anxious. The malady that for a quarter of a century had beset the slight body that housed that valiant spirit had grown worse. The Governor-General went through the exhausting routine of his work, but at what cost of dogged nervous effort. Then came the war. He wrote, "We are entering a long, dark tunnel, but I believe there is light at the end." He carried on the Vice-Regal round more splendidly than ever. Some of his best speeches were made in the open air to troops, in sleet or snow, on cold winter mornings. As usual he was writing three books at the same time: his "Essay in Recollection," *Pilgrim's Way*; his perhaps even more autobiographic last adventure story, *Mountain Meadow*, first entitled and still called, in England, *Sick Heart River*; his book of Canadian legends for young readers. The completed manuscript of the first reached me late in January, 1940. Two weeks later came the report of his sudden illness. The news was better, worse, better again. Then came the voice of Elmer Davis at the close of his evening communiqué: "Lord Tweedsmuir died tonight at 7.30."

At Ottawa, a few days later, I was given the autograph manuscript of two unfinished chapters of *Pilgrim's Rest*, the fishing book he had begun immediately upon finishing *Pilgrim's Way*. Deciphering with difficulty the cursive script, I read the last words that came from that tireless pen. It was the conclusion of an excursus on the prose of mortality: "There is Lockhart on the death of Scott, and Colonel Henderson on the death of Stonewall Jackson. There is the last paragraph of Thomas Hardy's *Woodlanders*. And not least there is Emily Brontë: 'I lingered round them under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and the harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.'"

Surely it was of himself, as well as of Sir Edward Leithen, that he was speaking in the last sentence of *Mountain Meadow*, written a month before: "He knew that he would die; but he knew also that he would live."

» What plans should we make to avoid widespread unemployment when the war ends? Here are some figures to help in the planning.

## WANTED: TEN MILLION JOBS

by ALVIN H. HANSEN

### 1

**I**N wartime every normal adult discovers that he is *useful* and *wanted*. That is a great thing. If we could learn to carry this experience over into peacetime, it would contribute enormously to human happiness.

The problem of employment, which baffled us so long, will again confront us, though profoundly altered by the impact of the war.

For some time after the war there will be an excess of demand over supply for certain durable goods. In addition, there are at least three other areas in which the effective demand will be great. Inventories all around will be low, and there will be a tremendous demand, for some time, to build up these inventories. Exports — especially of agricultural products — can be relied on to remain at very high levels in view of the European relief requirements. Finally, in many lines, including transportation and manufacturing industries, there will be a large demand for equipment.

There will also be an extensive demand for construction; this I shall discuss in detail later.

According to a widely accepted view, the accumulated demand for consumers' durables will ensure the re-employment of war workers and the demobilized armed forces. This thesis needs examination: the excess demand will not, in itself, cause the reabsorption of the demobilized forces.

At this point it may be of interest to remember the role of each of the categories I have referred to — consumers' durables, inventory accumulations, net export surplus (commodities and "invisibles"), equipment, and construction — at the end of World War I.

In Table 1 appears the absolute dollar volume expended on each of these categories, for the years 1919 through 1922; 1919 and 1920 were the years of

the post-war boom, and 1921 and 1922 the years of post-war deflation and depression. Note particularly the enormous role played by inventory accumulation and net export surplus in the post-war boom, and the almost complete disappearance of these items in the two years following the boom. No doubt this latter circumstance was heavily responsible for the depression of 1921–1922. With the exception of equipment, the other items held up very well in the depressed years.

TABLE 1

(In billions of dollars)

|                            | 1919 | 1920 | 1921 | 1922 |
|----------------------------|------|------|------|------|
| Consumers' Durables.....   | 5.5  | 6.4  | 5.1  | 5.6  |
| Inventory Accumulation.... | 4.9  | 7.2  | 0.05 | 0.5  |
| Net Export Surplus.....    | 3.7  | 2.5  | 0.6  | 0.2  |
| Equipment.....             | 6.2  | 6.2  | 3.9  | 3.8  |
| Construction.....          | 5.9  | 6.3  | 6.1  | 8.3  |

Table 2 shows the ratio of expenditures in the various categories to net national income. This table should be illuminating in considering the possible role of each of these categories in the reconversion period following World War II.

TABLE 2

(In percentages)

|                             | 1919 | 1920 |
|-----------------------------|------|------|
| Consumers' Durables.....    | 8.5  | 8.6  |
| Inventory Accumulation..... | 7.6  | 9.7  |
| Net Export Surplus.....     | 5.8  | 3.4  |
| Equipment.....              | 9.7  | 8.4  |
| Construction.....           | 9.2  | 8.5  |

As a first rough basis for discussion, let us assume that each category plays a corresponding role in the first two years following this war. We can expand these percentages to fit a national income commensurate with our current working population and our increased capacity to produce. I think we can conservatively estimate that a good level of em-

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ployment will produce a post-war national income of 120 billion dollars at 1942 prices.

The following expenditures will accordingly be made in each of the categories enumerated for the first two post-war years, in the event that each plays as large a role in income creation, proportionately, as it did in 1919-1920:—

TABLE 3  
(In billions of dollars)

|                            | <i>First<br/>Post-war<br/>Year</i> | <i>Second<br/>Post-war<br/>Year</i> | <i>Average</i> |
|----------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| Consumers' Durables.....   | 10.2                               | 10.3                                | 10.2           |
| Inventory Accumulation.... | 9.1                                | 11.6                                | 10.3           |
| Net Export Surplus.....    | 7.0                                | 4.1                                 | 5.5            |
| Equipment.....             | 11.6                               | 10.1                                | 10.8           |
| Construction.....          | 11.0                               | 10.2                                | 10.6           |

These figures need some qualifications. The figures for consumers' durables, while large, may well be exceeded in the first two post-war years. In 1941 (the year of greatest buying in our history) expenditures on consumers' durables amounted to 9.1 billion dollars, about one billion below the magnitude indicated in the table. Nevertheless, I think it reasonable to assume that in the post-war years expenditures on consumers' durables may reach 12 to 14 billion dollars.

## 2

ONE of the causes of the speculative inflationary movement in 1919 and 1920 was the accumulation of an excessive inventory. It ought to be a part of any post-war stabilizing policy to check excessive inventory accumulation and hold it to a more moderate figure, and thus to forestall the sudden cessation of inventory accumulation which will be inevitable if stocks of goods are allowed to reach an abnormally high level. A more moderate figure (which may still be excessive) ought to be aimed at—say, 5 or 6 billion dollars a year. Remember that in the boom years of the twenties, in no year did inventory accumulation exceed 3 billion dollars. Business inventories—retail, wholesale, and manufacturing—are currently about 28 billion dollars, a figure well above peacetime levels. A moderate accumulation could be expected to bring stocks up to normal from a seriously depleted level within a two-year or three-year period.

The figure set down for equipment may be too high. In the peak year of 1941, equipment outlays privately financed amounted to only 8.9 billion dollars, and in the earlier peak year of 1929 to only 6.9 billion dollars.

If, therefore, the same stimulating effect is to be provided to reabsorb workers as at the end of the last war, it is evident that there would have to be a very large construction program. A construction program no greater than that following the last war (after correcting for increased working population and increased productivity) would amount to nearly 11 billion dollars in each of the first two years. At the end of the war, however, the industry will be at a low ebb, and it is believed by competent persons in it that the organizational difficulties and probable equipment shortages will retard rapid expansion. No more than 6 to 7 billion dollars of construction is believed possible in the first post-war year.

Except for agricultural exports and construction, all the areas which would be stimulated by the large demands referred to (consumers' durables, inventories, and equipment) are included in manufacturing. It is just this point that requires careful scrutiny. The manufacturing area will be enormously inflated at the end of the war. At the end of 1943, manufacturing will employ some 18 million workers. But even though the expected high demands materialize, it is unlikely that anything like this number of employees can be retained in manufacturing industries.

The companies in the area of consumers' durables, far from absorbing labor, will certainly be compelled to discharge a substantial number of employees. Thus, for example, the automobile companies (not including the new bomber plants but only the plants formerly used for automobile production) will employ probably at the end of this year 900,000 to 1,000,000 workers. After they have retooled and have again come back into full-time peace production, they are not likely to employ more than 750,000 workers—a figure considerably above any previous peacetime employment in this industry.

Similarly, it is well known that the companies producing electrical appliances, such as refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and the like, will have at the peak effort a highly inflated payroll, and that after conversion to peacetime production a substantial net discharge of workers must occur. Popular reasoning has assumed that these consumers' durables will *absorb* the demobilized workers. Quite the contrary. Precisely in this consumers' durables area there will be very considerable discharges. It is, however, true that a large demand for consumers' durables will stimulate employment elsewhere.

Manufacturing as a whole can hardly be expected to employ more than 14 million workers. This means a net discharge of about 4 million workers

after reabsorption into some industries where employment will be low at the peak of the war effort. The industries that are likely to discharge the largest number of workers are:—

|                                                                                                                  | <i>Expected Discharge<br/>of Workers</i> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| Machinery (including electrical)                                                                                 | 1.2 millions                             |
| Aircraft (including aero-engines)                                                                                | 1.4 "                                    |
| Shipbuilding.....                                                                                                | 0.8 "                                    |
| Iron and Steel (and their products).....                                                                         | 0.9 "                                    |
| Automobiles.....                                                                                                 | 0.2 "                                    |
| Chemical and Petroleum Products.....                                                                             | 0.3 "                                    |
| Food and Tobacco.....                                                                                            | 0.1 "                                    |
| Other Manufacturing (including railway cars and locomotives, non-ferrous metals, rubber, and miscellaneous)..... | 0.3 "                                    |
| <b>TOTAL</b>                                                                                                     | <b>5.2 millions</b>                      |

The industries that probably will be able to absorb some considerable numbers are:—

|                                 | <i>Expected Absorption<br/>of Workers</i> |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Paper and Printing.....         | 0.3 millions                              |
| Textiles, Apparel, and Leather. | 0.4 "                                     |
| Stone, Clay, and Glass Products | 0.2 "                                     |
| Lumber and Furniture.....       | 0.3 "                                     |
| <b>TOTAL</b>                    | <b>1.2 millions</b>                       |

If these figures are reasonably accurate, then the net discharge would be about 4 million.

Transportation payrolls will be inflated and there will probably be a discharge of 0.4 million. All the temporary agencies of the government imply a high inflation of government payrolls and there will occur a considerable dismissal—probably well over a million. Add to these a discharge of, say, 8 million from the military forces (leaving 3 million still in the forces) and we have a total net discharge, from the areas indicated, of 13 to 14 million even after taking account of the reabsorption in manufacturing in the industries where reabsorption is possible.

In contrast, both the reconversion of industry after World War I and the dismissal from the military forces were relatively small. The military forces did not exceed 4 million; and industry continued throughout the war pretty much on a "business as usual" basis.

### 3

WHERE will these 13 to 14 million workers go? To begin with, perhaps 3 to 4 million women, younger persons, and older persons will drop out of the labor

market. This leaves about 10 million to be absorbed. Clearly we cannot hope that unemployment will be so low as in the peak of the war effort. We may assume that unemployment will rise from, say, 1 million at the top of the war effort to, say, 3 million, at realizable full employment. This would leave then 8 million net to be reabsorbed. Where will they go?

One million may be expected to go back to agriculture. If we may anticipate high levels of income and employment, trade should be able to reabsorb considerable numbers above the relatively low employment in this area at the peak of the war effort—say a total of 2, or possibly 3, million. Other service industries (including finance), servants, and self-employed can be expected to absorb 3 million under favorable conditions.

If construction can absorb  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 million we shall be able to account for the 8 million that must be absorbed on the basis of the analysis just given. Construction at the peak of the war effort is expected to employ half a million workers. If construction absorbs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 million, employment in this area would rise to 2 or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  million. For every million employed in construction, the typical value of construction is 5 billion dollars. Employment of 2 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  million in construction would, therefore, involve a program of about 10 to 12 billion dollars.

We cannot expect the manufacturing area, in all its various ramifications, to employ as many as 14 million workers, considering the enormous increase in man-hour productivity, unless a large public and private construction program feeds employment back into the whole range of manufacturing industries that are stimulated by construction.

Trade and the service industries are not likely to absorb any such numbers as indicated unless the income level is high and the nation is prosperous. A large construction program would help to ensure this condition.

It may be argued that a large construction program will not in any way interfere with the absorption of labor in the other areas indicated. One consideration militates against this view and needs to be carefully looked into: transportation might constitute a bottleneck for a period, especially when one considers the draft that will be made upon transportation to continue the high level of food and agricultural exports. And there will be the transportation requirements involved in the program of building up inventories all over the country. We must consider the condition in which transportation equipment is likely to be at the end of the war. On the other hand, the railroads are doing a magnificent job and are enlarging their transportation

facilities, so that transportation may not in fact prove a serious bottleneck.

It is difficult to see that there will be significant shortages of the materials which enter into construction. If materials are abundant, then construction will not interfere with the reabsorption in areas which compete for the same raw materials.

So far as the workers are concerned, the construction workers belong mainly to a category quite different from the areas that must absorb a larger part of the demobilized force — namely, agriculture, trade, and the service industries. Thus, construction will not create a bottleneck in the labor market for specialized kinds of skill.

Certainly the problem of absorbing 8 million workers net, not to mention the shifts taking place within manufacturing industries of which we are taking no account, is a tremendous task. It is clear that the gross discharge will be enormously greater than 8 million if we include inter-industry transfers. But even taking the figure of 8 million, which is an understatement of the absorption problem, we must realize that we have never absorbed into productive employment in any one year more than 3 to 4 million workers. We absorbed into the military forces and industry from the beginning of 1940 to the end of 1943 — a four-year period — only 16 million workers, though again the gross absorption was much greater if we include the inter-industry shifts.

Under war conditions the problem of labor absorption is relatively easy. But the organizational problem of fitting large masses of workers into productive and profitable employment in peacetime is tremendous. If we once allow large mass unemployment, however, there is danger that it will cumulate into a serious depression.

#### 4

WHAT are the prospects for total construction, public and private, of a magnitude of 10 to 12 billion dollars? Private business plant construction is not likely to be very large at the end of the war because of the enormous construction of plant during the war period. In the good years of the twenties, when whole new industries were being built and plant construction occupied an important place, the annual business plant construction, including public utilities, railroads, manufacturing, mining, agriculture, trade, and commercial structures, averaged only 3.9 billion dollars a year. In 1936-1939 private business plant averaged only 1.9 billion dollars; and in the high year, 1941, privately financed plant amounted to only 2.5 billion dollars.

Residential building under favorable conditions is not likely to exceed 5 billion dollars and may be considerably less. In 1941 it was less than 3 billion. Recently a building unit has cost around \$5000, so that a 5-billion-dollar program would mean a million or more units a year — a figure far in excess of the good years of the twenties.

To ensure an adequate construction program we should, therefore, be prepared with Federal, state, and local public works of 4 to 5 billion dollars. We can assume that the standard public works which have been deferred during the war will be considerable, and there are many productive public development projects which should be planned now so that construction can be undertaken when idle resources of equipment and manpower become available. If housing or business construction should exceed the figures indicated, the volume of public works could be reduced. But we should have plans and specifications for a sufficient volume and range of public projects, both short-term and long-term, to provide adequate flexibility.

Following the period of high inventory accumulation and net export surplus, construction would have to be stepped up to a substantially higher level — 15 to 18 billion dollars. In this period, housing ought to be lifted to a considerably larger volume — say, 7 to 8 billion dollars. There are various ways, in addition to the Federal Housing Administration program of insured loans at low rates of interest, by which private housing can be stimulated. Moreover, plans should be available for a general program of urban redevelopment involving needed types of public works and public utilities, business structures, and private and public housing.

Such a high level of construction cannot and should not continue for any long period. It is essential that our increasing productivity shall permit us more and more to progress toward an economy that lays relatively less stress on "brick and mortar" and places more emphasis on educational, cultural, recreational, and service activities, including public health, social security, and public welfare programs. In one way or another it is important to develop a high-consumption economy so that we can achieve full employment and utilize effectively our increasing productive power without undue reliance on constructional projects, public and private.

We must raise the propensity to consume and do it not merely by the traditional method of the advertiser through increasing the urgency of wants, important as this method is. A higher propensity to consume can in part be achieved by a progressive tax structure combined with social security, social welfare, and community consumption expenditures;



and by achieving continuous high levels of employment at rising wages commensurate with increasing productivity. The assurance of sustained employment tends to make people spend a larger proportion of their current income.

Moreover, sustained levels of high national income, by utilizing plant capacity more fully, will enable business units (a) to sell their products at lower prices, or (b) to pay higher wages. Either or both of these policies tend to spread increased purchasing power throughout the community and to promote an economy capable of matching mass consumption with mass production. But the process of achieving a high-consumption economy will take time, and in the interim it will be necessary to sustain the national income by a large volume of construction.

Clearly the role of construction is important not only in the immediate reconversion period but even more so in the period immediately following the heavy inventory accumulation and the abnormally large net export surplus. Subsequent to this second period, construction will continue to play an important though declining role, while we undertake policies designed to raise the propensity to consume, and gradually move forward toward a high-consumption economy with emphasis on appropriate leisure and on cultural and recreational activities.

## 5

ONE of the unknowns about which it is particularly difficult to form a judgment is the use that the general public is likely to make, at the end of the war, of accumulated savings of war bonds.

These savings may be disposed of in one of four ways: (a) they may be largely held and possibly even added to as permanent investments intended to be used mainly for emergencies and unforeseen contingencies — in other words, a nest egg of security; (b) they may rapidly be disposed of and spent on non-durable consumers' goods, such as clothing, amusement, travel; (c) they may be cashed in order to purchase household equipment and automobiles (consumers' durables); (d) they may be used to make a down payment on a new house.

One thing is clear: the vast mass holding of savings in the form of bonds provides considerable security against serious depression. A large proportion of the population will have the means to carry them over unemployment and sickness, and thus total consumption expenditures will not fall so drastically as they otherwise would. Nevertheless, while mass holdings of bonds tend to insure against

as serious a collapse of effective demand as we experienced from 1929 to 1932, they do not automatically guarantee a sufficient volume of spending to produce full employment.

A special case arises with respect to expenditures on household equipment and automobiles. Doubtless a great many people will earmark a part of their war savings for such purchases in the post-war period. Many will cash in bonds to buy automobiles, refrigerators, and furniture. This fact, however, does not ensure full employment, but only a high volume of sales of these commodities for some years following the war. In the first post-war years, we can be certain that effective demand in this area will outrun available supply. But companies producing these products will not necessarily expand their capacity enormously merely to satisfy what will surely turn out to be an exceptional and temporary demand.

In the first post-war years, much of the demand will simply go unsatisfied. This situation will, however, ensure a longer period of high sales volume and high utilization of plant capacity for these products than would otherwise be the case. The demand will contribute to a high level of employment, but will by no means ensure it for the economy as a whole.

The most important single question with respect to the use of war savings is this: Are these savings likely to be converted into an investment in homes and, particularly, new houses?

There is no assurance that this conversion will automatically take place. If, however, the private construction industry succeeds in offering attractive new homes at reasonable prices, and if really low rates of interest are offered through the FHA, and if assurances are provided against default in the case of unemployment or loss of income, then there is reason to believe that the large volume of mass war savings could contribute effectively to produce a vast housing construction boom extending over a couple of decades. Thus the accumulated war savings again leads us back to the post-war role of construction with special reference to housing as a means to promote full employment and rising living standards.

In what I have said, I have not intended to convey the impression that I can foresee how the post-war economy will develop. Most forecasts will doubtless prove wrong. What is important is that we be prepared for all eventualities. On the one side we must be prepared, through fiscal, monetary, and direct measures, to control inflation. The purchasing power of money must be preserved. On the other side we must be prepared to overcome mass unemployment and dangerous deflation.

# THE MAKING OF YESTERDAY

## *The Diary of Raoul de Roussy de Sales*

**J**UNE 20, 1940. — There are only two possibilities for America: to accept the Nazi domination of Europe, with all its possible consequences here, or to fight. But if this country wants to fight, it will have to revise its notions completely, including those of the advocates of "anything short of war." Everybody talks of opposing totalitarian aggression, but the experiment has been tried: the defensive, from a military, psychological, and economic point of view, is inferior to the offensive.

So long as the democracies (or what remains of them) continue to believe that they should confine themselves to resisting if they are attacked, they will be crushed or subjugated. Alone England cannot counterattack. She has not the means, since she has been deprived of the French army. She is too weak. Churchill's ideas about the ultimate success of the blockade are wrong. They date from 1914-1918. In order to win, we must go on to the offensive. England cannot do it without America.

Unfortunately there is no sign of the existence of more than a handful of Americans who think this way. Public opinion would retreat in horror from such a program. Everybody here is isolationist: it is merely a question of degree and variations on a single theme. But the issue is that of giving up all finer shades and adopting a program of counterattack, with all the risks that this implies.

There is no possibility of that.

*June 25.* — Stories are coming out in the American

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As the American representative of *Paris-Soir* and Havas, RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES had a unique opportunity to survey our American scene, our thoughts, and our emotions in the crucial years before the war. With the collapse of France his work as a correspondent ceased, but he continued to set down in his journals the observations and the philosophy which mark him as one of the most discerning analysts of our time. This is the second of three installments.

The entire *Diary* will appear in book form under the imprint of Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc. *Atlantic* readers will remember Mr. de Sales's brilliant volume, *The Making of Tomorrow*, which was published shortly before his death.

press, analyzing the causes of the material and moral defeat of France. They generally agree on the following points: lack of courage on the part of the politicians, corrupt morally or otherwise; lack of intelligence on the part of the generals of the old school; lack of confidence in victory from the start — as soon as it was realized that the Maginot Line could be turned and that it would be really necessary to fight, the troops lacked guts in many places and began to believe in defeat; a fairly general desire to be humiliated, on the pretext that, democratic institutions being outworn, they *deserved* to be destroyed.

Rallying around Pétain and Company, on the pretext that such is the way to achieve the regeneration of France, implies a singular confidence in Hitler's solicitude. Everything proceeds as if Hitler were going to snatch us from the claws of the Anglo-Saxons, the true cause of our disaster. Naïveté? Stupidity? Treachery? Cowardice? A little of each. The conquered become stupid.

*June 29.* — Last night Leroy-Beaulieu brought André de Saint Phalle to see us. He arrived by Clipper, having left France some eight days ago.

The flat story of Saint Phalle was impressive. Following the German break through our lines at Sedan it was evident that there was no further chance of doing anything. Saint Phalle attributes their crushing victory to the following causes: superiority in materials, especially tanks; synchronization of the means of action, including the fifth column; the fanaticism of their troops. For example, in order to cross the Meuse they drove tanks into the water, drowning the crews but allowing the tanks following to pass over them. Troops of German infantry attacked shoulder to shoulder under the very noses of the machine guns.

Saint Phalle spoke of towns being totally destroyed fifty or sixty kilometers behind the front — Valenciennes, Arras, Abbeville — for the purpose of

spreading panic, of forcing the inhabitants to flee, thus paralyzing the means of communication. The refugees, he said, were so numerous that they became a major, if not a decisive, factor in the defeat.

*July 4. Evening.* — A tragic day, more tragic in a sense, and more weighted with consequences, than those we have been living through for two months. For the first time in a hundred and twenty-five years the English and French fleets have fought each other. Churchill announced the news to the House of Commons. A fairly large number of French ships at Oran received an ultimatum from the English to choose between the following solutions: to surrender, return to British ports, scuttle themselves, or take refuge in America and be interned. The French admiral refused. The British fired and sank several French ships, killing a considerable number of men. One of the vessels, the *Dunkerque* or the *Strasbourg*, took flight in the direction of Toulon.

The news of this encounter was given out by the Germans, who naturally accused the English of "stabbing the French in the back." The Pétain government has protested, but I have not the text of this protest.

Saint-Quentin telephoned me. I said that the incident was tragic, but that I could not see exactly what else the English could have done. This exasperated him. He obstinately denied that the English could have any reason to doubt our pledge (that we would disarm the vessels) — words which are worth no more than the words of Hitler.

I confess I am incapable of following such reasoning. The English are waging the war alone and in impossible circumstances. I cannot agree that they would have decided to sink our ships if there had been any other means of neutralizing them for certain.

*August 5.* — Another speech from Lindbergh yesterday. This time he advocates American mediation to stop the war in Europe. He also declares that, if Germany wins the war, it will be the duty of America to come to terms with her. It matters little who dominates Europe is his thesis, provided the United States remains at peace and comes to an understanding with the conqueror.

*August 10. Tyringham.* — Last night we were invited by the Rudds, our neighbors and landlords, to a dance. The Rudds and their families, about fifteen people, live in what are called here the "Shaker houses" — buildings in Puritan style, half barns, half dwelling houses. Some thirty young people

from the neighborhood, between fifteen and twenty, danced dances which seem to be coming back into fashion: quadrilles, farandoles, and round dances. The dancers as well as the onlookers enjoyed this reconstitution of the past, which was, as a matter of fact, quite unaffected. America is the only country which can be traditional without posing. This country, which believes itself to be so modern, is extraordinarily close to its past and immerses itself in it with vigor and a curious pleasure.

Not a word about the war or politics. As I am French, it is possible that out of shyness these people avoided that kind of subject. But I do not believe it. In this valley of Tyringham one cannot think of such things and, if I mention this evening, unimportant in itself, it is only to emphasize how World War II, the Nazi revolution, and so on, are local matters — until the moment comes when the Rudds, the Shaker houses, and the quadrilles will be swept away in their turn. Actually the horizon of every human being is astonishingly limited. The people we saw last night are intelligent and educated. They know very well what is happening. But what touches them directly does not go beyond the top of the hills surrounding them.

*August 19.* — The desire to avoid responsibilities is general. Even Dorothy Thompson herself is occasionally a magnificent example. She asked me if I thought England could conquer Germany. I said no — not if she is alone. Dorothy sees only one way of beating Hitler: revolution, which means nothing definite, but allows one to avoid adopting a stand immediately. Revolution is a convenient way out. The English want planes and destroyers. Dorothy suggests a revolution to them.

*January 4, 1941.* — The new year began in the same atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty that marked the old. Any kind of prediction would be absurd. Anything may happen; nothing can be left out of reckoning.

Saw Saint-Exupéry, who arrived from France three days ago. He looks healthy enough, for a man who has just been fighting — more like a bird than ever, but a caged bird with a tendency to hide his head under his wing. He seems beaten down by the war. I find it difficult to sum up what he told me. He said among other things: —

"The Germans have been encumbered by their victory. They are like a man with a locomotive in his garden."

"A national sentiment is being reborn. It had been dead since 1914. Now, signs of it can be seen everywhere."



Yet Saint-Exupéry himself is at a loss. He has no idea of what to do next. He is not certain that France will ever pull herself out of the rut. On the other hand, he believes the completeness of the defeat is a guarantee that something will be reborn. A semi-defeat, he says, would have prolonged the decadence for several more years. And in ten years there would have been nothing left to be saved. Today, since the bottom was reached all at once in a single plunge, a recovery is within the realms of possibility. In what sense of the word? In what shape? He cannot say. "The future is unpredictable," he says.

He admits that the key to the problem lies in the United States, but it is clear that the Vichy people minimize the possibility of American aid. They think in terms of production: seven hundred American airplanes a month in January compared with two or three thousand German. Right, but if Vichy is basing its attitude on American impotence, it is playing a dangerous game.

Speaking of the war, Saint-Exupéry said: "We did not go on fighting because the whole army instinctively believed that nothing would be gained thereby."

Great contrast between that conversation and the attitude of Léger, who dined here last night and developed the following argument: "French thought has always held the moral factor to be predominant over material forces. For the first time it has imitated the German system, which consists in measuring exactly the material forces at hand and ignoring the moral factor. Today it is the English who are proving the validity of the French system. Logically, they should have given up the fight at the same time we did. Because of Churchill, they kept on against all common sense. The result is that they are still fighting."

My own opinion is uncertain. There is reason in both arguments. The rational defeatism that ended in the armistice is a humiliation that is hard to swallow. It will take forever to wipe out that stain. The whole Pétain argument — Pétain mysticism, and so on — is basically rotten because of one indisputable fact: France deserted England at the height of the battle.

*January 14.* — Saw Saint-Exupéry yesterday, exasperated and discontented. "I've had enough," he said, "of strolling through the streets of Marseille or New York. I want to do some bombing. What a beautiful sight an airplane with eight machine guns is! But what would be the use of fighting for a negotiated peace? How would that help France?" He wants to fight, to risk his life, but he also wants

a more or less reasonable guarantee that it won't be for nothing.

Even when he spoke about the Battle of France, he put forth the following argument: "France realized that nothing could be gained by going on with the fight — that there would just be two million more deaths and nothing else." Such are the ravages of "realism" even on a man as generous and adventurous as Saint-Exupéry.

Pétain, Weygand, and the others mathematically figured out that the war had been irretrievably lost and that England would not hold out two weeks after the surrender of France. They were wrong, and all France, including Saint-Exupéry, is eating her heart out, conscious of the fact, without admitting it, that war is not a question of arithmetic and that if we are conquered and prisoners today, the fault lies in a mathematical mind and in our having forgotten that true "realism" comprises everything, even imprudence.

*January 23.* — Dined last night with some conservative journalists. In spite of their undeniable anglophilia, they show many signs of unconsciously turning toward something that may become the opposite. The reasons are as follows: it is impossible for them to admit that they are working toward the same end as F.D.R.; and they fear that England will turn "socialist." Their attachment to England is class attachment. If England should really become democratized, these people would no longer feel any necessity for helping her.

I get the impression that the *Times*, as well as the *Herald*, is evolving in that direction, and for the same reasons. As the Nazi danger becomes more real, more perceptible, the conservatives here are tending — willy-nilly, through a sort of illusory fatalism — to develop the same failings as those of Europe. The real danger to them is not Hitler but the people, the working class, what they naïvely persist in calling socialism. The example of their predecessors in Europe seems to mean nothing.

I know that over here all this is not so organized, not so conscious, as in France for instance. Neither Mrs. Reid nor J. P. Morgan would dream of repudiating democracy, but the parallelogram of forces is the same. These people are heading straight for suicide in the belief that they are saving themselves.

Luncheon yesterday with Herbert Agar and Ulric Bell. At least those two have taken a clear stand. They are for war right away without any beating about the bush. They seem pessimistic about F.D.R.'s chances of success against an opposition that is becoming more powerful. And the fault, I

believe, lies with F.D.R. himself, who, as always, appears very firm and infallible in official speeches but undoes everything by being either too clever or too weak in his press conferences.

For instance, the day before yesterday he told newsmen that "he had never given any thought to the question of convoying ships." Which is (1) hardly literally true; (2) a tactical error, for the opposition can now demand an amendment to the Lend-Lease bill forbidding convoys. And this matter of convoys may become critical for the Allies almost at once. Why, then, does F.D.R., entirely on his own, make such a concession, which involves the risk of turning the Lend-Lease bill into a sort of codicil of the Neutrality Act?

I don't agree altogether with Agar's pessimistic point of view. In theory he's right, but he overdoes it. What is really wrong with F.D.R., and prevents him from being truly great, is a lack of frankness, an undeniable taste for gambit openings and brilliant maneuvers, even when they are useless, an almost feminine sense of humor, — the "old coquette" side that I observed a long time ago, — and an exaggerated confidence in his own attraction — the attraction of his smile, his wit, and especially his splendid voice. On the other hand he has a practically infallible instinct, almost as magical as that of Lincoln, for reflecting truly popular aspirations.

*January 26.* — Lord Halifax, the new Ambassador, arrived yesterday on the battleship *George V*, which dropped anchor in Chesapeake Bay. Roosevelt went on board to welcome him — something unprecedented. A great deal has been made of this manifestation of sympathy, although I suspect F.D.R. of having wanted to see this new warship and taken advantage of an unlooked-for opportunity. It is strange that the British could find no one to succeed a repentant appeaser (Lothian) but another repentant appeaser (Halifax).

*March 30.* — In France the bust of The Republic has been replaced by that of Pétain, bareheaded and in the uniform of a Marshal. An example of the shift from abstract to concrete. When ideas die, they are reincarnated in the person of an individual.

*April 5.* — Yesterday Dorothy Thompson and Raymond Clapper, this morning Walter Lippmann and General Drum, complained about the unhealthy morale of the country. A coincidence, but symptomatic. Strikes in munitions plants have become serious. Discussions for and against entry into the war, convoying, are still going on. F.D.R.'s

popularity has never been so high, on paper. His program is approved in principle, but public opinion follows slowly and with reluctance. There is no unity, no real awareness of danger. People are quite willing to help England but not if they have to make the least sacrifice. They particularly do not want to be killed.

This state of mind resembles the one that existed in France in '39. People reason things out. They want to escape from harsh necessities. By doing so they deny their existence. People want to know why the British are fighting. They know they are fighting for their lives, but that is not sufficient. They want American aims, ideals, and so on. The war must be idealized, sugar-coated. The idea of making war without any hope of material or spiritual advantage, but merely in order to survive and destroy the enemy, is repugnant.

*April 24.* — Lindbergh made his opening speech yesterday as head of the America First Committee. A big crowd and lots of excitement. His argument is simple: Every interventionist country, beginning with France and England, has met with failure. Poland as well as Greece is a victim of this doomed policy. England being lost, the United States, by trying to help her, can only go down to defeat herself. The interventionists are the real defeatists since their policy leads to defeat. *Q. E. D.*

*April 25.* — The last Gallup poll gives the coefficient of fatalism (inevitable entry of the United States into the war) as 82 per cent. That's the highest figure yet. In December it was only 59 per cent.

However, the *desire* for war (Would you vote for war?) is still negative: 81 per cent "No."

In other words, an almost equal number of people are certain both that they will be in the war and that they do not want to go in.

Lindbergh and the isolationists take into account only the desire factor. Since 81 per cent are against war, there must be no war.

*May 22.* — Had dinner last night with the Ogden Reids. About twenty people, including Professor Hall from the Ministry of Economic Warfare (London), Dorothy Thompson, Wendell Willkie, Walter Millis, Geoffrey Parsons, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, and so on. After the dinner we remained at table to indulge in the game of stating opinions.

Professor Hall told us he had never been so happy and peaceful as he has since this war started. The men in his generation (about thirty-five or forty) now have a purpose in life: they are creating a new world. According to him, the last war was meaning-

less, whereas this one — ! He put forth some queer theories: the Germans will be obliged to advance and advance all the time in order to obtain what they need, and each German advance will be a sign of their real weakness, of the ultimate failure of the whole enterprise. One can always tell what they are going to do, he says, when one knows what they need. Thus, their advance toward Mosul proves that they need oil. And so Professor Hall is content with the German victories, which, to him, are signs of their distress.

But the general topic of conversation was: What is F.D.R. doing? What's he waiting for?

May 31. — F.D.R.'s speech [of May 28] has not basically altered public opinion, at least on the surface. The isolationists are still carrying on their campaign. Lindbergh again attacked the President two days after the speech, without showing the least sign of having heard the appeal for national unity, and so on. The papers have said that the speech marked the beginning of a new phase and established a pre-war condition. Perhaps, but nothing seems really altered.

The same routine existence goes on. If the Germans are clever they won't take up F.D.R.'s challenge. They will go on fighting toward the East, and people will go to sleep here. The same state of mind will exist as in France during the "phony war."

This astonishing apathy on the part of public opinion in every country never fails to startle one, no matter how accustomed one is to these monotonous manifestations. Things have reached such a point that even if Hitler had no intention of dominating the world, he would be pushed to it.

The vast spaces opening up before him everywhere cannot fail to draw him on. This lack of resistance is like a magnet whose attraction he cannot escape. He is accomplishing the conquest of the world by default.

June 22. — In general, there is satisfaction over here that Hitler has attacked Russia. Hitler is seen to be embarked on a dangerous journey which, even if successful, will tire him. A short view, perhaps, but true for the moment.

What does Hitler want? Undoubtedly oil. He must need it very badly. He has created the second front that he had so successfully removed in August, 1939. He is undoing his own war.

June 25. *Tyringham*. — Arrived here by car yesterday. Extremely tired and extremely annoyed at being tired so easily.

Nevertheless, I am pleased to be here. I see that

finally, after ten years in America, I am becoming *conscious* of the American countryside for its own sake. By that I mean entirely apart from French countryside. Up till now I did not react. Neither the trees, nor the skies, nor the sun in America made any impression on me because — unconsciously — all those things that mean summer were associated in my mind with memories of childhood, and consequently of France.

Now France has receded far enough for me to establish a direct contact with the country here. I'm still aware that the French country is more lovely than this, the light more pleasing, the warmth a kinder warmth, and so on; that everything in nature spells more to me in French than in any other language. But I'm beginning to look at American trees without thinking of French trees. At dawn this morning, however, listening to the birds, I heard a blackbird singing, but without that arrogance and melancholy peculiar to French blackbirds when they are heard singing in the gardens of Paris at the same hour.

I'm reading William Shirer's *Berlin Diary*, which makes me think of this diary I've been keeping since March, 1938. The similarity of outlook among reporters is curious. There is not much difference between what Shirer wrote in Berlin, Rome, or Paris and what I have written here during the same period. Everything was so easy to see. Why couldn't the statesmen have seen, too? Or is it because reporters, who have no other responsibility but that of seeing things clearly, are not bothered by the thousand and one considerations that cloud the vision of politicians? What would a government run by press correspondents be like?

The German High Command, according to its custom, is giving out no news on the war in Russia. Which doesn't mean that things aren't going well for Hitler. The High Command likes to wait until it can announce victories that are decisive enough to stupefy the world. The Russians give the impression that they're putting up some resistance, but how effective? Nobody knows. Hitler is at the eastern front directing operations. Very Napoleonic. Aptly, I find that Napoleon crossed the Niemen on June 24. Hitler opened his Russian campaign on the twenty-second.

Roosevelt said that Russia would be given help, but failed to make himself very clear. He admitted: (1) that all available matériel had been ordered by the British; (2) that the Russians had not yet asked for anything.

The papers are doing their best to explain why Americans must learn to love the Russians, even if they hate them. Editorials and columnists are



making noble efforts to prove that the war comes ahead of anything else, that one does not choose one's allies, and that the Russian campaign is in fact an advantage for the British and Americans, who now have a breathing spell in which to rearm.

All very well, but I have a feeling that the public is not receptive. An anti-Russian spirit is abroad. After all, America is a bourgeoisie and therefore violently anti-communist. This country is not accustomed to thinking in terms of "powers" — which, at least in wartime, is the only way to think. The isolationists are saying two things: (1) let the dictators kill each other off; (2) this proves once again that European affairs are a filthy mess, that there is nothing to choose between them, and so on. These arguments carry a great deal of weight.

The practical consequences will be as follows. The government will continue to support England with materials and to arm over here, but American participation in the war will be put off indefinitely. A few days ago, it was being admitted that participation was imminent — a matter of only a few weeks or months. Now it is out of the question.

The anti-war feeling that dominates every event and every country will gain nourishment from the new sustenance provided: the refusal to help the Communists, even if they are fighting against the common enemy. To be in the same boat with Stalin is a very disagreeable thought. It is an affront to the pride and the puritanical *decency* of this nation.

The result is that I don't know what to hope for. If the Russians hold fast, America will draw back into her shell. If the Russians are beaten, Hitler will gain tremendously in strength. My personal opinion is that a crushed Soviet Russia will be better in the long run. Militarily, this is an absurd wish, but psychological factors play too important a part in this business to be forgotten. To lose America would be to lose everything. To lose Russia would be less dangerous in the final reckoning.

June 28. — Finished *Berlin Diary* by William Shirer, who is one of the very few Americans who do not believe that the Germans are angels, unhappily led astray from the right path by the diabolical Adolf. On the contrary, Shirer believes that Hitler is the product of something specifically German, an expression of the Germanic soul in one of its most authentic and most eternal forms.

Shirer says the German has a dual personality. "As an individual, he will give his rationed bread to the squirrels in the Tiergarten on a Sunday morning. He can be a kind and considerate person. But as a unit in the Germanic mass he can persecute Jews, torture and murder his fellow men in concentration

camps, massacre women and children by bombing." Shirer also thinks the Germans are cruel, sanguinary, sadistic, and absolutely incapable of understanding that there can be other relations between men than that of master and slave. The idea of equality and justice is foreign to them.

There is nothing new about this. The only interesting point is that an American is saying it.

Moreover, this complicates and will always complicate the question of war for the United States. In a little book about Wilson (by Charles Seymour) which I found in this house, I read that Wilson thought the United States was a country apart which could never fight for an immoral cause. It needed a crusade, and in declaring war on Germany, Wilson thought in all sincerity that he was acting unselfishly. He was saving humanity. He, too, had an unshakable belief that the Germans were kindly people who had been led astray by the Kaiser.

There is nothing very different about the present situation unless it is the fact that the Americans are not so easy to convince of the holiness of the war. But quite obviously the moral element is still their chief worry, although a strong and healthy campaign is under way to convince them that it's also a question of saving their skins.

One may ask why the United States believes she has been entrusted with this moralizing mission, this role apart. What has she accomplished in her history to justify such a pretension? Nothing in particular, but she thinks she's done a lot. She considers herself better, more just, more peaceful, and more enlightened than other nations, and nothing can shake her in this belief. It is, I confess, an aspect of nationalism that I detest most heartily — one of the most irritating, especially when expressed so generally and so candidly. Quite apart from Wilson, who loved this catechistic point of view, traces of the same state of mind can be found even in F.D.R. He, too, preaches and speaks of America as a nation "apart," a nation with a mission and chosen by God.

This attitude is especially awkward in the present war. One thing is obvious and has never been so obvious before: every nation is now fighting for itself. Ideologies have been smashed to bits. The Russo-German rupture succeeded in completely upsetting ideas over here. As long as the two bandits were hand in hand, there was nothing to worry about. Saint Democracy had only to destroy the two-headed monster, and all would be well again.

But now that the two bandits have come to blows, a new approach must be worked out. Saint Democracy, who wants no ties with either of them, is embarrassed. The ideal, naively expressed by certain isolationists, would be for the two monsters to

destroy each other. That, unfortunately, is a dangerous risk to take.

*July 26.* — All Japanese funds here were frozen yesterday. England and the Dutch East Indies will take similar steps. This marks the end of the policy of appeasing Japan, pursued here during the last two years. F.D.R. has explained that this policy had been followed with the aim of preventing the outbreak of war in the Pacific. It has gone on for two years—two years gained, according to F.D.R.

The point is how the Japs will react and how much the freezing order, together with other economic sanctions, will impede them. Apparently, it's not considered likely that they'll resort to war. But it must not be forgotten that a real rupture between the United States and Japan has always been more plausible than one between the United States and a European country. Japan is still the traditional enemy.

*September 11.* — The other day, while I was sick, the nurse who was taking care of me, having heard Reine tell me about the attempt on Laval, asked, "Who is Laval?"

I gave her the necessary information.

"You see," she went on, "I didn't follow what happened at the beginning of the war. So now I can't catch up. I never read about it in the paper because I can't understand it. It's too complicated."

I don't see why the isolationists don't make use of the following simple and very true argument: America is facing two hazards. The first consists in declaring an all-out war right away, which would involve obvious sacrifices. This is a certain hazard. The second consists in having to face Hitler without any allies some day. That is an uncertain hazard. The fact that theoretically it is more dangerous than the other does not alter the matter. Any number of things may happen in the meantime. Hitler may be defeated by the Russians. There may be a revolution in Germany. Hitler may die. The world may stop revolving about the sun.

Whoever has postponed a necessary visit to the dentist is familiar with the brand of reasoning he uses to convince himself that there is no hurry. ("It will pass. Maybe a taxi will run over me.") It's no use saying that this isn't prudent. Reality scorns prudence, especially under such conditions as these. It would really be surprising if the United States were to declare war under the present circumstances, since it is not a matter of physical necessity.

*September 12.* — The most decisive step toward war has been taken.

In a world-wide broadcast F.D.R. announced last

night that he had given orders to the American Navy to fire at sight on German or Italian warships found in what he called "waters of self-defense."

F.D.R.'s address was clothed in plain and energetic speech. No ambiguity, no tricks. F.D.R. declared that he was not seeking war. "We have sought no shooting war with Hitler. We do not seek it now. But neither do we want peace so much that we are willing to pay for it by permitting him to attack our naval and merchant ships while they are on legitimate business."

This last phrase is extremely important, if not the most important in the speech. There will be a great deal of discussion about the term "legitimate business." The Germans will say that it is not legitimate business for a neutral country to carry arms to England. The isolationists will certainly be of the same opinion. But the Lend-Lease bill sanctions this legitimate business.

*September 17.* — Hoover has just made a speech which seems important to me because he proposed the "dentist" solution. Hoover starts with the premise that Hitler cannot win the war. Not only is England capable of holding out indefinitely, but the nations subjugated by Hitler are beginning to rebel. Besides, Hitler and Stalin are wearing each other out. Therefore, the best thing to do is to let events take their course. America must content herself with sending England material aid. The "boys" must not be sacrificed at any cost.

The last war, Hoover says, proved that America cannot resolve Europe's problems. F.D.R.'s idea of imposing the Four Freedoms on the world is ridiculous. To go to war in order to impose them is the surest way of losing them. "The ideas and ideals of the West can grow and spread abroad by their demonstration in our own country. They will die in the world if the freedoms become weakened or die in America."

Today, in support of his theories, Hoover is obliged to say that England is unconquerable and that Hitler is sure to meet his ruin without other American aid than that now existing. This argument is certainly false, if only because since June, 1940, one of the main pillars of world stability — France — no longer has existed. England stands alone. Russia is still a doubtful factor (from the standpoint of American security). She has no fleet and no major interest in protecting the United States. In other words, Hoover simply fails to see what's going on. His drawing a comparison between 1812 and 1941 is terrible proof of his blindness.

Hoover claims that he is not an isolationist. His program consists of aiding England and waiting for

Hitler's collapse. After which America will be strong and fresh — to practice what she preaches.

It is interesting to note the curious contradictions in the isolationist arguments. Lindbergh preaches isolationism on the grounds that England is done for and that Hitler's victory is inevitable. Hoover preaches the same thing from a completely opposite starting point. They really ought to get together.

But the question is to decide whether the tooth is to be pulled or not. Both Hoover and Lindbergh, for different reasons, agree that the patient can wait. One says that the tooth (Hitler) is decayed and will fall out by itself. The other says it is just a violent toothache that will pass and that it must not be touched. Both agree that nothing should be done. F.D.R. wants to pull the tooth out.

*November 8.* — Yesterday the Senate, by a vote of 50 to 37, passed two amendments in effect abolishing the Neutrality Act. The clause forbidding the arming of merchant vessels is repealed. The war zones are eliminated. The country is returning to the freedom of the seas. American ships will go wherever they want, into British harbors or elsewhere.

And so ends a six-year experiment, as typically American as the "noble experiment" of prohibition was. The country wanted to legislate against war just as it had legislated against liquor, as some day someone may legislate against earthquakes or hail.

The principle is always the same. It consists in trying to eliminate the bad things of the world, large or small, by placing them on the plane of morality and making laws against them. War thus becomes a sin which must be avoided, as liquor is a temptation.

The Neutrality Act was a kind of Maginot Line, even more futile and ineffective because it was merely a series of abstract prohibitions. The necessities and realities of the war have upset that structure.

*December 7. Sunday.* — I shake off my sloth and negligence toward this diary to note that today the Japs attacked the United States.

The last "Sunday surprise" was back on June 22, the invasion of Russia. The Japs make good pupils.

Spent the whole day listening to the radio, which had practically nothing but broadcasts of football games. No realization of war as yet. But this time it's the real thing.

There will be national unity, or nearly so, on this war, especially if the Japs attacked in the way it seems they did.

Why didn't they choose the convenient round-about method: the attack on Thailand that people were expecting? Why the direct provocation to the United States? At Hitler's orders, people say. But that does not seem sufficient. Because they're feeling strong? Perhaps.

Obviously the United States will have to take some losses in the beginning. Her strategic position is bad, but it doesn't seem possible that the Japs won't come out badly in the end.

*December 21.* — The papers are putting on a big bluff, now subdued, now noisy — which, however, fails to conceal what looks like uneasiness. Nothing is yet known about what happened at Pearl Harbor on the seventh, but the fact is that since then there has been no mention of the American Navy. That doesn't mean it was destroyed, but damaged or inconvenienced to the extent that it cannot be exposed to the risk of any major undertakings. The British are being left to fight it out alone in Malaya, where the Japs continue to advance.

Here, the resistance in the Philippines is being emphasized, although it doesn't seem very remarkable. The Japs have landed at several points and have not yet been thrown into the sea. It's not a victory.

Hard to tell what the public is thinking. One thing is clear — that the Japanese danger has made people forget Hitler and that their eyes are turned toward the Pacific rather than toward Europe. The Russian victories are satisfying but don't compensate for the reverses over here. I believe the Americans are humiliated at having been taken so completely by surprise, but there is also something worse. The Japs are a great deal stronger than had been foreseen. People are a little afraid. Apparently, they don't doubt that everything will come out all right in the end, but they don't quite know how and when.

At a dinner party at Littell's last night, I told Dick Myers that the war would last six years. He practically hit the roof. "People here will never stand for it. They'll want action and victories long before that." Reflecting the popular and persistent idea that the United States can have victories more or less on demand.

(To be continued)



# "THERE GOES CUBA!"

*Naturalist at Large*

by THOMAS BARBOUR

## 1

ON OUR first trip to Soledad, Cuba, Rosamond and I stayed with a Captain Beal at Guabairo. He was a retired Danish sea captain who had charge of the *colonia* or section of the plantation with the lovely name, "The Whippoorwill." We went over from Soledad on a track car and walked up to the house late in the afternoon. We ensconced ourselves very comfortably, found that evening that the captain had a most excellent cook, and looked forward to what the morrow might bring.

We arose early to a hurried breakfast and set out afoot as dawn was breaking, that loveliest time of a tropic day. Wisps of fog were rising from the fields of cut cane. Far away on the horizon we could see a feather of smoke above the tall smokestack of the mill on the adjoining plantation. It had rained during the night, and we turned and walked down a long lane bordered by the living fence posts so characteristic of Cuba. Fence posts here are placed in the ground to sprout and grow, and so are protected from the ravages of termites.

I remember that the *bien vestida* or well-dressed lady — Gliricidia — was in bloom. Gaudy orioles were pecking at the blossoms on the piñon posts — the rich crimson flowers of an Erythrina. In the spring the hedgerows built of the Gliricidia are masses of pale mauve flowers, not unlike wistaria. These make the roadsides gay with color, for an enormous number of the tropical trees planted for roadside shade or for ornament are of somber green, a darker green than we are accustomed to see here in the North.

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DR. THOMAS BARBOUR, who graduated from Harvard in 1906, carries on the tradition of Louis and Alexander Agassiz. Director of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge, he is a scientist whose knowledge of reptiles, birds, and insects is rivaled only by his delight in human nature. This is the last of a series of papers drawn from his reminiscences of his forty years' experience as a naturalist and traveler. These will shortly appear in book form.

We had been more than half an hour from the house when I found a rather damp spot in the woods where there were a lot of loose flat stones. I began turning these over and before long was entranced to find a number of tiny frogs, rich maroon in color with golden-yellow stripes which ran from the tip of the snout down each side of the body. These were lovely little frogs, scarce a quarter of an inch long from stem to stern, and I knew at once that we had rediscovered *Phyllobates limbatus*. This particular frog had been lost sight of for sixty years. Cope in 1862 described it as originating in Cuba. But Stejneger and I suspected that it was wrongly labeled and that its home was Central America, not Cuba. Now we were proved wrong. We got a good series, and it was well that we did, as the type specimens in the United States National Museum from which the species had been originally described were dried up and worthless.

We collected other things — I remember a new fresh-water crab — but the finding of this lovely little frog, the smallest frog which I know of in the world, was certainly the high light of this particular journey to Cuba. Later I found that they were quite abundant in the rocky area which we keep as a wild plant preserve in the Botanic Gardens and there countless students have had a chance to collect and observe this charming little creature.

Years earlier Stejneger and I in our conversations concerning the Cuban fauna doubted the locality of another creature taken there years before by Don Juan Gundlach, a German naturalist long resident in Cuba. Our doubts concerned the little lizard of a very archaic family whose representatives are rare denizens of scattered localities between Southwestern United States and Panama. We should have known better, as a matter of fact, for old Don Juan Gundlach did not make mistakes in the localities of the species which he described. He said this came from Cabo Cruz, the extreme southern tip of

the island. To verify this, Don Carlos de la Torre and I set out on a survey trip, he to collect mollusks and I to see if I could turn up *Cricosaura*.

We went to Manzanillo and then by launch down the coast to Niquero, where we got a sailboat to go to the Cape. We were late getting started, and of course the wind died out. So our boatman and I rowed Don Carlos until about midnight, when we found a landing place behind the hook on which the great lighthouse stands. Our journey was delightful. The sea was as calm as calm could be, phosphorescent, like molten silver. I believe we could have read a book by the light produced each time we dipped our oars, and each fish that darted from our bow was like a meteor in the sky.

Once a *pez agujón*, one of those hopping billfishes, came skittering along on its tail, half out of water, and struck the gunwale of our boat. If it had been a few inches higher out of water it might have injured one of us badly, for these long, slim fishes (this one was two and a half feet long), with a beak like an ice pick and curious bright green bones, propel themselves with incredible speed. This one had been frightened by a porpoise or some large fish, and came skittering right against the side of our little dinghy. Of course we carried no light, as that would have invited visits from other billfish.

We came ashore to hear the clanging of iron shutters. The lighthouse keepers, who had heard the bow of our craft scrape on the beach, were taking no chances, and we sat outside on the concrete platform around the lighthouse for a long time before Don Carlos finally persuaded them that we were not bandits. In due season we were taken in and given hammocks.

The next morning, bright and early, I was out rolling stones, and within an hour had turned up a tiny, slender lizard with a coral-red tail, our long unknown friend *Cricosaura*. I saw several others, but they were fast little devils and I got only the one. However, this one was as good as a thousand in establishing the fact that Gundlach was right. This creature has one of the most restricted ranges of any reptile in the world, being confined to an area in the immediate neighborhood of Cabo Cruz not much bigger than Beacon Hill in Boston.

Cuban soil is extremely fertile and there are many fields on which cane has been cut for a hundred years without replanting. I know a valley west of Havana where the topsoil is sixty feet deep, and while I miss now the high forests which I used to see on my visits to Cuba thirty or more years ago, I still enjoy the plantations of mango and other fruit trees which are found about villages and sugar mills.

The mango is one of the finest shade trees of the

whole world, and the tender roseate hue of the long drooping leaves on the new-grown shoots is singularly lovely. It is strange how many tropical trees have this habit of putting forth quick-growing shoots with long, limp, slender leaves, pink or even bright red in color, which finally harden up and become the firm, typical adult foliage of dark green.

I think of the *Browneas*, with their great red pompons of flowers, delicate little trees and hard to grow, and of that most glorious of all the flowering trees of the entire world, *Amherstia*, which we cannot make grow in Cuba. We flowered it only once in Soledad. Perhaps you may have seen it at Castleton Gardens in Jamaica or in Trinidad, or best of all in its native home in Burma. The flowers are borne each like a tiny bird mounted on a wire and each wire attached, as it were, to a long strand which hangs down from the end of the limb, each little bird crimson, with boldly painted golden spots.

Unfortunately *Amherstia*, even in Burma, seldom if ever sets seeds, and the little plants obtained by inarching or layering are extremely delicate. Thus its introduction into Cuba has proved very difficult because the atmosphere there is so dry and the rainfall so scant. All in all we have brought six or eight plants to the island but none survive today. I remember one really fine, well-grown plant given us at Jamaica when I was on the *Utowana*. Mr. Armour agreed to carry it direct to Cienfuegos.

A drop of salt water splashed on it while we were taking it ashore to Soledad and withered one of the main branches of the plant in an instant. The trunk and other branches were untouched, however, and we found a damp spot for it under a giant *Pithecellobium* tree. This plant lasted for several years and flowered once, but was ruined with its giant protector by the hurricane of 1935. This was a sad blow. We have never since been able to secure a really well-established specimen.

## 2

WHO has not read *Turtle Eggs for Agassiz*? I have read it time and again. The yarn I am about to tell has no such charm. George Howard Parker was the best lecturer to whom I ever listened as an undergraduate, so I was naturally inclined to help him when he asked me for a boa. He wanted the longest unbranched nerve he could lay hands on, to study the elaboration of carbon dioxide under electrical excitation. I was going to Cuba. With luck, I might get a large boa. When it was anesthetized and put under water, the long vagus nerve being dissected out and electrically stimulated, bubbles of carbon

dioxide could be readily caught as they issued from the water, and their volume measured. Now the vagus nerve activates the diaphragm, and the diaphragm of a snake is well aft. Moreover, this nerve is unbranched. Parker yearned for a boa.

At Soledad, in Cuba, I passed out word through the countryside that I was interested in getting a large *Maja*, as boas are called locally, and was not in the least interested in small ones. Soledad in Cuba is the site of Harvard's only little ward of Paradise, a lovely botanic garden which I have been privileged to visit for years. While I was sitting on the front porch of Harvard House one hot and sultry afternoon, two countrymen came up to the door, politely doffing their hats, and took from their shoulders a pole from which hung a large sack.

The spokesman of the twain indicated that the sack contained the father of all boas. We struck a bargain and the snake was mine. I dumped him out of the sack in the dark room, a little detached stucco-and-concrete building next to the laboratory. It was clear at first glance that the snake had dined sumptuously and I was not surprised when looking at him the next day to see that excitement or nervousness had given him indigestion. Obviously he had consumed no fewer than three *hutías*. These savory rodents abound in the wilder parts of Cuba and each one of these was about the size of an able tomcat.

Time to leave. With some help, I crowded Epicrates, as I may call our victim, for this is his generic scientific name, into a strong carton and tied up the bundle. I was forced to spend a few days in Havana, and Epicrates resided under my bed in the Inglaterra Hotel. The next day I crossed to Key West.

Prohibition was in full swing and no customhouse official was going to pass a carton on my mere statement that it contained a snake; but one peek settled the matter and the bundle was re-recorded and carried to the train. I had the southernmost lower in the northbound car for Palm Beach. We left in the evening and the car was to reach Palm Beach early the next morning and to be placed on a siding for the convenience of its passengers.

I walked around Key West to kill time, got aboard, and turned in as the train was leaving. I am a very light sleeper, and slept perhaps a little more lightly than usual on this occasion. At any rate, in the dead of night I heard a sudden sharp yelp. I knew at once that something was wrong. I reached over and twiddled the carton. It was obviously empty. Nothing to do but wait till morning.

The hours dragged, but finally daylight came. I waited until everyone left the car; then I went and

asked the porter what had happened. He said that he had been asleep in the men's washroom, having set his alarm watch so that he would have time to clean the shoes of the passengers who were to get off at Miami. He awoke and, lo and behold, there was the snake, which had escaped from my carton, crawled the whole length of the car, and entered the men's washroom, where it frightened the Negro almost to death. The adjoining car was the diner. The porter rushed in and got a cleaver, chopped the head off the snake, opened the vestibule door, and pushed the carcass out.

I pretended to be tremendously surprised. I was carrying the empty carton and told the porter it contained objects too fragile to entrust to anyone else.

### 3

THE history of the Garden at Soledad in Cuba has been written over and over again. The story of how Mr. Edwin F. Atkins acquired the Soledad Plantation is told in his book *Sixty Years in Cuba*, one of the best books on the island that have ever been written; how he consulted Professor Goodale and Professor Oakes Ames, got Mr. Gray to be Superintendent, hybridized sugar canes, and over forty years ago began the gradual accumulation of a collection of tropical plants.

I first visited Soledad in 1909, and as I was specializing in a study of the fauna of the West Indies and for many years studied the fauna of Cuba intensively, I came more and more to avail myself most gratefully of the Atkinses' hospitality at Soledad Plantation. During the years of the last great war I was in Cuba all the time as a government agent and frequently spent week-ends at Soledad. I became more and more interested in the possibilities of the place.

In time Mr. Lowell appointed me Custodian of the Garden and I have had to do with planning its development in a fairly intimate way for some twenty years or more. I have built dams and made ponds and watched their borders change from those of poor old worn-out cane fields to veritable fairylands. From time to time, until he died, I begged more and more land from Mr. Atkins, always with success, and since then from his son-in-law, William H. Claffin. These friends have always given me wholehearted and enthusiastic appreciation of any plans I had to offer for the development of what is now one of the great tropical gardens of the world.

Harvard House, its laboratory, airy dining hall, and accommodations for six persons, soon became outgrown, for while this offered sufficient accom-



modation for the visitors who came during the wintertime, in summer groups of students with an instructor made increasing use of our facilities. Then Mrs. Atkins and I built Casa Catalina on the top of a high ridge looking out over the Garden to the Trinidad Mountains. Here there are a big dormitory and several private rooms, so that now we can take care of as many students as we are ever likely to have.

Our collection of palms is only exceeded in variety by that of Colonel Robert H. Montgomery at Coconut Grove in Florida, and our ornamental and useful hardwood trees — teak and the like — are now big enough so that we can supply seeds to anybody who needs them. Soledad Plantation itself has flourishing forest plantings to provide future railway ties grown from our seed. For this Garden is not simply ornamental, but serves a useful purpose, introducing and testing economic plants from all over the tropical world.

I thought the place was ruined when I saw it after the great hurricane of 1935, but in 1941, when last I was there, all signs of the hurricane were completely gone, such is the rapidity of plant growth in the tropics. The stately clusters of bamboo, the flowering trees of early spring, the ponds reflecting the magnificent trees which grow on their banks, afford scenes of extraordinary loveliness. Moreover, now there is a good road to our very door and one can motor out from Havana in about seven hours without unreasonable haste. As the beauty of the Garden becomes more widely known, the number of visitors increases, and anyone who is really interested in Harvard College can be proud of its lovely outpost in Cuba.

#### 4

SOME years ago the University of Havana celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. After the party was over and the delegates had gone home, James Brown Scott of our State Department and I remained behind, for we had been told that we were to receive honorary degrees at a special convocation. I wired Boston, and my wife came down with my gown. No gown in Havana would fit my bulk.

The fateful day was still and coppery hot — one of those spring mornings in the tropics when it wants to rain but can't and the trade wind forgets to blow. I put on my gown and fell in line. The ceremony was dignified and colorful in the extreme. Scott wore the red cape of a Doctor of Laws and I the sky-blue cape of a Doctor of Science. The placing of the biretta on our heads was the mark of the bestowal of the degree.

Scott went through his paces first, made a good speech, was orated at, and received the degree. He was just about the same size as the Rector of the University. Then came my turn. I made an oration in my most polite Spanish. My old friend, Don Carlos de la Torre, made me turn as red as a lobster by the things he said about me. And my wife, who was sitting in the front row before us, buried in a mass of tropical floral tributes, blushed as Don Carlos recalled that the cannibals of New Guinea had said they preferred to look at her, which was why she was not eaten.

Don Carlos finally sat down, and I rose for the embrace. I stepped forward and put my arms around the Rector and patted him three times on the back, according to ancient usage. Well, he completely disappeared, for I am distinctly outsize, being almost six feet six in height, while the Rector was short even for a Cuban. A voice from the gallery said in Spanish, "There goes Cuba!" This was just about the time that the "Octopus of the North" was disciplining Haiti and San Domingo, for excellent reasons, and Cuba was inclined to take sides with its neighbors.

In a second, however, the Rector was unfolded and breathing again. I sat down, the biretta on my head, and as I did so the sweep of my ample sleeve tipped a gargantuan goblet of water into the lap of the Dean of the Faculty of Sciences, who was sitting beside me. He was extremely polite, but a little annoyed. I felt like an ass; in reality it was the proudest day of my life — the first really distinguished honor I ever received.

Now the scene changes. I am back in Boston and it is the Harvard Commencement season. On the Sunday evening before this event I sat in what was called the Sunday School at the Somerset Club, a pleasant after-dinner gathering. I was telling my friend Herbert Leeds about the Havana ceremony; I described the gown. This is of shiny, lustrous silk, full in the skirt but with tight sleeves, decorated with a deep lace cuff, white on the black. A sky-blue cape is worn over the shoulders, while the headdress or biretta is of blue silk with a large pompon of blue silk threads which reminds one somewhat of the rear end of a Pomeranian.

Mr. Leeds said, "I have twenty-five dollars which says that you won't dare wear that next Thursday." I said, "You're on."

Commencement Day came. I went to Cambridge, put on my regalia. I was to be Marshal for the candidates for the degrees from A.M. to Theology; in other words, the second half of the candidates' procession. What I didn't know, however,

was that because Harvard's former Treasurer, Charlie Adams, had been made Secretary of the Navy and was to receive an honorary degree, the press cameramen were to be allowed in the Yard for the first time in history. A platform had been made at the corner of University Hall on which they might stand.

Ten o'clock struck, the band started up, and Roger Merriman led off the A.B.'s. All went well until Lewis Bremer and I, with our second division of the procession, reached the front of the press stand. Then something happened; the line halted. A rich Irish voice, subdued but yet quite audible, said to its neighbor, "Who the hell is the big bloke wrapped up in the blue diploma?" The answer also was clear: "His name is Barbour and he runs the Agassiz Museum."

At this point, thank God, the line began moving. I vowed never to wear that gown again, though I

have from time to time sported the blue muzetta with my ordinary American doctor's gown. This does not have tight sleeves with a deep border of white lace and a skirt effect that looks extraordinarily as if one were wearing a bustle under a Mother Hubbard.

I suppose if we wanted to indicate that a man had become a real North Carolinian we should say that he had tar on his heel. In the same way the Cubans speak of a person as being *aplatanado*, that is, "bananaed," to indicate colloquially that he has become completely acclimated. Well, my Cuban friends say that I am "*un hombre bien aplatanado*." Personally, I consider this a great compliment. If I grow loquacious and prolix when it comes to talking about Cuba I do not care a rap, for I love the country with a deep, passionate affection. I have no hesitation in saying so.



## FOR THE VICTORS

by JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

AFTER the city is taken, the last defenders  
Cut down in the inner court, the king too,  
The women driven away to the ships in the light of the fire,  
The children disposed of in one way or another  
(Shut your eyes, little boy, the wall is very high),  
Then let the victors beware, for this is their day.

The gods who helped you in battle will help you no longer;  
Success must be had at this price, that heaven deserts you.

Over the unharvested sea the ships disperse.  
This one will never come home; the salt has entered  
The mouth of arrogance, for the rocks are sharp.  
This one is blown to the south and this to the west  
Ten weary years from home. And the general  
Returns in triumph to a bloody shroud.

Beware, for the victors are not beloved of heaven;  
The vanquished have taken your place in the hearts of the gods.

The years of the war lacked nothing in strength, in piety,  
The sacrifices were made in due course;  
But the night the city was burned there was much forgotten,  
The altars were left untended, or worse, defiled,  
And no one remembered that not by these swords alone  
The impregnable towers are fallen, the enemy slain.

Believe me, this is the hour of the sharpest danger;  
In the moment of victory pray to avoid defeat.

# THE MIDDLE WEST WANTS FACTS

by HERBERT AGAR

## 1

**T**ODAY the British want to know everything about America: what our country feels like and looks like, how our government works, how our regions differ from one another, how long our children stay in school, what they learn. Above all, they want to know what we are thinking.

It is part of my job to meet the incessant questions of British audiences. So I come back occasionally to travel about America, to see as much as I can of what we are doing and planning.

In June, I made a trip through the Middle West, talking with three or four farm audiences a day. I saw ten states—from Ohio to South Dakota, from Missouri to the Canadian border.

It was a dramatic June in that part of the country, a discouraging June for farmers. They have tried this year to raise the biggest crop ever; but the fierce rains of April and May, and the consequent floods, set them back a month. It was a bad June to ask them to meet with an outsider whose one claim was that he could bring some facts about England. A surprising number came.

In July, I returned to the British Isles, where I have been trying to describe the mind and the mood of the Middle Western farmers as I saw them. I hope the men and women with whom I talked while at home will feel that my story, as here set down, is broadly true and that I am not misinforming our allies.

First, there is a solemn spirit among the people of the corn belt. They know that the world's future may be determined by the behavior of Americans during the next ten years. They do not deny this responsibility, and they will not evade it. Also, they are worried about their own fate in an industrial society. They would be foolish if they were

not worried. They want to understand that society; they want to find within it a place of dignity and of reasonable security for farmers.

They believe that a healthy America presupposes an agriculture that can stand on its own feet, without special favors. They think that they have been moving in the right direction, and they want to find ways of protecting themselves against a post-war relapse.

Their deepest interest, however, is not in their private problems but in the nation's policy. They want to understand our American duty in the midst of the threats and opportunities of our time. They are searching their minds, asking themselves what they should do as citizens and as members of the human race. They know we are the most fortunate, and for a time the most powerful, of nations. They are asking themselves how we should act so that America may justify her luck.

In the midst of their crop troubles they take time out to work on this primary question. In the little towns and the villages where I spoke, I was always told by the chairman that the farmers were in a hurry because they had to get back to their chores—that if I wanted questions and ideas from them I had better cut my talk short. I did so, telling a few facts about England to start the questions going. Every time, a large part of the audience stayed for hours—until I had to leave for the next meeting, or until midnight if the meeting was in the evening.

They stayed because they wanted facts. They didn't care what I thought about their problems. They wanted facts on what men and women abroad were doing, feeling, thinking. They wanted facts which would help them to make the world story come alive in their minds. I have never met more intense, creative curiosity.

I was taken from meeting to meeting by the local county committeemen. These were the farmers who had been elected by their neighbors to repre-

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sent them on the councils of the Triple A. Through ten states and an unremembered number of counties, every man who had me in charge was a man who made me more hopeful for the world's future. They all know their own jobs thoroughly, and they all know that free men cannot discharge their duties merely by doing one job well. They know that every man of good will must become an active working citizen or the world may revert to cruel anarchy. They have read the Old Testament as well as the news from Europe, and they know how close man lives to such disaster.

## 2

Most of my farm audiences would begin with questions on British agriculture. Did the British farmer expect to be sold out at the end of this war as he was at the end of the last? If not, why not? Did the British farmer approve of subsidies as a way of stabilizing prices? They all seemed to know that subsidies have been used in England, and that they have kept prices level since early in 1941. They wanted to know whether the farmers of England were afraid of them or welcomed them.

What about American food in England and among the armies of the Allies everywhere? Was it playing a big part? Did the world know what a production job the American farmer had done in 1941 and 1942? Here was a fine pride in a fine accomplishment. No boastfulness. No niggling queries about why foreigners should be helped by our hard work. Only the decent hope that the men and women fighting on our side had the comfort of knowing that the American farmer was fighting too.

After the questions about agriculture — and the obvious questions about strikes in England, and why they are less menacing than in the United States — the farmers would turn to questions about the British mind and purposes. Have the British people plans for post-war reform? If so, are they merely plans for town prosperity or do they include the countryman as well? What about equality in England? What about religion? What about the British school system?

The questions were less important than the tone in which they were asked. There was not one cynical question in a hundred. The questions were an attempt to find a hope for the future. The farmers believe that the hope exists if they can dig it out and put it into words and then act accordingly.

There was no effort to play down the rest of the

world in order to excuse ourselves for ignoring our world position. There was no apathy, no indifference, no selfish isolationism. But there was frustration. They want to know more. They want to make their own clear picture of the war and the possible post-war world. They want to discuss it with people to whom they can talk back, of whom they can ask more and more questions.

When they collect the facts they will make up their own minds. No one need delude himself that he can impose his thoughts on these farmers. No one need worry that their decisions will be unworthy if they are given the facts, the chance to judge wisely.

They get many facts from the radio, many from the press. But one weakness of the radio and the press is that you can't answer back. You can't hold a town meeting with a receiving set or an editorial. And the corn belt has grown up in the tradition of the town meeting — of neighbors coming together to exchange thoughts and to educate one another. They want to question all alleged facts and to look at them from all sides.

When they are satisfied that they know enough they will come to conclusions — slowly perhaps, skeptically perhaps, but in the light of a stern sense of duty to our country and to the world. At the end of the month of June I felt that I had been living for four weeks among people who cannot be less than magnanimous if they are given the facts which they desire.

These men and women of the corn belt do not intend to be defeated by this year's weather. In Iowa some of the farmers were planting corn for the second time this season, and some for the third. The previous plantings were washed out by rain. In Illinois, after the first two days of dryness for weeks, I saw men and women out with their tractors — some plowing, some planting, some weeding — at three o'clock in the morning. Their cars were parked by the roadside, giving a precarious light.

They were not doing this for money. They were doing it for the war. Many of them were in the last war and many of their children are in this one. They believe that most of their grandchildren will be in the next one unless we take our religion and our country's responsibilities more seriously. They believe it is a war duty to work themselves to the bone. To say they are working just for profits is as silly as to say that the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts in order to be comfortable.

That may sound like inflated language. We should not forget that many of the farmers of the corn belt are deeply religious people. They believe

in moral responsibility, and they do not think man's duty can be described solely in terms of self-interest. They represent the free men that Hitler cannot understand — not mobs, not self-seekers, but people who live as well as preach the democratic code.

They are surprised, and mildly resentful, when they hear from the outside world that they don't know a war is taking place. One farm woman in Nebraska said to me: "What do they expect us to do? Cry in public because our children are at war? Complain in public because we are lonely? We work harder than we have ever worked because we take the war and the world hard. We try to learn what is happening and why it has happened. What more can we do?"

It was none of my business to tell them what to do. It was my business to bring them some facts, and to take some facts back to England. But I did suggest that they should make their mood known to a larger public. They are too busy to have time for proselytizing. Self-advertisement is not in the character of the corn belt.

### 3

I HOPE I am not making an overcheerful report of what I saw at home. Yet I cannot introduce gloom merely in order to sound more credible. So far as I could tell, the vast Middle West is not only working hard to win the war: it is working hard to *think* the war. It knows that a new moment has come in the old story of our planet. It knows that at such a moment America must bear a special burden because of her traditions, her strength, her opulence. It knows that neither selfishness nor world-flight will help us to bear this burden.

I feel that the British who want to understand the mind of the corn belt would do well to remember these lines from Walt Whitman: —

To thee, old cause!  
Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,  
Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,  
Deathless throughout the ages, races, lands,  
After a strange sad war, great war for thee,

.....  
These chants for thee, the eternal march of thee.

There is much of the Middle West in those words.

In trying to make an honest report, I have to remind British audiences to make allowance for the fact that the farmers who came to my meetings were obviously those most interested in the outside world. If the weather had been better in the early spring, my audiences would have been larger and perhaps less encouraging.

The farmers among whom I spent a month are well aware that the world has other peoples in it. They know that tears may be shed for centuries if we Americans behave badly — that the world might enter on a new hope if we and our allies behave well. So far as they can influence history, they will influence it for good.

They have not made a blueprint for tomorrow; but through the town meeting system which they have never abandoned, through the democratic method, they are building in their minds the foundation on which a decent tomorrow might rest. They may not use Walt Whitman's words, or the words of the Bible, but they know the "old cause" when they see it. They want to place it in the new setting. They think it belongs there. They want to make sure.

I do not find it possible to believe that these people who have such a lively sense of moral responsibility in their own lives and communities will choose to set narrow limits upon their responsibility to their fellow men. They naturally want to know that other nations, also, are preparing to work hard for peace and for international security. They want to see some reasonable program for action before accepting for themselves the burdens of world power. They already appear to have decided that a policy of refusing those burdens can bring only wars and ruin. Yet there is a difference between abandoning a negative attitude and defining a positive one.

If the gap can be bridged, if the positive attitude can be defined, the time will have come at last when the great moral reserve which has built so vigorous a culture in the Middle West, so healthy a life, can become a source of vitality for a world community as well.

American farmers don't want to be preached at. They want to know exactly how our allies are behaving, what our allies are thinking, planning. They are not suspicious or cynical. They don't fear the worst. But they want to be shown that the men who are fighting with us are fighting for the "peerless, passionate, good cause."

They hope to be convinced, but no one can convince them except themselves. All an outsider can do is to bring them the truth as he has seen it, and to try to answer the solid good questions that they ask. Once they are self-convinced, once they know in their blood that this is again the "great war for thee," no effort will be too heavy for these people, no pain will be refused.

And there will then be no placating them if any leaders anywhere should try to sidetrack the "old cause" when the war is won.

# THE STORY OF AN ISLAND

## *Marooned by Request*

by ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

6

TEA this morning at half past four, ship's biscuits, and three dozen tiny wide-awake eggs among the five of us; then we went to work in earnest on the tree-house. Son Jakey worked steadily — as steadily as a boy can — salvaging galvanized nails from the wreckage of the Suvorov Atoll trading post; daughter Johnny plaited roofing sheets from green coconut fronds; my younger daughters, Elaine and Nga, bossed the job when they were not minding their babies — that is, their dolls made of long, slim, undeveloped coconuts wrapped in rags and tags.

Now that Captain Prospect and his *Hurry Home* have left, there has been no excuse for delaying the work on the house. The sun had scarcely risen before I had cut a score or two of green nonu saplings, strong, tough, and flexible. These made window sills, rafters, and ridgepole. By noon the framework was complete; then Johnny and I cooked a pot of rice, opened a tin of bully beef, and we made a meal of it, polishing off with a couple of green coconuts each. This afternoon I helped Johnny with the roofing sheets while Jakey went to the reef with his spear.

By the time Jakey returned with enough fish for all of us, Johnny and I had finished the forty sheets needed for the roof. For the evening meal we boiled some unleavened dumplings made from grated coconut and flour, grilled our fish on pemphiswood coals, and brewed ourselves a cup of tea. Then, there being a moon three-quarters full, we went to work lashing the sheets on one side of the roof, and finished the job by 8.00 P.M.

The little house has a fascinating look by moon-

light. I can scarcely keep my eyes off it. I shall sneak away from the children and sleep in the little monkey nest up the tree.

Good night, cowboys! Good night, Desire. How I wish you were with us tonight!

We put the rest of the roof on the house yesterday morning, then plaited coconut fronds on the sides, and finished the job by night. These plaited fronds give both a beautiful effect and a raintight shelter. Today Johnny made two big blinds, six feet by thirty inches, for the two windows, and I hung them on the lintels so that they could be raised or lowered. Also, I made a bunk on the east side of the house, and I am lying on it at this moment. By turning my eyes to the right I can look over the undergrowth of Suvorov and see, between the boles of coconut trees, vistas of the passage, the east reef, and the Gull Group beyond. The trade wind blows fresh and fragrant through the house. In a half hour, when it is dark, I shall see the moon over the far islets, splashing mild yellow light on the fierce tide rip that will then be flowing out the passage.

I have made a writing table from the south end of the bunk across the house to its west side. A kerosene case with a back nailed to it serves for a chair. My mat, pillow, and quilt are on the bunk, and under it are the children's sleeping things, while on the table are my typewriter, dictionary, thesaurus, encyclopedia, a half-finished novel, and numerous papers. Under the table is a little chest with papers, ribbons, letters, and odds and ends. Also, there is a shelf by my head, and on it smoking paraphernalia, Lamb's *Letters*, Montaigne's *Essays*, Spengler's *Decline of the West*, Stefansson's *Friendly Arctic*, and a few volumes of lighter reading.

Only one thing troubles me: there is a tall coconut tree leaning over my house, with its head above the tamanu trees and therefore above the roof. The tree is loaded with coconuts; and I have been won-

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It was more than twenty years ago that ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE quit his job on a San Francisco newspaper, walked down to the waterfront, and took ship to the South Seas. Since then he has lived as a white trader on lonely atolls from which an occasional manuscript wings its way back to Boston. This is the second of three installments.



dering if one might fall, go through the roof, and land on me! Probably not, for the rafters are a foot apart and the roofing sheets close together. However, it is a troubling thought, so tomorrow morning I shall send Jakey up the tree to throw down the nuts. Incidentally, Jakey, though not too hot at the three R's, is a number-one hand at climbing trees.

## 7

WE HAD a grand time on the reef this morning and a grand bird-snaring this afternoon. The tide was low in the forenoon and the reef dry. Johnny and Jakey had short fish spears made of six-inch spikes seized on four-foot nonu poles; Elaine and Nga had frond baskets for periwinkles; the Boss of Suvorov had his heavy single-prong spear. Thus equipped we walked to the north point, across the shallows, to the reef.

Every island has a reef peculiar to itself. On some the coral is so jagged, the crevices so wide and deep, that it is difficult to walk them even at low tide; but Suvorov's reef is as smooth as a fairway. The combers break from thirty to forty feet to seaward of the highest part of the reef, and only the big ones lap over the reef-shelf into the shallows.

There was little sport in spearing fish, for they were too plentiful. We did not have to hurl our spears like Achaean warriors in Ilium, and see them describe perfect parabolas before transfixing the fish. When we spied a big parrot fish or a reef cod in one of the pools, half hidden under a ledge of coral, we simply poked our spear in him, then flipped him up on the dry coral.

The quiet, gentle, diffident little Nga, the spiritual counterpart of her mother, nosed about the reef crevices and potholes like a mouse, sniffing here and there, poking her little paw into a hole to pick out a periwinkle or a cowrie shell, never screaming or showing any excitement, perfectly self-contained. And presently she showed me her basket full of shellfish, and she smiled in a way that said, "There you are, Papa. I don't make as much noise over my fishing as the rest of the cowboys do, but I bring home the bacon."

I specialized in lobsters. There were plenty of them on the reef, but they were hard to find, for they live in the foaming water on the edge of the breakers. Now and then I would see a pair of long spiny feelers thrust out from a hole or from under a ledge of coral. Then I would wait for a calm spell, reach in warily lest my hand encounter an angry crab or a poisonous sea urchin, grasp the lobster firmly, and pull him out. I got five — one for each of us — and

then gave it up, for lobsters have a way of scratching the back of one's hand with their scabrous feelers.

Close to Whale Islet we came to a big pothole on the outer slope of the reef, within a few feet of the breaking seas. The hole was about four feet across and thirty inches deep, with a rounded bottom and smooth sides. To children brought up in the atolls it suggested only one thing; and thus it was that all five of us jumped into it during a calm spell between seas, and crouched down so that our shoulders were level with the rim of the hole. In a few seconds a towering comber broke within six feet of us.

We ducked our heads and braced ourselves to let the comber roar over us, probably a good three feet deep. In ten or fifteen seconds the worst of it had passed. We raised our heads from the foam, took deep breaths, and ducked again while the next comber rushed over our heads. It was safe enough for us, who have spent the best part of our lives on the atolls; but pothole squatting should not be added to lists of diversions for tourists. The danger lay in leaving the hole; but we judged our time correctly, in a lull, scrambled out, and dashed back to the reef-shelf before the next sea could catch us. Then, highly pleased with ourselves and telling the world about it, we proceeded to Whale Islet.

After climbing up the beach of the tiny story-book islet we inspected the lean-to we built while *Hurry Home* was here. Elaine and Nga found a ghost tern fledgling on a low limb of a *Tournefortia* bush, and of course they fell in love with it — who wouldn't? It looked like a fuzzy little ball of cotton wool with two red eyes and a black beak, and, to the delight of the cowboys, it opened its mouth to exhibit an amazingly large gullet. Jakey climbed a coconut tree to throw down nuts for all of us; and after we had refreshed ourselves with food and water we proceeded to the Bird Cays — the same cays where we had gathered eggs a month before.

Now the eggs were all hatched, while under the bushes were thousands of wide-awake fledglings. So far as I know, they are the only young sea birds that are agile on their legs; many sea birds can scarcely walk, and their fledglings can no more than push themselves across the sand. Wide-awakes scamper over the cays, in flocks of several hundred, precisely like baby barnyard chicks. They make a peeping noise and, though I have not seen them scratch, they remind me of the speckled chicks of a Plymouth Rock hen. When watching them this morning, sometimes in flocks a thousand strong, scattering from one cay to the next, as identical as machine-made cigarettes, I marveled that the mother birds can find their fledglings.

The tide started to come in while we were on the cays, so we hurried back to Whale Islet, and from there waded to the inner edge of the reef at the shallowest place.

"There's a shark!" Elaine squealed presently.

"Two of them!" Nga corrected her.

The children gathered close to me, and we kept a sharp lookout. Soon there were five sharks circling about us. Then a few heavy seas came over the reef to race across the shallows a good two feet deep. Johnny and Jakey braced themselves with their spears against the coral; I held Elaine and Nga. There were twelve sharks about us when the seas had gone down, and when we reached the beach we counted twenty-five of the brutes within a hundred yards of us. It was one of the times I have wished there were other people on the island. I doubt that the sharks were after us, but they were after our fish and lobsters; and how they knew we were carrying them I leave to someone else to decide.

We had a huge meal at noon; then the boss cowboy climbed into the tree-house for a smoke, an essay of Montaigne's, and a doze; but the rest of the cowboys had heard a flock of curlews piping their characteristic *kee-u-ee* cry. Food being their sole reason for living, the cowboys went after the birds. Johnny and Jakey got lengths of fishline, fixed small hooks on them, and baited them with hermit crab. They laid the baited hooks on the lagoon beach, close to the water, and scattered various legs and claws of hermit crabs about them. Then they brought the other ends of the lines up the beach, and whistled the birds to them. It was simple enough. Any sort of a whistled *kee-u-ee* will attract a curlew. In a half hour they had six of the big, fat, delicious birds.

A dozen or more sandpipers were with the curlews, and these were game for the younger two children. Their specialized skill amounted to cutting the tops from drinking nuts, gouging a half-dozen holes close to the edge of each opening, and tying to each hole a tiny slipnoose made from coconut-husk fiber. The coconut-shell snares were placed on the beach, and the two toddlers sat back in the shade to wait until a flock of sandpipers came pecking by. When the birds saw the shells they thrust their heads into the open ends to eat the meat, and their neck feathers were caught in the slipnooses that encircled the openings. When they pulled their heads out they had coconuts tied round their necks, and thus were easy prey for my bloody-minded babies.

The birds made us a Homeric evening feast. Now the warriors are once again asleep, their bellies full, their souls at peace. The old man proposes to join them. Good night.

## 8

WE ARE working into a comfortable routine of life. I wake before daylight, fully refreshed and with no desire to lie a-mat. Nevertheless, I lie on my bunk in the tree-house long enough to roll a pandanus-leaf cigarette, light it, and take a few deep puffs as betimes I glance out the big window and decide that it will be a fine day. If there is a moon, as there is now, I can see the passage black as River Styx, and beyond it a misty line where the combers thunder over the east reef. The cigarette half-finished, I bind on a loincloth and climb from the tree-house.

Usually there are some glowing coals from the campfire of the night before. I lay a couple of coconut spathes on them, put a few fagots of pemphis wood on the spathes, and set the teakettle on a pair of iron bars that are supported by bricks over the fireplace. The kettle has been filled the night before, so I have only to add two tablespoonfuls of coffee and leave the wind to fan up the fire.

I turn to my coconut-grating gear, which has been set out in readiness the night before. This consists of a square foot of strong calico, a coconut, a bush-knife, a bowl, and the scraper itself, which last is a piece of iron one-quarter inch thick, one and one-half inches wide, and about a foot long. One end, rounded slightly and serrated, extends four inches beyond the top of a kerosene case, to which the other end is screwed.

I crack the coconut in two with the bush-knife, grate the meat out of the halves into the bowl, place the gratings in the cloth, and squeeze out the milk. By then the coffee is boiling. I strain it into a coffee-pot and add the coconut milk and a little sugar. Next I break out a few ship's biscuits and some meat or fish if there is any in the oven; and usually I time it so that the first blush of dawn is showing faintly above the jungle when I sit me down to breakfast.

After the first bowl of coffee, I remember that there are some cowboys in the tree-house. A thunderous roar wakens them; another roar informs them that it is a good morning; a third roar warns them that faces are to be washed and hair combed before breakfast.

Their morning meal consists of a drinking nut each, a ship's biscuit, an *uto* (the absorbing organ in a sprouted coconut), and anything that happens to be left over from the night before. After breakfast I take a walk along the beach and usually I take my fish spear with me, for octopuses are easily found in the early morning, and they make good bait. By the time I have returned the sun has risen, the chil-

dren have washed the few cooking and eating utensils and cleaned the house and the clearing — which last requires a short explanation.

When Desire died I told my friends that I proposed to keep my children and bring them up without a woman's help. If my wife could bathe my son, I opined that I could bathe my three daughters, but as all my children could bathe themselves it should be necessary for me only to see that they did so. In other things, I proposed to teach my children to take care of themselves. My friends were skeptical. They believed I would soon be fed up and would remarry or hire a nursemaid. Hire a nursemaid! For myself perhaps, but certainly not for my children; and I need no nursemaid to take care of me so long as I have the children for the job.

One of the chores about a South Sea house is keeping the yard clean; and this we expect our children to do, for their backs are limber, their fingers nimble, their eyes sharp. For a long time I failed to find a way to make policing the yard a pleasure; then by accident, here at Suvorov, I discovered it.

"Jakey," I said one morning, "I'm going fishing. You take charge of the outfit and see to it that the women clean the yard."

Then off I pranced, without much attention to Jakey's grin of malicious glee or the angry glances of Johnny, Elaine, and Nga. When I returned I was met with a storm of protest. Jakey, it seems, had become drunk on the wine of authority; Jakey had stuck out his chest, lowered his voice to a growling basso profundo, made his eyes snap, and worked his sisters like slaves.

A critical situation had arisen, but, with my usual discretion (quoting Captain Prospect), I smoothed things over at once by telling Johnny that she would be in charge tomorrow, Elaine the next day, and Nga the day after. Later I dropped a hint to Johnny that if she was too hard on the other children they would take revenge on their days.

The scheme worked. Johnny bossed her brothers and sisters mildly, getting the job done well without starting any fist fights or even reports of cruelty to the lord of the manor. When Elaine's day came it was a sight for a sore spirit to see the little dear almost in tears with happiness as, for the first time, she bossed her brother and sisters.

Now and again she would gasp with emotion, her eyes would become soft and almost sensuously happy. "Rinse out the teakettle, Jakey!" she would command, and when the big cowboy obeyed without a murmur she would be so happy that she could not find the heart to work Jakey any more that day. But when Nga disobeyed her a little spark of anger came into her soft brown eyes, and

her peppery cry to Nga came in a tone I had never heard her use before. Gentle little Nga looked up with eyes wide and mouth open, as surprised as I, and straightway did as she had been bidden.

When Nga's day came she made somewhat of a mess of things; but the children are fond of her and Elaine had forgiven her insubordination, so when she ordered them to burn down the cookhouse and fill the tank with sand they swept the yard and washed the dishes; and when she ordered her old man to make rock candy he obeyed without a murmur, being fond of rock candy himself.

As for the old man, he eschews his turn at bossing the outfit, for he is too fond of his gang to deprive them of a recurrent day's pleasure; and anyway, as I have said, the old man is the only one in the outfit that requires a nursemaid.

When the yard is clean, the houses are tidy, the dishes washed, the boss of the day lines up the other three cowboys in the clearing below the tree-house, roars "Ten-shun!" then marches down the line to inspect hair, eyes, ears, and to see that no scholar has forgotten to dress for school. Then the three warriors are put through a little snappy drill, some calisthenics, and finally marched up the ladder into the tree-house for instruction in Higher Learning.

Though Jakey is younger than Johnny, they are in the same class. I write them a page of English to be learned and copied, a page of arithmetic, and a page of drawing with captions and conversation, as in the comic papers. They are enthusiastic scholars, and solely, I verily believe, because they know I should prefer not to teach them and that I have not the slightest objection to their playing hookey any time they wish.

Elaine has a page of English and lots of pictures to copy. Nga is given a carbon of Elaine's page, which she interprets, with the rare genius of a modern artist, into whirligigs and thingumabobs. Jakey, being a real he-man, takes little interest in school learning. This should worry me, I suppose, but it doesn't.

Children, children, God bless them! What problems they are! Their minds are such delicate mechanisms that they should have big signs painted on them, in red letters: DANGER! HANDLE WITH CARE! An unfair reprimand, a thoughtless ridicule, and something breaks in the child's mind — something that can never be repaired! The world is full of minds broken by careless, stupid, or vicious parents. We give assiduous attention to the bodies of our children albeit most of the physical breakages can be repaired; but we give scarcely a thought to the wreckage we cause in the minds of our own children — wreckage that no man can repair!



School stops when the children have had enough. Then many things may happen. This morning Jakey went pole fishing off the south side of the island, the tide being too high to go on the reef. Johnny stayed at home, for she has a boil on her knee. Elaine and Nga did what they do virtually all the time: rustled food, ate, rustled more food, and ate some more. The old man continued work on his novel until noon, then kindled a fire in the native oven, made a sort of pudding of *utos*, grated coconut, and arrowroot starch, and baked it.

We had a big meal when Jakey came home with his fish; then I returned to the tree-house, this time to read a dozen pages of *The Decline of the West*, to wonder if I really live in the same world Spengler writes about, and to go to sleep. I woke at about four and put in two hours of hard work clearing a path to the north point. Arrived there, and finding the children, I joined them till dusk, to cool off and wash the sweat and grime from me.

## 9

TO GIVE an impression of this exciting day will be hopeless unless one bears in mind the loneliness of Suvorov, its complete isolation from the rest of the world. Try to imagine a ring of green islets that no one knows anything about or cares anything about. Try to hear the monotonous rumble of reef combers, the screaming of sea birds, the wind's everlasting song in the palm fronds, which combine in the very language of solitude itself. Try to smell the clean breath of an island untainted by habitations. Try to feel the presence of the familiar spirit of this haunted place — the familiar spirit that has inhabited the sequestered groves for ages.

I felt strongly the loneliness of Suvorov this morning as I trod the beach toward the north point, spear in hand. I was thinking, of course, of the strange light Johnny and I had seen the night before; and it was several seconds before I became conscious of something strange in the humming sound that came from across the lagoon.

Then suddenly I associated the sound with the Fiji, where Johnny and I were last year, and the next instant with the warplanes we had seen flying over Suva. My heart missed a beat and my knees went weak. Warplanes! Japanese! Suvorov an air base for the enemy! All settlers on Suvorov summarily dispatched with machine-gun fire! My children! They were a half mile away, too far to warn!

Then I saw the warplanes over Tou Islet — two of them! I did not have to dive for shelter: I had simply to step back a pace and the jungle swallowed me

so completely that a man passing ten feet away could not have seen me. The hum of the warplanes rose quickly to a vicious roar. They were circling over Anchorage Island! I parted the leaves slightly and glanced up. One plane flew over me not three hundred feet away. On each of its silver wings I saw a star. I let the leaves close over me again and offered a little prayer that my children were as well hidden as I. What nation uses a star for its insignia, I wondered? Perhaps the United States. I hoped so, but did not know.

The planes circled over the island for fully five minutes, then they roared away toward Turtle Islet; their noise diminished; they were gone.

I hurried back to the clearing to find that the children had taken cover like mice, crawling into a great heap of palm fronds. Needless to write all the exclamations, surmises, that passed between us. Now we are wondering if some vessel has been wrecked on the other side of Tou Islet, if there are castaways on Tou, and if the aeroplanes have been searching for them. On this supposition we sail for Tou tomorrow, the wind permitting.

Silver wings over Suvorov! So there is another world, after all! So there is a war going on, my country is embroiled in it, and I should be almost any place except on Suvorov — any place where I can aid my country. Well, I can't swim to the United States, and neither *Panikiniki* — my sailing canoe — nor the pearling cutter will take me there.

We set out in *Panikiniki* (Skipping-stone) this morning for the six-mile sail across the lagoon to Tou Islet. For equipment we took a bush-knife, a fish spear, matches, and tobacco: nothing else, for we enjoy using our wits to live when we go to the far islets. We consider a civilized picnic more nuisance than pleasure; and a camping trip, with almost everything from portable bathtub to medicine kit, the next thing to a nightmare. God save me from portable property! God save me from traveling with dozens of trunks, suitcases, hatboxes, bundles, and packages! God permit that I go through life like a child, with a spare shirt and a slingshot tied up in a handkerchief!

There was a mild breeze, but even so the crossing was unsafe, for Suvorov's lagoon, being almost free from coral heads and reefs, builds up an ugly chop. By the time we were beyond the lee of the land, skipping along under the full force of the wind, I wished we had taken a reef in the sail, not only because there was danger of *Panikiniki*'s capsizing but also because, when she sails faster than eight knots, she takes a good deal of water over her bows. Well, I got Elaine and Nga aft with me to keep the bows

well out of water, put Johnny and Jakey on the forward outrigger crossboom, and we flew along in grand style.

But later, when the wind freshened a little, I had to send Johnny on the outrigger itself. She sat on its forward end, her back to the crossboom; and it must have been an exciting ride for her, sometimes skipping from wave to wave, sometimes swung a foot or two above the water, and sometimes ducked to her neck when the outrigger plowed through a wave. Jakey perched halfway out on the crossboom, steadying himself with one hand on the windward stay. Elaine and Nga were busy bailing.

With an outrigger canoe — mine, at least — a man cannot come about and return to his point of departure, for the canoe will capsize if the outrigger is on the lee side. To come about, the canoe must be beached or sailed to shallow water where it can be held. Then the sail is lowered, the mast unstepped and then secured in the other end of the canoe, and the sail hoisted again. The outrigger must be always on the windward side.

So there was nothing for us to do but carry on, once we had started; and when we were halfway across I stopped worrying about the wind, — I hoped it would freshen, — for all at once I got to thinking about the planes — curse them! “What a perfect target we should make!” I thought, with a shudder, and straightway fancied scores of enemy planes swooping down on us to spray us with machine-gun bullets. It was with a good deal of relief that I steered *Panikiniki* through the mess of coral heads in Tou Islet’s crescent-shaped bay and got the children ashore.

First we walked around the islet in search of castaways; but not a sign of one did we see, not even a footprint to fire the blood of Ropati Crusoe and family. On returning to the lagoon side of the islet we found a place where it was possible to break through the thick shore bush and go inland; and this we did, at times creeping or even worming our way under the bush, or tramping over it, or cutting a path through it. The jungle was denser than it is on Anchorage Island, for there were thickets of *Cordia* saplings, which do not grow on the other islets; and there were *Guettarda* trees, and *Hernandia*, impenetrable tangles of pemphis and pandanus, and in the center of the island as fine a grove of tou trees as I have ever seen.

There was less undergrowth under the tou trees. Glancing up we could see thousands upon thousands of noddie terns, ghost terns, and boobies nesting in the branches. The air was rank with the miasma

of decayed vegetation and sea-bird droppings; the thunder of reef combers came seemingly from far away, very faintly, and hollowly, and somehow lugubrious. There was not a breath of wind. The clamor of the birds was so great that we had to shout to be heard; and all about us, climbing the trees, in every hollow log, under rocks and rubbish, or even on the open ground, scurried the coconut crabs, like prehistoric creatures, big-clawed, red-eyed, feeding on sea-bird fledglings and eggs.

Suddenly something fell at my feet, with a thud and a squawking noise. I jumped back, my “knees unstrung,” then laughed weakly when the children pounced on the thing, which we found to be a fifteen-pound coconut crab with a booby in its claws. The crab had been killed by the fall, but he held the bird in a death grip, one claw on its wing, the other in its breast. They represented food for us, so with our bush-knife we pried open the crab’s claws, killed the booby by swinging its head against a tree trunk, and made sure the crab was dead by tearing open its head from the mandibles backward.

Jakey amused himself for a little space by shying stones at nesting birds. He is a remarkably straight shot, but in the tou grove almost anyone could have knocked them down. He got fourteen noddie terns. These we tied in pairs by their wing feathers, and carried them, with the booby and the crab, back to the canoe.

There are three islets to the south of Tou, with narrow channels between them. We poled the canoe to the first one, but found the bush so dense that we did not even attempt to break into it. On the next one there were only five coconut trees and not more than a rood of ground. The third islet looked no more promising at first, but when we had poled the canoe to its south point we found as pleasant a picnic place as one could wish for. A white coral beach shelved into a narrow channel six feet deep, while beyond the channel the reef shallows, now dry, curved away to the Cays and New Islet.

We pitched our camp under a big *Tournefortia* bush, within a few feet of the beach. Then Jakey and I went after drinking nuts and *utos* while the women folk picked the noddie terns and the booby and cooked them, and the crab, on pemphis-wood coals. We gorged like savages. After the meal we jumped in the channel for a swim.

On the way home, just as we were wallowing through the channel, Johnny yelled at the top of her lungs: “Sail ho!”

And so help me, if it wasn’t the sails of a cutter rounding the point of Turtle Islet!

(To be continued)

# LAURENCE BINYON: 1869-1943

## WINTER SUNRISE

*by* LAURENCE BINYON

It is early morning within this room; without,  
Dark and damp; without and within, stillness  
Waiting for day: not a sound but a listening air.

Yellow jasmine, delicate on stiff branches,  
Stands in a Tuscan pot, to delight the eye  
In spare December's patient nakedness.

Suddenly, softly, as if at a breath breathed  
On the pale wall, a magical apparition.  
The shadow of the jasmine, branch and blossom!

It was not there, it is there, in a perfect image;  
And all is changed. It is like a memory lost  
Returning without a reason into the mind;

And it seems to me that the beauty of the shadow  
Is more beautiful than the flower; a strange beauty,  
Penciled and silently deepening to distinctness

As a memory stealing out of the mind's slumber,  
A memory floating up from a dark water,  
Can be more beautiful than the thing remembered.

## IN MEMORIAM: LAURENCE BINYON

*by* ROSAMOND LEHMANN

LAST month, sitting in his armchair, he read —  
He who today is dead,  
Our honored love, pride, grief —  
Poems: his spring-winter cluster, blossom and fruit in one.  
His rich voice lifted that triumphant sheaf.  
Bonfires and running waters; ordeals of youth;  
Ruin, rebirth; solaces, lucid meditations of old age;  
All these were in his words: symbols and images of purifying truth.  
He closed the page.  
Quiet, gentle he sat. Then, since the hour grew late:  
"Good night." He went ahead,  
Casting his torch-beam towards the garden gate.



"Good night." Then, "Wait," he said,  
 "One moment. You must see  
 Our winter-flowering tree."  
 Across the grass we went. Then suddenly  
 From dead of dark the apparition! . . . White  
 Aerial spirit broken from bare wood,  
 Prunus in bloom. . . . "How beautiful by this light!"  
 Over the boughs he threw its mild dim shower.  
 So thus they stood, —  
 Sweetly illumined she  
 By him; but he  
 Folded in winter dark impenetrably, —  
 Silently shining one upon the other:  
 The old man and the young tree, both in flower.



## I TOOK THE LOW ROAD

by MARY GATES

### I

**T**ONIGHT is like a drop of ocean water. All the chemical parts of all the seas, from time's beginning until now, may be in one tiny drop. And all the problems women have faced since they began to be daughters, wives, and mothers seem to be knotted in my heart tonight.

Today my twenty-year-old daughter and seventeen-year-old son went away to their colleges. My daily life as a mother is ended. The young people will come home for brief vacations, but with college programs accelerated I shall see little of my children. War will soon claim my boy. If he lives through it, he will be so busy afterwards, trying to make up for lost time, that he will hardly know I am here. After my daughter graduates she will have interests and a home of her own.

Only my husband is left in town. Tonight, as most nights, he is busy. In his forties, at the peak of his career, and with two college young people to support, he has to keep his mind on his work. I am alone.

When I married, I left the highway of careers, both business and social, and took the low road of domesticity. For the past twenty-five years Ameri-

cans have looked on the homemaker as the "little woman." If a woman betakes herself into public life, she is congratulated and envied. But it seems to be taken for granted, in most circles, that any woman who takes to domesticity deserves to be regarded as a parasite.

The homemaking in my mind tonight is not cooking, sewing, or interior decoration. Those are mere techniques, valuable only as they serve the purpose of the living organism called a home. My son's bedroom which I papered with maps (no professional paper hanger would do it), his rumpus-room walls covered with pictures of Petty girls, could be bombed tonight. But as long as the boy lives, he will remember he was loved here.

Of course every woman, career builder or homemaker, has childhood memories of the things that make her what she is. I am sure that I have stuck to my guns as a reaction to my mother's almost life-long devotion to schoolteaching. The discoveries I made (that it could be fun to have a home, that there was a thrill in creating a family life, and that it paid to "keep it shining") were revelations to me. For my life roots had been planted in careers for women.

When I was three years old, my father died and my mother had to go to work. She parked me with my grandmother in town, and went to teach in a coun-

MARY GATES says that in her tumbleweed existence she has lived in Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, New York City, Kansas, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. She is a native of Iowa and a graduate of Grinnell College.

try school. My grandmother was rheumatic and seventy; she had already brought up three children of another widowed daughter, and I was no treat to her. The other youngsters had been pretty, but I was straight-haired and plain. They had played with each other and been ingenious; I talked to two imaginary little girls (Doddy was my age, while her baby sister El seemed always to toddle after us and annoy us) until my grandmother regarded me as queer. She told me she could not put up with me. But we managed.

My poor mother, distracted by grief and worry, lost her first job. She did not tell anybody for forty years. Instead, she frantically went after and obtained a teaching position in town, so that she could keep house for my grandmother and me. Then she threw herself into the process of becoming successful in her profession.

I grew up feeling that the natural program of an evening was to race through supper and the dish-washing, so that my mother could sit down to her schoolwork. Summers were the time for her to go to college. Vaguely, I envied girls whose mothers laughed. With all my heart, I wished my mother would have a baby!

Books were my main amusement at home. At school, I strained to do my lessons well, so that people would think my mother was smart enough to be a teacher. I wore my rubbers so that I should not get sick and keep my mother from her work. After my grandmother died, if I was sick I was sick alone. The feeling of being alone in an hour of need is bound to hurt the child of a career woman.

I shall never forget my startling discovery that a woman could enjoy doing things exclusively for her own family. One cold, wet morning I stopped for a school friend. I found her in the kitchen, where her mother was making doughnuts. She didn't just buy them from the baker's shelf as we did. She made them! And they were delicious! Like nothing I had ever smelled. I can remember even tonight the atmosphere of creative pride and the soul-satisfying odor in that kitchen thirty-five years ago.

## 2

PERHAPS that was the reason I fell in love in a kitchen. We were college students, two thousand miles from home. The friends we happened to be visiting were busy in other parts of the house, and this boy wanted to read me Kipling's "The Butterfly That Stamped." We retired to the big old New England kitchen and put our feet in the oven, which was something I had never done before. Suddenly it

swept over me that this boy would some day give his wife and children all the comfort and jollity, all the adoration, my childhood had lacked. I pictured myself after college, getting good jobs, earning money, perhaps even attaining a little fame; but I knew that whatever I did for myself, I should always envy this boy's wife. To my great surprise, he said he wanted me!

Because it was the early nineteen-twenties when it was fashionable for a girl to be a good companion to a boy and especially smart for a bride to keep her job, I skated along on the ice which I called freedom. My future husband had an offer of a job at twelve hundred a year. I had the promise of thirteen hundred. I sold the boy the idea of pooling our incomes until he could earn as much as twenty-five hundred all by himself.

The one and only time my mother ever left her teaching on my account was to come to my wedding. In order to square her conscience, she spent most of the week sight-seeing in educational places, so that she could go back and tell her pupils about it. She spent a day helping me furnish my future apartment (two rooms and kitchenette) and another in the beauty parlor with me.

But my impression was that she was swallowing disappointment. I had a bad conscience. If she had hoped I would be a career woman and repay her all the hundreds of dollars she had spent on my college years, I was failing her.

If, on the other hand, she feared my ability to make a good wife, I was in thorough agreement. I was scared to death! It seemed to me she was jumping at every chance to teach me her fear. When the boy and I had a little tiff on the day before the wedding, she exclaimed bitterly, "That marriage won't last three months!" The tiff was instantly forgotten, but her remark stiffened my resolution to "show her" through a good many years. The groom reported that she took him aside and advised him I was a wildcat and he had best look out for himself. I, who had tried so hard to be the kind of child she wanted! Altogether, I nearly shed my veil and ran when I heard the wedding march. I was miserable until I reached the altar and the groom's warm, reassuring hand.

Yet I don't suppose it dawned on this career woman that she came close to wrecking her daughter. She was simply so used to working to get the best results out of people that she used her power indiscriminately.

My husband fulfilled our financial agreement and doubled his salary. When I wrote to my mother saying I had quit my job and was going to have a baby, she seemed provoked. "Why couldn't you

leave well enough alone?" she replied. Evidently she resented my leaving the ranks of the employed.

So did other women. It was the period when they were hilarious over their new order. The Women's Business and Professional Clubs were just organizing. I went to a tea and learned what it was to be snubbed. It might be all very well to have a baby; but to plan, deliberately plan, to stay at home and rear it was beneath their comprehension. I felt utterly dejected.

Most of my friends were gainfully employed. The young married woman whom I knew best received her Ph.D. the day my daughter was born. Six weeks later, her first child came. When he was a year old she joyfully took a full-time job. Our circle of acquaintances drew the contrast between us two mothers and called me lazy.

### 3

**B**UT the real battle came with my mother, whose maternal instincts were at war with her professional creed. She had written that she would come to visit in the summer when my baby would be born. I stupidly took it for granted that she meant to manage my little apartment while I was in the hospital; and while I had a few misgivings I urged her to come. She arrived just as I left the hospital with my daughter. She had come to teach me to take care of a baby.

God knows I needed teaching, but not from her. I had read modern books on pediatrics and had listened carefully to the doctor's instructions. Left alone, I might have worked along with a heart full of joy.

I tried to appreciate the spirit in which my mother came to teach me. She was bringing me the best gift she had, her ability. If she had been a doctor or a lawyer or a business woman, she would have done exactly the same. She would have tried to show an ignorant daughter all that she, the successful mother, knew. And no matter what the mother's occupation, the failure of the mission would have been the same. For the umbilical cord of faith had been broken. We were now two separate women, of two different generations, with two opposing patterns of thought.

It was easy enough to formulate long-range plans, in which I fancied my daughter as I hoped she would grow up. But the immediate problem of getting along with an infant was like groping my way on an unknown road with a bandage over my eyes. It was the bandage of striving to be a credit to my mother's profession, and she had put it there. Her presence

made things doubly hard for me. She seemed determined to make my daughter a model baby; I wanted the infant to be her little self.

For two months there was war. The child cried twenty hours out of twenty-four. The physician in charge threw up his hands and said he could do nothing until my mother left. She held the fort until it was time for her school to reopen in September. Then she breathed a big sigh of relief and said she was glad to go back to her classroom.

Strange as it may seem, the day she left I was frantic with loneliness! I wrote her every detail of that day's events in a vain attempt to bridge the distance between us.

On the other hand, I was thankful she was teaching. I was too shortsighted to realize that professional life was betraying her — that success had developed the tyrannical side of her nature and now she was fleeing from her own weakness.

A real mother (whose success would not have been measured by her salary or by her popularity) would have faced her problems. A real mother would have gained a sense of continuity stretching from herself down through the oncoming generations. As it is, my mother missed the feeling that my children and I (her only descendants) are carrying on her family line.

My days as a young mother were grueling. Again and again, I desperately needed the advice and helping hand of my mother. But she was disinterested; she had become scornful of grandmothers who, she said, allowed themselves to be nothing but nursemaids.

It was borne in upon me when my daughter was two years old that my mother had deserted me. The occasion was the birth of my son. We had just moved to a strange city where I knew no one who might look after my small girl while I was confined. I received my mother's permission to come to her house, and she hired a maid for my daughter. The boy was born while I was there. My mother took me to the hospital before daylight, then left me there while she taught school all day. It was all right. I was in the care of adequate doctors and nurses. But I wanted her. They told me she telephoned at noon to ask about me, but by the time she was free to come, at dusk, the boy had been born and I was too weak to speak.

The next summer when she visited me she remarked that she would not live my kind of life for anything. She is affectionate and sentimental, but now that my children are grown, I know that they have always hurt their grandmother's security in her profession. She did not want the public to know how old she was.



## 4

**I**F CAREER mothers believe in their jobs, that is well and good as far as it goes. But what can their children believe? That the glory of American womanhood is in careers? It appears not glory at all, but a glittering shell of glamour. What mother's son today finds glamour worth fighting for?

I have had to fight against the glamour of jobs and for whatever glory there is in my home. When my boy needed his teeth straightened, some well-meaning friend offered me work that could have covered the cost. And the year I was worn out and discouraged with homemaking, an opportunity to travel and make a survey that sounded important (important to other people, not to my little family) came my way.

Any woman with her eyes open can see chances to run away from her lifework, especially now during the war. In the town where I live, a new factory is opening. In the first two days, nineteen hundred people applied for work. I have no way of knowing how many were women, or how many of the women have children at home, but it is a safe guess that a good percentage are mothers. They are a small cross-section of the ambitious American mothers all over the United States today. They argue, if questioned, that they want extra money, or that work outside the home saves them from useless worry about their sons and husbands in the armed forces, or that the country needs them.

The words are new, but the music is that age-old refrain which swells whenever employers start luring vast numbers of women. It is as hard for women to stick to their slow, humdrum tasks of homemaking and child rearing today as it was for their pioneer grandmothers to resist the wiles and fascinations of a passing peddler — but no harder.

For me the only thing that could always be a living, growing expression of *me* was the home life I was building for my husband, my children, and myself. Any job outside looked like selling myself to the cause of someone else's home and wealth. It would be robbing my family to pay my pride.

One chilling disappointment has been the fact that in these years when my mother is old and feeble

she does not need me. I thought that when she reached the retirement age she would have to give up her home and come to live with me. I even dared to fancy that before she died she would realize how right I had been to stick doggedly to my homework.

When, at seventy, my mother was forced by law to quit teaching, she went through months of bitterness. I was not a big enough person to have much sympathy with her or even to want to see her, but my sixteen-year-old daughter traveled a thousand miles to comfort Grandma. A few weeks after the visit, my mother fell and badly injured her ankle and cut her scalp. Dozens of her old pupils flocked to call on her; in spite of the pain, she said she had the time of her life. She received stacks of cards and the United States Commissioner of Education wrote her a letter, recalling their years together when he was her city superintendent.

What chance did I have to show her that a career was the wrong road for a mother to choose? She would not even consent to my leaving my family long enough to take charge of her and her house while she was physically helpless. Of course she was quite right. I would have spoiled the harvest she was reaping. My jealousy would have been sure, when I saw how much she cared for other people, and how little for me.

Yesterday, when she left me after what she said was her last visit to my home, she told me that our three weeks together had been a lovely time. I had been more thoughtful of her, she said, than at any other time since I was a child. But she was homesick. One of the most strenuous efforts of my life came when I took her to the train cheerfully. My tears could easily have flooded the station — tears for the empty years behind us and ahead.

I wonder if my children will want to take care of me when I am old. If the war spares my son and daughter, I believe they will. And I shall try to make it a pleasure for them. It will be my way: a low road, but one that reaches permanent happiness not only for me but for my children. The children in every American home are the proof of the age-old choice which mothers must make between precision work for industry and humdrum chores for American families — for the American race if you please.

## FARRAGO

by ROBERT HILLYER

ARTHUR MACHEN told me that once when he was lunching with Oscar Wilde the fish course consisted of a lugubrious specimen with head attached. Wilde began making vigorous motions with his arms and summoned the waiter. "Put it back in the sea," he commanded. "It was obviously designed to swim — to swim!"

And so, doubtless, was man. Living creatures belong in the sea — where, in fact, the vast majority of them are to be found. Perhaps the Great Breath of the mystics is a reminiscence of that first breath of man, when he crawled up on the shore and took to pumping himself full of gases and all the miseries of thought.

Time was when I took the whole Atlantic Ocean for my province. Now I am content with a pond. Blake trained himself to see the world in a grain of sand; for me perhaps a drop of dew will suffice. Then I shall have attained Perfection — of which I am notoriously shy. The only Perfect Ones I have ever met are Oriental mystics and Freudians. Neither group seems to me a social asset. Both live in a superior state of being, a condescending trance, which renders good conversation quite impossible.

Buddha and Sigmund Freud are not so far apart as most people imagine. How few have read Dr. Freud's *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*. Herein he takes up the cudgels for Nihilism. The book is further distinguished by Dr. Freud's hint that he may have been wrong all the time. Incidentally, I have good backing for my theory that Buddhism and Freudism have much in common. *A Long Way Round to Nirvana* — this is the title of George Santayana's elegant riposte to Freud's book.

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Pulitzer Prize poet and Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, ROBERT HILLYER is the author of two novels, *Riverhead* and, more recently, *My Heart for Hostage*. The *Atlantic* is pleased to dip into his notebook for these memorabilia and others to come.

Some twenty-five years ago a French music critic took me to call on the important but little-known composer Erik Satie. He was not at home. "But where is he?" said my friend. "You of all people ought to know," answered the housekeeper bitterly. "He is in jail." "Still in jail! What a pity. Come, Robert, we must take him some flowers, for I am the miserable cause of this catastrophe."

It seems that my friend had criticized adversely some composition of Satie's, and Satie had sent him a crowded postal card of Gallic abuse. "It was not that I minded the libel," said my friend regretfully. "But it was on an open postal card. My mistress read it. What could I do but send him to jail?" I have often thought that the French are engagingly like the Chinese.

When I was young I was always making *faux pas* which would come back in midnight procession to trample my thoughts. Just after the last war, when I was serving the Peace Commission as a courier, I alighted one morning at the Gare d'Orléans after a wearisome trip from Rome. A shabby old Frenchman, clad in a moth-eaten fur coat and half crippled with locomotor ataxia, approached me and asked if I were looking for a cab. I was. A resplendent vehicle drew up to the curb, and he politely opened the door for me.

As I got in, I handed this old agent a two-franc piece and was somewhat upset when he refused it. Then, although I made a firm gesture to keep him out, he got in beside me and handed me his card. He was the Marquis de —. He explained that he was always happy to place his car at the service of American officers. But I was not happy, and the ride seemed very long.

There was a certain court etiquette involved in a call on Anatole France. First, of course, there was the personal note of introduction. Mine was sup-

plied by a local Countess whose name I forget. Secondly, one must bring a copy of one of his books for an inscription. (I tried to get a copy of *La Révolte des Anges*, but the bookshop in Tours, within two or three miles of France's country place at Saint-Cyr, had nothing except a copy of *Thaïs*.) Thirdly, one must bring him a present. Fourthly, one must never forget to address him as *Maître*.

"What have you brought for the Master?" was the servant's question as she opened the door in the garden wall. I handed over a copy of my first book of verse, then hot off the press, and a poem written in honor of M. France by Cuthbert Wright, to which I had appended my translation into stilted *alexandrins*.

The servant disappeared with this spiritual provender, and for a moment I feared my gifts might be weighed in the balance and found wanting. But she reappeared and demanded the note of introduction. After that, the formalities were over, except for the presentation of *Thaïs* for the Master's inscription. Thanks to my translation, bad though it was, of Mr. Wright's poem, the Master was delighted with the lavish compliments laid on with a filagree trowel.

But alas for my *Sonnets and Other Lyrics*. "I can't read a word of English," announced the Master proudly, "so I cannot admire the contents. But I admire the binding and print, oh, very, very much." With the passing of years, I have come to the same conclusion concerning my little book. It is beautifully bound and printed.

M. France sat down at his desk and inscribed in my copy of *Thaïs*: *Au poète lyrique, au jeune sage, au penseur libre et charmant, Robert Hillyer. Anatole France*. Since we had just met, I must, reluctantly, ascribe these encomia to Gallic courtesy. Except for the word *jeune*. I was twenty-three at the time. Some weeks later, in Paris, an acquaintance (and I know who he is) stole my copy of *Thaïs* and evidently disposed of it to a bookdealer. After France's death, when biographies and memoirs of him poured from the presses of Paris, I discovered the following anecdote: "The Master was always hospitable to the Americans until one regrettable incident which angered him. He had written a personal inscription in a young American officer's copy of *Thaïs*. The rogue rewarded him by selling the precious volume on the quais, where the Master himself discovered it a few months later." The cheeks of the *penseur libre et charmant* still burn to think what the Master must have thought of him — *jeune*, perhaps, but more than a little too *sage*.

My first five years at Harvard I received a thousand dollars a year. I could have earned fifteen

hundred had I been willing to take full-time work. Later on, when I was put in charge of the same course, the first thing I did was to have the salaries of the assistants doubled. I think, however, that small wages are a stimulus to a young man if he has more than one talent.

As it was, I made a good income by writing essays and reviews, especially for the *Freeman*, the *New Republic*, and the *New York Times Book Review*. Of course the *Freeman* — a wonderfully good weekly, by the way — perished; and as for the *New Republic*, I have not been *persona grata* there for many a year. For two or three years I was J. Middleton Murry's critic of poetry for his *New Adelphi* in London.

But one cannot go on reviewing forever. As one's circle of acquaintance widens, one finds oneself confronted with a personal element not to be avoided. It is better to stop. Some French critic — was it Brunetière? Sainte-Beuve? — remarked that criticism of one's contemporaries is mere conversational opinion. William Hazlitt recognized the difficulties. He noted that from the poets he did know personally he had obtained a very bad opinion of those he did not know. Poets are not kind to each other. I myself have occasionally indulged in mild villainy.

One of George Santayana's sonnets, as it appears in the first edition, begins: —

A wall, a wall around my garden rear,  
And hedge me in from the disconsolate hills . . .

In the second edition, he substituted an inferior first line. I can't remember it offhand. It ends in the word "sphere" instead of "rear." Since I admire these sonnets, I was bold enough to challenge the revision. Mr. Santayana replied that "rear" was impossible because of its connotations — I suppose anatomical. I still think he was wrong: the connotations are not strong enough to invalidate the word.

The problem of connotation is at the core of diction, — especially the diction of poetry, — and it becomes conspicuous when slang or smut is involved. I remember that Dean Briggs once queried my use of the word "drip" in a long poem, because, said he, the word had been taken over by slang. It was slang when the Dean was young, it was not slang at the time I used it in the poem, and now, nearly thirty years later, it has become slang again, though with a different meaning.

The English language, like the heart of a woman, is a dark forest. Questions of fact are so much easier to settle. When Amy Lowell, in one of her more extensive transmogrifications, imagined herself as a carpenter planing a board, with the curls of wood coming up *behind* the plane, then we all cackled maliciously.



Some years ago, in happier times, my friend Herr Victor Løwener and I were walking together in Copenhagen. "Yes, we Danes love our drinks," said he, "but you never see a drunken person in Copenhagen." We swung around a corner, and there lay a man dead drunk in the gutter. Herr Løwener gave him a quick glance of contempt. "Ho! Look at that damned Swede!"

The more usual the name, so much the less is it represented in the archives. There must be a thousand Smiths and Joneses for every Shakespeare, Keats, or Tennyson. E. A. Robinson is the only exception to this rule that I can think of. It must work out this way: extremely prolific tribes are well-balanced, virtuous vertebrae in the public backbone; the little clans, who scarcely have the energy to reproduce themselves, provide that subtle touch of neurasthenia necessary to the arts. Pearls are a delectable luxury, but the healthy oyster is standard — and much better eating.

In London I once sojourned at a lodging house kept by the Misses Lugg. I was also provided with an introduction to a charming old gentleman named Mr. Gabb.

"And where are you staying?" said Mr. Gabb.

"I am staying with the Misses Lugg."

He crumpled with laughter. "Lugg, Lugg, Lugg," chanted Mr. Gabb. "Did you ever hear such an extraordinary — such a *comical* — name!" This story is just as true as that my favorite English novelist is Trollope.

It is customary in America to make fun of the English laureateship. But the joke seems perverse when we consider that within the last century Wordsworth, Tennyson, Bridges, and Masfield have been Poet Laureate. During this period, the only dud was Alfred Austin.

Robert Bridges was eighty when I met him, but the most gallant figure of a man I have ever seen. Tall, a little stooped, with hawk-like nose, glacial blue eyes, white beard and plenty of white hair, he stood in his lighted doorway gazing down on us. He never spoke of his own work, but only that of others. We should not have the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins had they not been edited and published by Bridges. But Hopkins was only one of several poets whom he revealed.

Critics in our advanced literary circles maintain that Bridges did not "understand" Hopkins. This notion is beneath comment. And in view of Bridges's service as physician to the poor of London in the clinic of St. Bartholomew's, we may dismiss

the misconception of him as a dweller in the Tower of Ivory. He was an athletic man and walked miles a day even in his eighties. His enthusiasm for cricket left me bewildered amidst terms of whose meaning I had not the slightest inkling.

Holger Drachmann, the great romantic poet of the last century, lost his popularity because of a young lady named Edith, whom he called his Muse. When the applause for one of his plays shook the theater, he gallantly gestured from the stage to Edith as if handing over the plaudits to her. It was not the unconventional situation, I believe, which irritated the audience, but the indignity of having their muscular tribute casually handed over to a girl. Admiral Dewey lost his popularity with the American people very much the same way by handing over the house they had given him to his wife.

Drachmann was a great admirer of Shelley. Most Danish poetry up to the time I was in Denmark, in 1920–1921, was still redolent of the romanticism of a hundred years before. A critic complained that from reading the poets one would think there was nothing in Denmark but trees, waves, and hearts. Jensen and Jeppe Aakjaer — both from Jutland — were exceptions. So were some of the younger poets, who, however, seemed destined to grope their way into the jungles of symbolism.

Symbolism as a term in art has had no meaning since certain French poets formalized themselves as Symbolists. It is always weak to take refuge in a term. Queen Elizabeth ruled by Divine Right, without saying anything about it, through forty-five spacious years; her successor, James I, proved himself the wisest fool in Europe by proclaiming the Divine Right. Symbolism is an embodiment, easily recognizable to an intelligent reader, of a universal idea or emotion in an individual situation or object.

The French "symbolists" were merely obscurantists, and their influence on writers like T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound flowed into such weird channels as today meander through the swamps on that side of Mount Parnassus where the sun never penetrates.

False symbolism, a poetry composed of the idiosyncratic, rather than the usual, connotations of each word, has made of American poetry a *museum clausum* unequaled since the days of Oscar Wilde and the aesthetes. It is time for a new *Patience* (the opera, not the quality). True symbolism, as I have defined it, is easily recognizable in the poems of Robert Frost. I say this running away, like a boy setting the fuse to a giant firecracker, for Frost denies symbolic intention. But then, Coleridge denied the same concerning *The Ancient Mariner*.

# THE JAPANESE RIDDLE

by HELEN MEARS

## I

ACCORDING to dispatches from the various Far Eastern fronts, our troops are finding the Japanese soldier a difficult enemy, because they do not understand him. To understand the Japanese soldier they need first of all to know the society that produced him. Such knowledge is more essential in dealing with the Japanese than with any other sovereign people now in the war. The Chinese, for instance, are also an Oriental race with a civilization different from ours, yet we can feel at home in China even if we are quite ignorant of Chinese customs. In Japan we cannot feel at home unless we deliberately make the effort to understand Japanese behavior from the Japanese point of view. What are the patterns of Japanese behavior?

The Japanese are slaves to their own special habits, which differ widely from ours. So do their attitudes toward facts, toward authority, in human relations, toward money and possessions. Even our ideas of politeness are so different that although the Japanese at home have a reputation for being the politest people in the world, from an American point of view their politeness often seems simple rudeness.

This is the kind of thing that may happen to you when you are living in Japan: —

You are having lunch with a Japanese friend in a "modern style" restaurant, where the menu is printed in a kind of Japanese English. You order from the menu. The waitress suggests that something else is very nice, but you prefer your own choice and stick to it. An hour or more elapses. When the waitress finally returns, she brings you not what you ordered but what she suggested. Your Japanese friend accepts for you with courteous

phrases, dismisses the waitress with bows and smiles, and gives you no explanation.

According to Japanese custom, it is rude ever to refuse a request directly. The waitress, in suggesting some other dish, was explaining that they did not have what was ordered. Since the foreigner, not understanding, persisted, she merely waited, knowing that in time hunger would persuade him to take what was given. The Japanese companion understood this but found it difficult to explain the matter to a foreigner. A Japanese, of course, would accept the waitress's suggestion at once.

Or you are walking in the country with a Japanese interpreter, looking for a specific village for a specific purpose. You come to a crossroad and, not knowing which direction to take, you gesture toward one and ask, "Is this the right road?" The interpreter at once bows and smiles and sets off down this road. An hour later you discover that you have been going in the wrong direction — and it is clear that the interpreter knew all the time it was wrong!

It is impolite in Japan ever to suggest that someone is wrong. Since the foreigner had seemed to choose one of two crossroads by gesturing toward it, the interpreter had no choice but to take that road. It was unthinkable that the interpreter should tell a foreigner he was mistaken.

Or you may be staying at a Japanese inn. For breakfast you have a treat — an egg. It is, however, served raw with some bitter seaweed. You would prefer it cooked and suggest that it be scrambled. You tell your Japanese companion, who has traveled in America and has had scrambled eggs. She explains to the maid. The maid bows and smiles and assents — and departs, leaving you with your egg raw.

The maid had never before encountered such an oddity as a scrambled egg and simply could not understand that anyone would want an egg prepared that way. It would have been rude of her to admit she did not understand, or to refuse to scram-

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HELEN MEARS had an unusual opportunity of meeting informally a cross-section of the Japanese public when she traveled extensively in that country, with a Japanese girl, before the war. She interviewed farmers, fishermen, and shopkeepers, and attended various university lectures. A native New Yorker, she went to Goucher College before taking up editorial work.

ble the egg. So she merely agreed politely and forgot all about it.

Or you are at the Mitsui Bank, getting some money on your letter of credit. During the negotiations the letter is mislaid. You see a corps of clerks madly searching for it — in desk drawers, under desks, in wastepaper baskets — while you get more and more jittery. At last the head clerk summons you to a window. You expect him to reassure you and possibly to suggest that if it does not turn up, the bank will guarantee the loss. Instead, he leans toward you confidentially and in excellent English inquires, "Do you care for music?"

The Japanese solve unpleasantness by pretending the unpleasantness does not exist. It is rude ever to intrude your own feeling on anyone else. The Mitsui clerk was in a panic about the lost letter of credit, so it was necessary for him to behave as though the whole affair were of no importance.

Or you are sitting in at a weekly session of a "Men's English-Study Club" in Tokyo. You mention the "Manchurian Incident" unfavorably and everyone deplores it, explaining that the Japanese people are against the "incident" and favor "universal peace." You think this is fine, until later on another foreigner present expresses sympathy with the Japanese military point of view, and at once the group agrees with him as warmly as it previously agreed with you.

When they came out for universal peace the members of the "Men's English-Study Club" were obeying the rule of politeness which dictates that you must give the answer that will be pleasing to the questioner. A Japanese answers a question — even a question involving a statement of fact — by saying not what is so, but what he thinks the questioner would like to hear. When the second foreigner voiced a different point of view from the first, the Club politely agreed with him also.

In all these incidents the difficulty was caused by the clash of Japanese custom with American. A Japanese would have understood at once what was meant in each case and there would have been no difficulty. Such incidents, however, once we have calmed down enough to study them, tell us much about Japanese behavior. All exhibit the effort of the Japanese, inside the frame of their own customs, to avoid unpleasantness in human relations. They do this by evading reality. They avoid argument by assenting; they do not assert their opinion against another's; they ignore unpleasant facts; they deal not with an objective situation but with an imaginary situation — a situation that exists in their own minds because it has been put there by education based on a centuries-long conditioning process.

This evasion of reality, this ability to live in a make-believe world, is an inescapable behavior pattern of the Japanese. It can be found at the bottom of their social relations, their economic life, and their political life. Today it even operates to confound international relations.

## 2

THE Japanese solve their problems of human relations by pretending that, as individuals, they have no feelings, desires, emotions, or ideas. There is no room in Japan for individual spontaneity or temperament: they have therefore trained themselves to behave as if such things do not exist. Seventy-two million Japanese live in a space about the size of California. As a result the average Japanese is accustomed to cramped quarters and to a complete lack of privacy. The average Japanese family of five lives in a single room that would be close quarters for one adult American. In the cities the small houses are packed closely together; and in summer each family lives in view of its neighbors, since the paper walls are seldom closed. A Japanese almost never does anything alone: he travels with a group, takes his recreation at some neighborhood festival, and even bathes with his neighbors at the public bath.

To make human relations endurable under these conditions of crowding and lack of privacy the Japanese have developed a civilization that represses the individual in both body and mind. The Japanese begins his life tightly strapped in a kind of harness dangling from the back of his mother, and he spends the rest of it in as little space as possible. He learns to sit cross-legged or to squat or kneel, absolutely motionless, for hours at a stretch, and to sleep in any position.

He also learns to live according to rule. He does not behave the way he chooses, but in the way society has decided will prevent friction. How he says good morning to his wife, what he has for lunch, how he sits on the mats, how his wife opens and closes a door, how she prepares breakfast, even how he commits suicide, are not acts of personal preference; they are reflexes, habits learned as a child — easily learned since they have been national practice for centuries.

In the ordinary round of daily life you will never hear a Japanese admit that he is hungry or tired or uncomfortable. He will never express personal pleasure or irritation. He accepts whatever comes, bows, smiles, utters the correct courtesy phrases with the imperturbability of an automaton.



The Japanese is repressed socially. He is taught that he is not an individual but a member of a family — a private family and a national family. There is no informal social life, no free meeting between young men and young women. Marriages are arranged by families, and the wife literally belongs to her husband. A Japanese woman has no legal existence except as a daughter, wife, or mother. As a small child at home a Japanese girl is taught "etiquette" — the rules of correct behavior that will govern her relations with her husband as well as with her neighbors and those in authority. She is taught frugality, loyalty, and obedience.

In pre-modern Japan education of women was forbidden on the theory that a woman who was encouraged to think was likely to "question the authority of her elders." Although today Japanese girls are required to go to school, the basis of the education they receive in the compulsory primary grades is still character building, the family system, and the national mythology. Little girls learn that it is their lot in life to be obedient daughters, good wives, and wise mothers. They are taught that they belong to their fathers because they belong to the Divine Emperor who is descended from the Sun Goddess and therefore is the father of the Japanese people.

The Japanese is repressed intellectually. Thinking is discouraged; there is a government bureau whose function is thought-control. There is no tradition in Japan of discussion of ideas or exchange of opinion. Average Japanese tell each other not what they think or what is so, but what they think will give pleasure or prevent friction. Even the university students, who represent the vanguard of Westernization, have great difficulty in getting over this inhibition. The emphasis in education is practical, and vocational schools are numerous. The masses of the people do not have to bother to discuss national or international politics. Their leaders tell them what they ought to know.

### 3

THE Japanese solves his economic problems by pretending he doesn't have any. The average Japanese has a minimum of money and possessions. He has no furniture in his minute house. He sits on the mats and leaves his street shoes outside to save wear and tear. His diet is extremely restricted. For heat and cooking he uses a small charcoal brazier. Even running cold water is a luxury. He owns nothing but a few clothes, bedding, and a few utensils for cooking and laundry. The Japanese

evades his material poverty by pretending both that he does not care for wealth and that he has it.

The Japanese is taught to believe that one should not be interested in material rewards or possessions — that money is vulgar. The Mitsui clerk who tried to hide his distress at a mislaid letter of credit by discussing "culture" was illustrating how ingrained in national custom the ancient Japanese rules still are. Even in a bank one must not admit any crass concern about money. The pre-modern Japanese society put "tradesmen and moneylenders" at the bottom of the social scale, and in Japan today the average Japanese is uncomfortable when he is dealing with money. He wants it, of course, but at the same time he has been trained to feel he ought not to want it, that it is un-Japanese to want it; so he pretends not to be interested.

Social and business life in Japan are full of small devices for seeming to ignore money. When you buy food from a roadside vender he will usually decline payment. The polite thing is to thank him for his generosity and leave the money hidden under the bowl. Life is also full of small devices for doing without money. At a wedding, for instance, it is the custom for the bride and groom to go through the form of exchanging gifts. But instead of exchanging real gifts, each makes out a list of presents and they merely exchange the lists.

The Japanese need less money than any other people of comparable importance in world affairs, because they are largely living in a world that is still almost half agricultural and three-fourths primitive in its lack of modern tools and conveniences. They use seaweed for food, soap, fertilizer — and get foreign exchange from it as well, since it is an important export product for biological laboratories. The farmer uses his rice straw for a half-dozen different purposes — thatch for his roof, sandals, rope, raincoats, mats, barrels. The small tradesman does not use expensive paper and cord to wrap up his wares when a cornucopia of bamboo leaf will do, and the housewife coöperates by always carrying a colored handkerchief in which to tie her bundles. The Japanese waste nothing. To save materials, they have made a cult of smallness and produce everything under the sun on a miniature scale, from art objects and houses and toys to airplanes and submarines.

The Japanese pretends that he has wealth — that is, variety and freedom of choice — by playing an elaborate game of make-believe. For instance, the Japanese diet is extremely limited and monotonous. But the Japanese, in their formal dinners, give themselves an illusion of variety by elaborate service, and



decoration, and poetic names. They insist that "food is art"—that what you eat is of less importance than the way it is served, the way it looks, and the poetic or moral ideas each dish can symbolize. A Japanese can celebrate every family and national holiday throughout his life by eating a flavorless candy made from soybeans. By calling the candy by a special name for each occasion, and serving it with some different garnish of flower petals or bamboo or maple leaves, he can pretend that he has something special and different each time.

This ingrained frugality, this ability to "do without" and remain contented, this capacity to be satisfied with imaginary satisfactions in place of real satisfactions—these are all recognizable behavior patterns of the Japanese. They have been of the utmost importance in building up the military machine of "Japan the Great Power."

#### 4

THE Japanese get along politically by pretending that their emperor is a god and that he is ruling the country. In practice the rulers are the representatives of big business and the military, but the decisions they reach, if the decisions affect the life of the nation as a whole, are given out as "imperial rescripts"—laws pronounced by the emperor—and as such these have the force of divine decree for the people.

The people worship the emperor as high priest of the national religion, Shinto, and as a symbol for their divine islands. To have such a symbol as titular center of the political state gives the Japanese incredible unity. The people are emotionally devoted to their islands. Their love of country, however, is normally not so much patriotism as nature worship, a literal worship of the land itself. In times of crisis, propaganda can turn this love of country into fanatic nationalism.

The Japanese solve their international problems by pretending that they are as powerful as they care to be. They claim that their empire is over 2600 years old, but this is a mythological empire, founded by a god in the Age of Gods. The real Empire is actually about fifty years old, for the Japanese controlled no territories outside their own small islands until the end of the nineteenth century.

The Japanese have no "glorious imperial past" to refer to. Mussolini could exhort his tired people to new efforts by recalling the splendors of ancient Rome, but the Japanese have no such history behind them. Japanese pre-modern empire-building was

limited to the confines of their own small islands; and their national heroes are all of a strange, improbable sort, whose exploits usually include some touch of the supernatural. To bolster national morale, therefore, the Japanese must refer to his glorious *mythological* past.

The Japanese are told that the blood of heroes courses through their veins—not mere human heroes, but gods who conquered their enemies by waving magic swords, under the protection of the Sun Goddess. The Sacred Sword of the Sun Goddess is enshrined in Japan today, and the peasant soldiers are told that this sword will make them invincible against actual enemies, as in the mythological age it made the descendants of gods invincible against their mythological foes.

The Japanese character and civilization have always been a riddle. There seems to be no connection at all between what the individual Japanese is like in his own country and what the nation is like in its international relations, particularly in recent years. At home the individual seems unambitious, unenergetic, easily led, a slave to custom; yet in their national activities the Japanese have appeared to be ruthlessly aggressive, efficient, remarkably adaptable. Actually this state of affairs is not so contradictory as it seems.

The more unenergetic as individuals the people of a country are, the easier it is to regiment them. Japan's pre-modern civilization was a controlled society with only a subsistence standard of living. In the modern period it developed into the first totalitarian state. An aggressive leadership was able to apply machine technology and Western organization to build up a modern export industry and a modern military machine by using the regimented society and low standard of living as the foundation to support it.

The pre-modern Japanese developed a special civilization that was based on an economy of scarcity. This civilization adapted itself to the special conditions of their small, steamy, mountainous, poverty-stricken islands. They accepted the conditions of crowded poverty and set about making such conditions livable by evolving various devices designed to restrict individual initiative, on the one hand, and on the other, to create an illusion of harmony, an illusion of space, an illusion of extravagance.

This civilization carried over into the modern age. And because the individuals were content with non-material rewards and satisfactions, the new wealth that came to Japan in the modern age could be absorbed by export industry and the military machine.

## 5

WHAT does all this tell us about the Japanese as soldiers, military strategists, and empire-builders? It suggests, at least, that Japan the World Menace is to a large extent an illusion. The Japanese is no aggressive superman who will put the world in his kimono sleeve. For the purpose of all-out war his civilization and character gave him certain initial advantages, but the same factors may prove to be a source of weakness.

As a soldier the Japanese peasant has certain great natural advantages. He is frugal by generations of conditioning, so that it is cheap to equip and to feed him. He is the camel of the human race; he can go farther and longer on little food than most people. He is not used to physical comforts and conveniences, and except under actual combat conditions will find life at the front no worse than at home. Communal army life is merely his normal way. The periods of inaction behind the lines or on an inactive front, which are often a problem of morale for the energetic American, are for him periods of pleasant respite from activity.

The Japanese is disciplined to give unquestioning obedience to any superior. He has been taught from childhood that to fight for the Emperor is glorious, and he has had some sort of military drill, off and on, all through his life. He has been systematically "hopped up" with propaganda that appeals to race pride (the mythological heritage) and anxiety for his "divine islands." Moreover, inside Japan, when the repressed individual departs from strict politeness, the result is usually extraordinary violence. A Japanese on the warpath is a man who has been released from the rigors of the strictest possible discipline and who knows no middle way. Behind the ruthlessness of his attacks is the energy of years of pent-up repressions.

If these are advantages to the Japanese military, they are also potential disadvantages. Individual frugality has made possible national extravagance, but in the long run the frugality must backfire on the individual. For instance, the Japanese diet has been an advantageous factor, but the diet is a low-energy diet, adapted for the use of people living in a society that makes few if any demands for spurts of energy. How long this diet can sustain men on a continuously active front is still an unanswered question.

The Japanese is not used to physical comforts but he is used to a routinized life and emotional stability. He is using up an accumulation of limited physical and emotional energy. Once the Japanese are defi-

nately on the defensive, under a continual pounding, it would be surprising if their morale did not collapse like a pricked balloon.

Discipline makes the Japanese an obedient soldier. It also makes him incapable of individual leadership and unadaptable to sudden changes of plan. As a strategist the Japanese can use successfully only techniques that belong to his normal behavior. Surprise, of course, is his outstanding military technique. He has always used it, and has won most of his successes with it. His jujitsu is based on it. Jujitsu is the technique by which a small man can throw a larger one by surprise and by making the large man's strength work against him. In the present war the Japanese have used the jujitsu technique successfully, both by surprise attacks and by forcing jungle fighting where our superior equipment worked against us by hampering speed and maneuverability, while the Japanese poverty of equipment was an advantage.

But surprise as a technique is good only so long as it works. It would be sensible for us to accept surprise as a normal pattern of Japanese military activities and be eternally on our guard against it, instead of each time crying "Treachery!" and then acting as though we expected it never to happen again.

The strength and weakness of the Japanese as empire-builders come from the same source — the concentration of their culture and character. This concentration makes them fanatic, unified, strong in war as long as they have the offensive and can call the turns. It makes them unadaptable, unequal to rapid shifts in plan, unstable emotionally when frustrated. It makes them little to be feared as empire-builders, for they are still much too insular and unschooled in the psychology of other peoples to organize into a paying proposition territories they take in war — even if they could hold them. There is also their lack of basic wealth and capital to finance their empire-building, but that is another story.

The Japanese military, however, will not be stopped from action by facts. They will not recognize the impossible. They will hide from an uncomfortable reality by pretending that it is not there. The gamble of their attacks against Singapore and Pearl Harbor is a fine example of the lack of realism in their military activities. Their successes on those occasions were due less to Japanese prowess than to the failure of the United Nations to be on the job. This situation has already been somewhat remedied. The next time the Japanese military dive for a wall, pretending it is not there, they may hit a real wall and smash themselves against it.



## Dr. Goebbels's Awkward Squad

By JOHN O. RENNIE

A SURPRISINGLY large proportion of the eight hours of radio propaganda beamed to North America every day by the German short-wave stations is devoted to programs other than news or talks. Comedy programs — a playlet, a knockabout act, or just a collection of puns — are especially dear to the hearts of the Propaganda Ministry, and in time of victory or defeat they have always held their own.

On the night of November 7, 1942, American and British stations opened up with radio's equivalent of the Alamein barrage. Wherever one turned the dial there seemed to be either the *Marseillaise* or Mr. Roosevelt's "*Mes amis!*" Naturally, radio monitors the world over awaited with some tension the first Axis version of the North African landings.

Every Saturday night the Berlin radio features a program called "Fritz and Fred, the Friendly Quarrelers." Faithfully that eventful night, at their appointed hour, Fritz and Fred swung into action. They had taken a lot of trouble with their script, and even a second front wasn't going to make any difference. The printed word cannot do justice to the talents of this pair of frustrated End Men, but they were heard exactly as follows: —

Fritz: You should be happy that someone teaches you common sense.

Fred: You!

Fritz: Me, yes — who else?

Fred: Say, if I did not teach you occasionally what's what, why, you would have landed in the idiot asylum long ago.

Fritz: Oh, Lordy, you are a corker, my boy.

With imperturbability and devotion did Fritz and Fred remain at their posts in the great crisis, their high comedy intact, their wit as nimble as ever.

Fritz and Fred are also devotees of the Axis ra-

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JOHN O. RENNIE is on the staff of the British Information Services in New York, where he monitors Axis short-wave programs beamed to North America. He is convinced that the comedy output from Berlin is designed primarily to destroy the morale of monitors like himself.

dio's "word game." Encouraged by the occasional success of a synthetic political catch phrase in the United States, the minor Axis broadcasters are always trying to ring the bell themselves. Here they are on April 17, 1943: —

Fred: Here's what would happen after the war. . . .

Fritz: Powarp! Powarp!

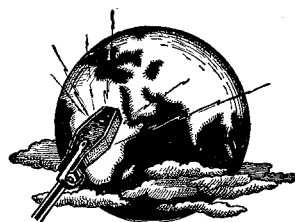
Fred: Now listen, my dear fellow. If you are too dumb to understand, I can't help it. But if you keep calling me names. . . .

Fritz: I'm not calling you names. A Powarp is a member of a new British-American fraternity, the "Post-War Planners."

Fred: Ha, ha! That sure sounds mean.

## 2

Goebbels has analysts and commentators to spare, but he has also gathered around him an assortment of virtuosi whose pseudonyms, selected with all the delicate discrimination of a Calypso singer, suggest their capacities: Mr. Everybody, Mr. Guess Who, Bingo Bill, White Oak. These are Goebbels's awkward squad, serving in a kind of propagandist K.P. Some of them have been on the payroll for six or seven years. For the most part they stick closely



enough to the directives they are given, but sheer whimsy overtakes them almost every time.

Fred W. Kaltenbach, star performer on the Berlin radio since 1937, once took eight hundred words to tell the story about the American who told an Englishman that Americans eat what they can and can what they can't.

Some performers like poetry. Robert H. Best, late of North Carolina and Vienna, favored Kipling parodies. On April 14, 1942, he urged on his audience some stanzas of his own composition. He hoped





The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over Buick plants in both Flint, Mich., and Melrose Park, Ill., having been awarded to Buick people for outstanding performance in the production of war goods.



## WHAT'S BETTER THAN PRECISION BOMBING?

**N**OTHING, perhaps. Unless it's precision bombing *plus* bigger bomb load and extra speed.

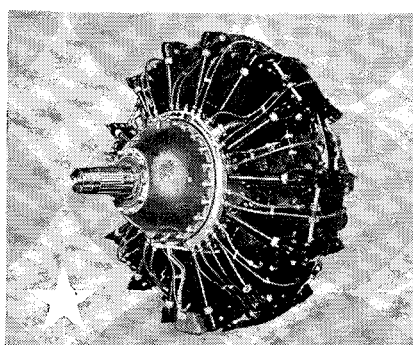
So we call your attention to the characteristics (and the deeds) of that good American bombing plane, the Liberator, shown here.

It carries a husky load over record-setting distances.

With its retracting bomb-bay doors, it takes its run over the target without halt or hesitation, so it's heart's-delight for a sharp-

eyed bombardier.

And with four big Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, it has plenty of power and plenty of speed to



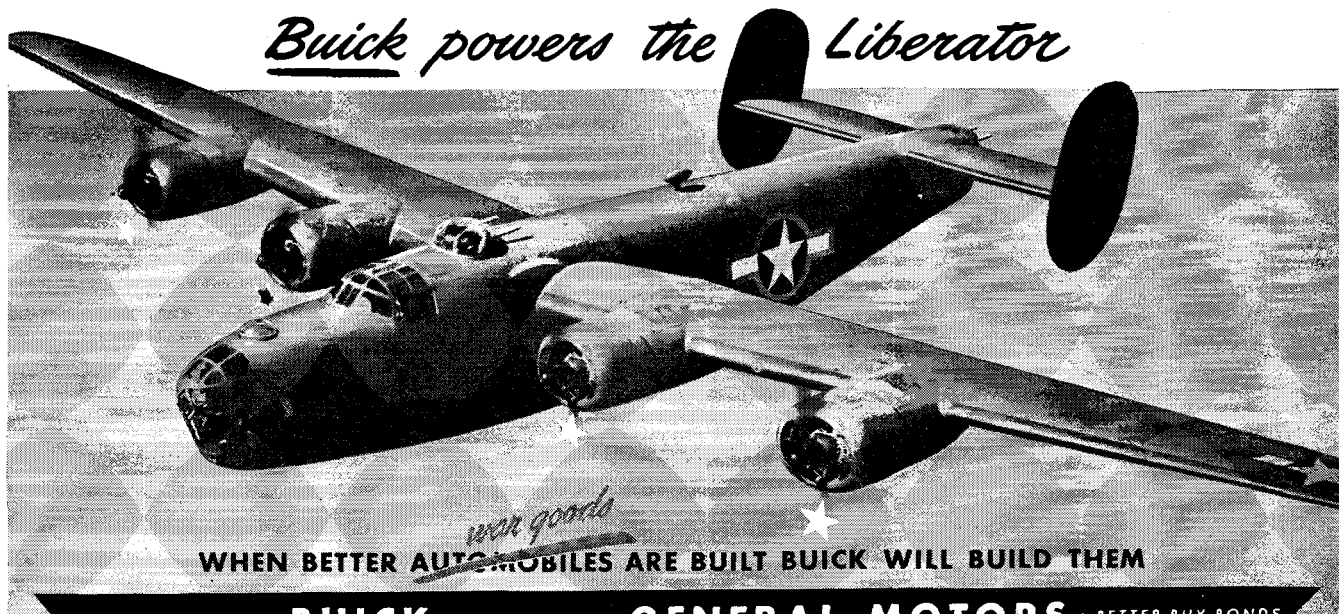
HERE'S WHERE BUICK COMES IN

get in fast, get home fast — and get back for more cracks at the enemy.

It so happens that Buick builds those engines. All the thousands we turn out go straight to plants where the Liberator gets its start in life.

Looking at its record — and it's written daily in the papers for you to read — do you blame us for taking a little honest pride in that fact?

*Buick powers the Liberator*



war goods  
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BETTER BUY BONDS • **BUICK** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS** • BETTER BUY BONDS

the audience would be inclined to "sing it occasionally to your friends":—

"Ship me somewhere East of Suez  
Where the worst is like the best,  
Where John Bull broke all commandments  
And British is the word for pest.  
Hark! The Jappy boys are marching  
And out there soon boss will be,  
While from the old Moulmein Pagoda  
The Brits are running for the sea."

Robert Best liked his verses so well that he read them twice at dictation speed and followed up, on



May 12, with another fifteen lines which contained the following passage:—

"Get you out, you British soldiers;  
Get you out of Mandalay.  
Get you out of Mandalay.  
Let the Japs in Burma play."

It was inevitable that word of the success of the "singing commercial" on the American radio should seep through to Berlin. A favorite interval signal (now, understandably enough, no longer used) was sung to the chorus of "Santa Lucia":—

"No base today is safe,  
Oh dear, oh dee-ee-a!"

The top men in the Propaganda Ministry are desperately willing to accept anyone with a British or American passport at his own professional valuation. To them Douglas Chandler (alias Paul Revere) was a columnist for the largest evening paper in the South. No one, it appears, ever told them that Chandler's column dealt with the highly parochial doings of the Eastern Shore of Maryland—and in rhyming couplets at that.

From time to time a female camp-follower turns up; but they never last long. Jane Anderson has never reappeared since the Donovan office played back to Germany, by transcription, her account of gorging herself at the Adlon. One Mildred left somewhat coyly to be a June bride after a series of amazing programs which included commercials for Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

The Italians once worked out an appeal, which they directed to North America as well as to England, in their "Alice" programs. One had its locale

in America and the other, somewhat more roguishly, was entitled "Alice in Great Bruton." A typical excerpt from the latter concerns Alice and the "Queen Liar" (wearing a Derby and smoking a cigar):—

QUEEN: Do you want to become one of us, my dear? You know your name is suitable, Alice . . . Allies . . . All lies!

ALICE (*sings*): "London Bridge is falling down." But I'm sure you will win the war.

QUEEN: Ah, that is the biggest lie I have heard yet. Now you are one of us!

That this was counted as something of a coup can be deduced by its reappearance a year later in a Fritz and Fred dialogue:—

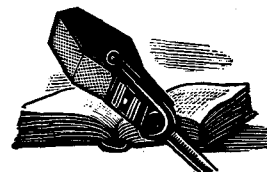
FRED: That's all lies.

FRITZ: Exactly. That is why they call themselves Allies.  
(*Prolonged laughter*)

### 3

The most peculiar German program of them all featured a homespun old man and his little grandchild aged about six. They made a pretty pair—an old Kaspar and a little Wilhelmine, wired for sound. For several programs they lobbed platitudes back and forth in a pleasant enough way. Then one night something happened. Either they got a new script writer or the old one stopped reading the works of Robert Southey and took to Clausewitz, because grandfather turned abruptly to ballistics.

One moment they were discussing the Hitler Youth and carol singing, and the next the old man was telling the child all about the muzzle velocity of an 88-millimeter gun. This was no ordinary moppet,



though; she had apparently cut her teeth on a slide rule. A couple of minutes later she had straightened Grandpa out on the wing loading of the Ju. 88.

From then on, until the program eventually went off the air, the quavering voice of the old man and the piping tones of his granddaughter were joined, twice weekly, in technical discussions.

The fact that Goebbels has maintained and even increased the proportion of comedy programs in the North American transmission shows that, by and large, he is satisfied with his stable of comics.

The Nazi propagandist has been told that in



America variety and comedy programs outrank all others both in time on the air and in Crossley rating. So he has gone into business for himself.

The German, having adopted the tank, the plane, and the submarine, counts it a mere stroke of the pen to match or excel the native humor of England or the United States; and his faith in the parody or the pun is based on the honest conviction that he can master the intricacies of any foreign language so neatly as to astound even the natives.

The hand, then, is the hand of Nietzsche, but the voice is strictly Joe Miller.



### Thunder Was Born in the Hen Yard

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE wild had come up close to the chicken pens;  
Five yards from the handsome heavy hens,  
Another mother in feathers, built like a blade,  
Brooded her wild eggs, quiet and unafraid.  
The mother partridge held her trim head taut,  
Pressed her slender loveliness down hot  
On her treasures, sat, and gently eyed  
The frowzy mothers cackling at her side.

The hens knew this was something strange and rare;  
They walked cautious by the brooder there;  
Yet they knew also, by some dim folk sense,  
She meant well and would give them no offense.  
Somehow they knew this slim and soundless thing  
Had something in common with them, under her  
wing,

So they were calm and left the partridge so,  
Only they always passed her on tiptoe.

Even the children found her, but she gazed  
So quiet on them, with her small head raised,  
They left her in peace, after they stared and stood,  
Lapped round with the glasslike strength of mother-  
hood.

And when the mowing machine cut down the high  
Grass two feet away, she did not fly:  
She bravely bore the horror of great sound  
With her eyes still meek but very round.

It happened all too quick for the hens to see —  
Nine downy little thunderbolts went free  
One after one, and then were gone for good,  
And the mother melted away into the wood.  
When the children came, they found not a feather  
Where love had held the wild and tame together;  
The chicks had slipped away like a dream's slim  
things

To be wild and wear the thunder in their wings.



### Bueno, Bueno, Bueno!

By EDWARD P. MORGAN

MEXICO has three telephone systems: one American, one Swedish, and one run (really quite frequently) by the government, but he who thinks the republic is blessed with progress in triplicate is a beautiful dreamer. None of the systems connects directly with either of the other two, and a man who has a battery of telephones on his desk is not a tycoon but a victim of circumstance.

Mexicans know better than to trust the telephone, and have conditioned themselves with such skepticism that if they should happen to establish a connection on the first dial, they would hang up and walk morbidly away. By the same token, no citizen in his right mind ever answers the telephone until it rings at least twice.

When he does answer, it is with complete resignation and a bored "*Bueno*."

*Bueno* in Spanish, as everybody knows, means "good" — not "good morning" or "good day," just "good." There you have the skepticism in action because the Mexican knows perfectly well no good is going to come of it.

"*Adónde hablo* — to where do I speak?" demands the caller belligerently, a Mr. Gómez.

The defense is ready for that one.

"To where do you wish to speak?" a voice retorts, derisively.

"*A la casa del señor Espinosa*."

"This is the *lechería*, *La Violeta*." Scorn. Triumph.

(You always get the Violet Milkery or the Marc Antony Meatery when you want the house of Señor Espinosa or anybody else's house.)

Chief of the United Press Bureau in Mexico City for the past three years, EDWARD P. MORGAN is a native of Washington and a graduate of Whitman College.



"What a barbarity," breathes Gómez, clapping a practiced hand to his brow and preparing dreadfully to begin all over again.

"*Con quién hablo* — with *whom* do I speak?" he snaps as soon as a suspicious "*Bueno*" drifts in from the other end.

"With whom do you *wish* to speak?" The *lechuría*, or whatever he has hooked this time, is no fool.



"Is not there the señor Espinosa?" Gómez pleads, desperation flecking his voice.

"No, señor. He does not live here."

"Ay, Dios! It is a mistake."

Tomorrow Gómez will encounter his friend Espinosa on the street with a thumping *abrazo* and tell him he made him a *telefonazo* yesterday but, what a barbarity, what a bore, he could not reach him, for anything.

## 2

In wartime, of course, censorship is necessary, but officials needn't have worried at any time about actually having to cut in on calls, because the telephone lines constantly carry such a cacophony of wails, whispers, and clicks that nobody would dare plot trouble either by long or by short distance.

The happiest time of all is during the rainy season when the telephones "become decomposed." The water shorts the cables and you don't have any service until they dry out or until the linemen can fix the insulation, which is seldom, because often the linemen are busy with fiestas.

A long-distance call has a distinctive ring from all others: a short, urgent series of bells, calculated to arouse the soundest sleeper from his siesta.

There is nothing more heart-warming, after that nerve-racking jangle, than to hear your long-distance operator cajoling her sister worker in Tlaquepaque to put the call through.

"*Oye, tú, qué pasa contigo?*" she says with an intimate little provocation. "Listen thou, what passes with thee?"

"*Espérate tantito, chula; ya viene,*" tinkles Tlaquepaque in reply. "Wait thyself so slightly, pretty one, already it comes."

And so it does, the "*Bueno*" a little more muffled but just as doubting.

Lethally efficient as American operators are, their crisp and final "I'm scrry, sir, but I am unable to give out that information" will forever label them as spoilsports beside their Mexican cousins.

During Mexico's last hearty earthquake, almost everybody was shaken out of bed with a seasickening roll, including an emergency long-distance operator summoned to help with a flood of official, press, and frantic personal calls.

"Ay, Mother of God, señor," she confided to her customer while they waited for Morelia to come on the line and tell them the *temblor* had made the churchbells toll. "What a brutal fright! What a barbarous thing! We have been praying. And are you all right, señor?"

The more sensible Mexican undoubtedly thanks his saints that there is now no new telephone equipment because of the war, so he won't have to be bothered. But there are those contemptuous of contentment who demand phones.

Tired of explaining to an insistent and irate customer that there were none to be had, and no wire either to connect them, a telephone man hushed him finally.

"*Pues, señor, ya no hay más números,*" he said, his voice burdened appropriately with sorrow. "Well, sir, already we have run out of numbers."



## Quiz

By HUGH GRAY LIEBER and  
LILLIAN R. LIEBER

SUPPOSE you had the choice of  
The following two jobs: —

Job 1: Starting with an  
Annual salary of \$1000,  
And a \$200 increase every year.

Job 2: Starting with an  
Annual salary of \$1000  
And a \$50 increase every  
Six months.

In all other respects,  
The two jobs are exactly alike.

Which is the better offer?

Think carefully and  
Decide on your answer  
Before turning this page.



## Mobilized for Victory

War has placed new responsibilities on the shoulders of banking. Industries and individuals, as never before, require relief from the many details involved in the handling of money. There is a continuous growth in checking accounts and deposits. Transfers of business and populations have doubled and redoubled the work of banks in many sections of the

country. New Government regulations have added new complexities to every department of banking. Yet the Nation's banks, despite full contributions of manpower to the armed forces, have mobilized to meet these tasks and are discharging their duties with the speed and efficiency necessary to the successful prosecution of the war.



## THE NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY

*Member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation*

100 BROADWAY • MADISON AVENUE AND 40TH STREET • TEN ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

**BUY WAR BONDS**

Did you say Job 1 is better?  
 And did you reason as follows?  
 Since Job 2 has an increase  
 Of \$50 every six months,  
 It must have an annual increase of \$100  
 And therefore it is not as good  
 As Job 1 which has  
 An annual increase of \$200.

Well, you are wrong!  
 For, examine carefully  
 The earnings written out below:

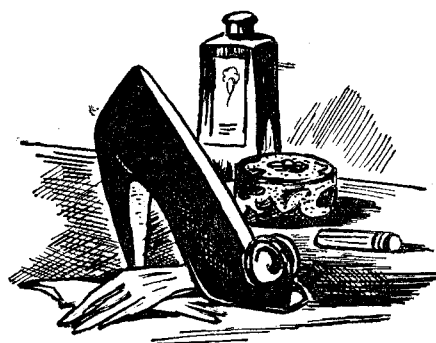
|                        |       | First half<br>of year | Second half<br>of year | Total for<br>the year |
|------------------------|-------|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>First<br/>year</i>  | Job 1 | \$500                 | \$500                  | \$1000                |
|                        | Job 2 | 500                   | 550                    | 1050                  |
| <i>Second<br/>year</i> | Job 1 | 600                   | 600                    | 1200                  |
|                        | Job 2 | 600                   | 650                    | 1250                  |
| <i>Third<br/>year</i>  | Job 1 | 700                   | 700                    | 1400                  |
|                        | Job 2 | 700                   | 750                    | 1450                  |
| <i>Fourth<br/>year</i> | Job 1 | 800                   | 800                    | 1600                  |
|                        | Job 2 | 800                   | 850                    | 1650                  |
|                        |       | etc., etc.            |                        |                       |

Note that:—

- (1) Job 1 pays \$200 more each year  
 Than it did the previous year.
- (2) Job 2 pays \$50 more every  
 half-year than it did during  
 the previous half-year.

All this is in accordance with  
 The promises originally made,  
 And yet  
 Job 2 brings in \$50 more every year  
 Than Job 1 does.  
 And you can easily see that  
 This will continue to be true  
 No matter what number of years  
 Is considered.

That is, of course,  
 Unless  
 The Income Tax People  
 Do something to  
 Upset  
 These calculations.



## What a Good Girl Am I!

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

THE American Woman is the Unsung Hero of the War. Whatever she does is right. When she puts on her lipstick (because she feels sloppy if she doesn't), then she is Gallantly Keeping Up Civilian Morale. If she doesn't put on lipstick, she is Saving Precious Fats and Oils. If she goes to the beauty parlor to have her hair set (because she can't stand it hanging down the back of her neck any more), that's all right. It is her Wartime Duty to Look Her Loveliest. If she doesn't go to the beauty parlor, that's all right too. She is Stretching Her Wartime Dollar, and Saving to Buy Bonds.

When she mends her stockings (because her big toe is sticking through and it hurts), she is Conserving Civilian Goods and should be duly praised. If she doesn't mend them, then she is Doing Her Part by Giving Precious Silk and Nylon to Salvage.

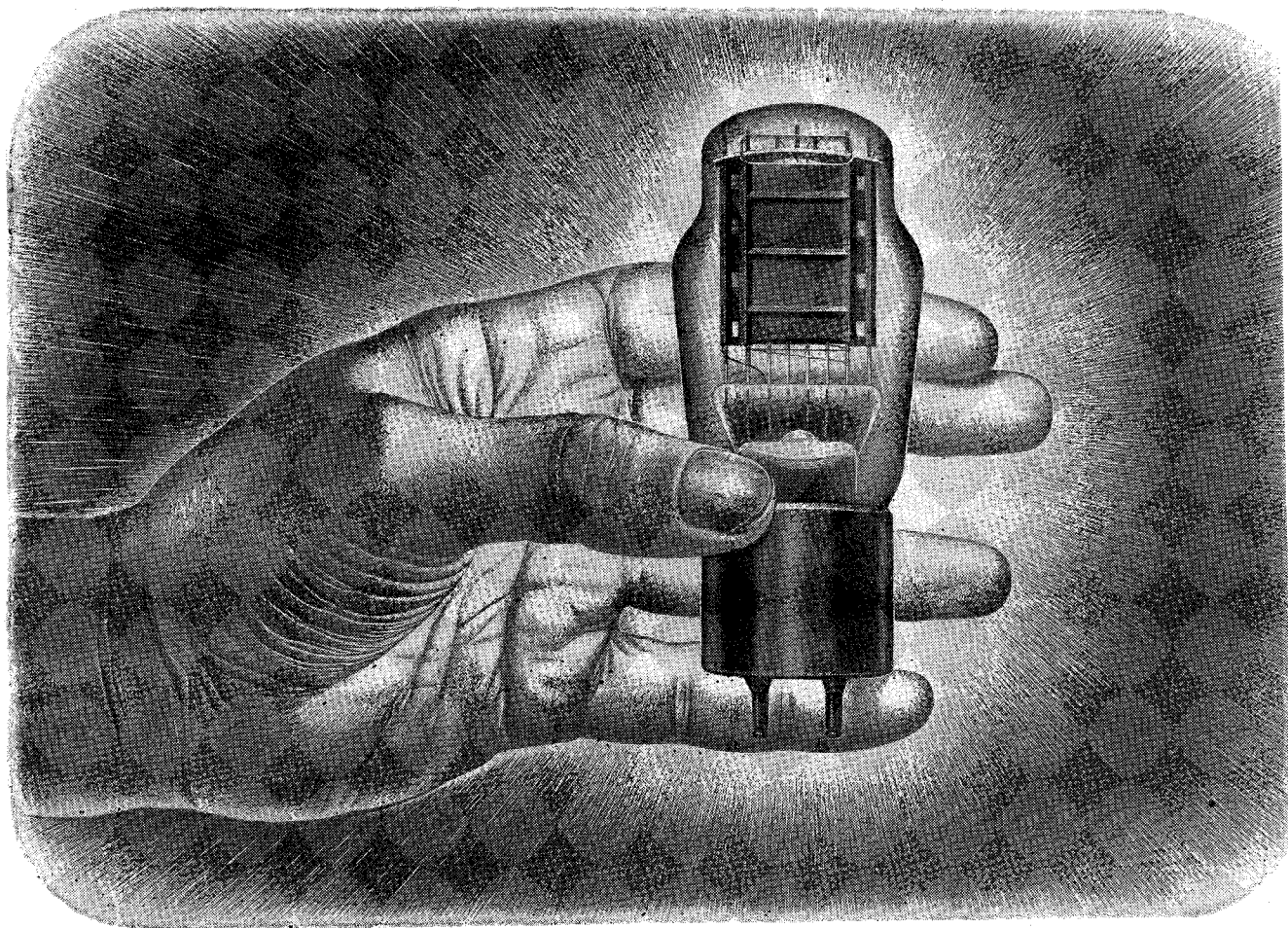
If she has the couch reupholstered (because it's getting pretty shabby), then she is Taking Care of What She Has so that She Will Not Have to Buy New, and she is also Keeping Her Home Attractive in the Traditional American Way and Keeping Up Her Morale. If she doesn't have the couch reupholstered (because she can't afford it this year, if you want to know), that's swell. She is Helping to Avoid Inflation by Not Spending Her Money for Unnecessary Luxuries, she is Doing with What She Has, she is suffering quietly and nobly like a pioneer woman.

If she buys an expensive dress, that's good. She is Buying Quality Merchandise Which Won't Wear Out and Waste Precious Materials. Also, she is Looking Her Wartime Best for the morale of anybody who happens to look at her in the subway. If she buys a cheap dress, then she is Saving War-time Dollars and Avoiding Inflation again.

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a native New Yorker, an amateur of the peculiar effects which advertising agencies and department stores appear to exert on American womanhood.



# "IT OUGHT TO GET A WAR MEDAL"



**T**HIS little tube *can't* help you smell. But it *can* help you talk, see and hear. Right now, it helps direct guns, planes, ships. It ought to get a war medal.

It has given birth to a new art called Electronics.

In 1912 in the Bell Laboratories, Dr. H. D. Arnold made the first effective high-vacuum tube for amplifying electric currents.

Vacuum tubes made possible the first transoceanic telephone talk by the Bell System in 1915.

Vacuum tubes are now used on practically all Long Distance circuits to reinforce the human voice.

That's why you can talk across the continent so easily.

Over 1,250,000 electronic tubes are in service in the Bell System. Bell Laboratories developed them; Western Electric made them.

But both Laboratories and Western Electric are busy now with war—turning out tubes and putting them to work in many a device to find and destroy the enemy on land, in the air, and under the sea.

After the war, this Bell System army of tubes will work in thousands of ways for peace.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**





If she uses her Number 17 stamp for a pair of shoes, then she is simply Doing Her Wartime Duty, according to one ad on the radio. If she doesn't use it, she is Saving Precious Leather. If she uses it on a pair of low-heeled, sensible shoes, then she's All Set to Walk and Save Gas and she's Keeping Healthy for Crowded Wartime Days, and she's getting shoes that will Wear and Wear and Wear. If, on the other hand, she uses her stamp on a pair of high-heeled, delicate sandals, we're back in the morale thing again, and she gets the same praise for that as for the low-heeled shoes, or no shoes at all.

Last year when she saved the bacon fat — because who ever heard of throwing away good bacon fat? — nobody said anything. This year when she saves the bacon fat she is all sorts of paragon, and she is winning the war singlehanded.

Throwing things away is all right. They're needed for salvage. Cluttering up the house with things is all right too: you're supposed to save things to make other things out of them.

If she puts pale pink polish on her nails, then they are suitable for her Busy Wartime Days. If she puts bright red polish on her nails, then they're going to Give Her a Lift After Her Busy Wartime Days.

The American Woman of 1943 can do no wrong. Whatever she does, from yanking down her girdle to buying a yard of red ball fringe for the kitchen curtains, is virtuous, patriotic, self-sacrificing, and noble — if she reads the right ads.



### Electrolysis

By A. M. SULLIVAN

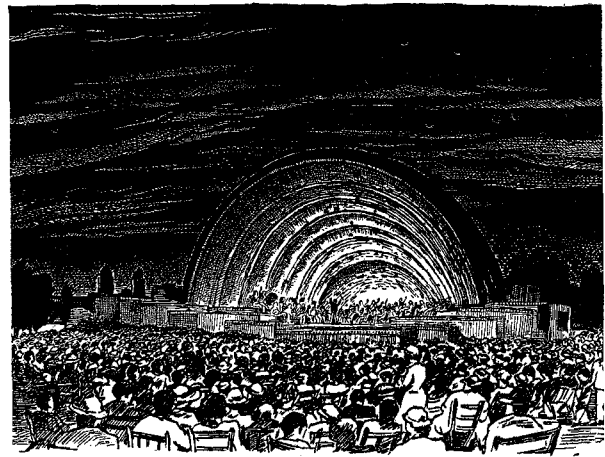
HERE is the test for unbelievers  
Who cannot see the electric beavers

Ferrying the metal flakes across  
Anode and cathode with never a loss

Of one electron in the furious tides  
Where worlds are joined and a world divides.

Copper and zinc, nickel and brass,  
Gold and silver and iron pass

Through eyes of the atom and the beavers know  
Precisely the place for each to go.



### Music Al Fresco

By ARTHUR FIEDLER

ONE summer day after the Esplanade Concerts had started, I was driving in Boston in an open car with Mrs. Fiedler. We had to stop at an intersection while a large and smelly garbage truck rolled by. A workman perched on top of the truck stared down at us. Then his stained face broke into a smile and he waved. "Hi, Arthur! How are you?"

Like uncounted thousands, he had been to our free concerts on the Charles River Embankment, and he was my friend. Mrs. Fiedler was a little startled, but now she has grown accustomed to having me recognized by all manner of men in all sorts of places. And I am glad to have it so, for the Esplanade Concerts are completely democratic — perhaps the most democratic symphony concerts anywhere. The concerts have always been free. We have permitted no ropes, walls, or gates. The listener can sit on the grass or he can rent a folding chair for a dime, but he has to place it himself.

On concert evenings the little sailboats draw in quietly toward the shore as the sunset tints the river and the sky. The people fall silent, the traffic noises seem to recede, and the music soars free on the evening air. As the light dims, the ducks and gulls circle lower, the evening star comes out, and the moon rises beyond the buildings. There is music in a beautiful setting.

In 1929, when I started these concerts, my friends were politely skeptical about the audience. "Free symphony concerts? People won't come to anything but band concerts out of doors."

The officials of the Metropolitan District Com-

Conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra, as well as originator and conductor of the Esplanade Concerts, ARTHUR FIEDLER has the distinction of being the only conductor that everybody calls by his first name. A native of Boston, he attended the Boston Latin School and the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin.

# Our Guests of 1943

## THE FIGHTING MEN OF AMERICA

You'll see them everywhere in Britain these days—those jaunty good-natured men of America's armed forces who have left the comfort and security of their own homes to join with the men of Britain, the British Empire and Colonies and our other Allies to fight Oppression and Treachery.

They see our roofless shrines and bomb-pocked countryside proud and undaunted. Humble cottages and great castles... many which our visitors were accustomed to see in all their charm and perfection... are now shattered beyond repair.

In happier days when Victory is won, we hope to be able again to welcome the even bigger army of American friends—new as well as old—to our historic, battle-scarred land.

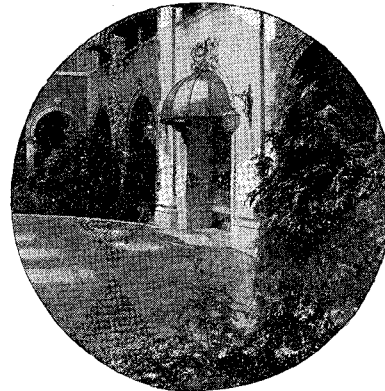
You will find newer, more glorious significance in London, Southampton, Plymouth, Coventry, Glasgow, York, Belfast, Bristol, Edinburgh and others... names which people everywhere will pronounce with pride in a free and resurrected world.

C. M. TURNER, *General Traffic Manager*  
9 Rockefeller Plaza New York, N.Y.

# British Railways



## For a quiet stay in New York



Why not stop at the Hotel Marguery? You'll thoroughly enjoy its atmosphere of quiet dignity and charm... its lovely garden plaza... its Park Avenue location so distinctive and so convenient... within easy walking distance of shops and theaters, only two short blocks from Grand Central Terminal.

All rooms are large and beautifully appointed and have big closets. Many suites, as well as the lobby, have been newly decorated and furnished. Some have open fireplaces and serving pantries and present refreshing vistas of the plaza. Follow the lead of the distinguished visitors who select this hotel in New York!

1 Room Single \$5, Double \$7

2 Room Suites from \$10

Special Monthly Rate

# Hotel Marguery

270 Park Avenue, New York City

Douglas L. Elliman & Co.  
MANAGEMENT



mission were more outspoken. A vivid memory is the day I went out with the chairman of the Commission and his captain of police to look over the site I had chosen. It was several acres of tree-bordered lawn between Embankment Road and the Charles River, in the heart of old Boston.

The captain who went with us — the late Albert Chapman — said gruffly, "I think your idea is half-crazy. This'll be nothing but a battlefield between the bums from the North and South Ends.



We'll have to use the wood. I haven't enough men to handle it."

But in time he even came to boast that *his* crowds were different — the best-behaved and the most honest. "There's never been a pocket picked here," he would say. "When ladies get dreamy over the music and leave their purses, the finders turn 'em in to my men. Umbrellas get turned in, too. Imagine that!" And the crowds *are* different — because good music brings out the best in people.

"When are you going to play 'Turkey in the Straw'?" Captain Chapman was always asking. And I made sure his favorite piece turned up often.

In making up programs, I often feel like a chef planning a meal. There should be hors d'oeuvres, a light course, a substantial entree, and so on through the musical menu. Variety is the spice we want: after a bombastic piece, we play some little thing. I am always looking for contrasts. In the beginning I started with light and semi-classical programs. Then I began slipping in an occasional movement from a symphony — and I found that people liked it, even though they had never heard symphonies before. One year I played an entire Beethoven series, another year Brahms.

We can tell when a piece takes hold of the audience by the quiet and the attention they give just as much as by their applause. The applause escapes in the open, but the hush is like that in a cathedral. Even dogs and babies in perambulators stay quiet during the music — though the dogs will bark excitedly when the clapping starts.

For the very first Esplanade Concert of all — July 4, 1929 — the wind was decidedly against us. It literally pitched our music into the river. The

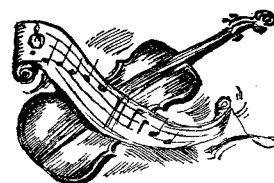
piece, I recall, was the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and its merry pages flew about like sea gulls. Though the audience scattered to retrieve the music, and some musicians had to rely on their memories, we continued to play without interruption.

One rainy night when the wind drove rain into the concert shell so that the violins were endangered, the wind players promptly moved down and formed a barrier in front of the strings. They played with their backs to the rain — and the audience. And even though the grouping was unconventional and they took a wetting, the concert went on.

On another occasion at concert time the rain was coming down hard, yet about five hundred listeners stood hopefully in the forepart of the grassy "platter." I sent someone out to thank the audience for its interest — and to say that I thought it best to cancel the concert. After the announcement someone in the dripping ranks called out, "We'll stay if you'll play." The rest took it up as a chant. Who could resist? We went on with the concert and before long the rain stopped.

I vividly remember the "invasion" nights, when we have visits from flying ants, midges, and mosquitoes. Possibly the music attracts them — or the bright lights. In my gasping moments I have swallowed many an insect. Players of wind instruments have found themselves munching mosquitoes as they press their lips to their mouthpieces. And when we turn the pages of our music, we find assorted pressed specimens as mementos of previous concerts on the riverbank.

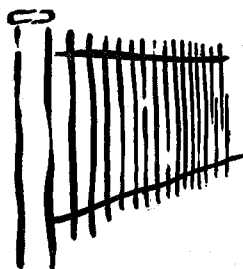
Our first shell was a wooden structure that cost \$2500. We stored our instruments in a skating house. Our second shell was acoustically sound



and beautiful under night lighting, but was ugly by day and inconvenient for the orchestra. It used to store up heat through the day and shed it at night: with the lights on, the stage was an inferno. But the audience enjoyed nature's air conditioning — cool breezes from the river. Today we have the \$300,000 Hatch Memorial Shell of permanent construction: granite lined with teakwood. It still seems a little unreal to me.

The acoustical properties of the first shells were good, but occasionally freakish. Wind and humidity cause some peculiar effects. Sometimes we played a resounding chord, only to have it reflected back

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY  
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



A NEW NOVEL BY  
**ROBERT PENN  
WARREN**

A vivid—and violent—novel: a Southern city during the late twenties; promoters, politicians, poor whites; an unscrupulous speculator and his daughter's battle to escape him and the financial empire which is his world. \$2.50

**AT HEAVEN'S GATE**

**TRAGEDY AT LAW**

A fresh slant in mysteries, the story of what happened to the court and entourage of an English circuit judge, told with delectable malice and hearty humor. \$2.50

by **CYRIL HARE**

**THE BATTLE  
IS THE PAY-OFF**

This is one of the most important books to come out of the war. The first great story of *our ground forces*, told in vivid detail. \$2.00

by

**CAPTAIN  
RALPH INGERSOLL**



*NOTE: The troops Captain Ingersoll describes are the ones who began the Sicilian invasion and will continue to lead the front-line fighting in Europe.*

loudly to us in the next measure. Then there was the time when one of my flute players was announcing an encore — the introduction to the third act of Lohengrin. The text was in German. He started reading it, got stuck, and said in what he intended to be a *sotto voce* aside, "Oh hell! I don't know what it is." It came out *magno voce*. The audience laughed.

All our shells have pulled sounds in as well as sent them out. At certain points on the stage we can catch conversations from distant places in the audience. One night we heard a clear voice commenting, "I can't see why those musicians play for him. I understand he doesn't even pay them."

Certain people manage to sit in the same spots night after night. I recall the eccentric elderly lady who, when we played the "Beautiful Blue Danube," got up and waltzed before the front row. The next night, in gratitude, she put a chocolate bar on every musician's chair. It was a hot night, and the chocolate melted. The cleaners had a good many pairs of flannel trousers the following day.

In the early years, so many youngsters used to steal up close to the shell and listen so attentively that in 1938 I planned a morning series especially for them. Each season since then we have run a weekly concert for children — the largest anywhere. We have had as many as ten thousand on those Wednesday mornings.

Because many of the children are too young to read a program, we have an announcer say a few words about each composition. But we want to avoid having the children consider this a school. After all, it is their vacation and we want them

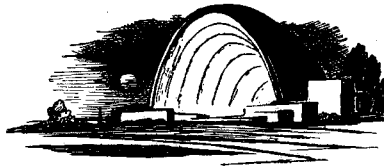
to enjoy it. I select lively, pictorial pieces, a Mozart minuet, a "Nutcracker Suite." Children prefer things like variations on "Pop Goes the Weasel," waltzes, and marches.

I used to do my own announcing for the children's concerts, but evidently I spoke too fast or not distinctly enough. One day when the children were crowded right up to the low foot of the second shell, I announced: "Now we'll play 'Up the Street'." Perhaps they thought it was a new game, or perhaps they thought I said "Up the Stairs." Anyhow they took it as an invitation. They promptly stood up and marched up the stairs and simply swarmed all over the stage — around my legs, in and out among the players. There were hundreds of them, and they got very much in our hair.

It is a delightful sight to see the children arrive. Over here come little slant-eyed dolls from Chinatown, over there a little black cloud of pickaninnies. Some groups of very young children come down the paths with hands linked or even tied together, so that they won't get lost.

In the first few years lost children were more frequent than they are now. We used to have the trumpeter play a fanfare and we would announce that so-and-so was lost. Then he always turned up.

Over the years I have come to know many of these children and have watched them grow up. I like to think that the Esplanade Concerts have been a valuable and entirely pleasant part of their education. Where else can children go to hear good symphony music outdoors and free? I wish there had been such concerts when I was young.



## Committee on Admissions

By FRANCIS W. HATCH

1925

CHAIRMAN: "Here's a proposal that someone's advanced — a broker named Smith as a resident member."

COMMITTEE  
in chorus: "Preposterous! No — not a Chinaman's chance. The waiting list's full till five years from December."

1943

CHAIRMAN: "Does someone know Smith — he's a prospect for sure. If we work on him hard, I believe he might fall."

COMMITTEE  
enthusiastically: "Put him down on the list to receive the brochure. And each of us better go over and call!"



# ★ IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS ★

"Once in a blue moon, a book like this is born . . ."—BALTIMORE SUN

## Heaven Is a Sunswept Hill by Earl Guy



"Certain to be acclaimed as one of the most distinguished pieces of writing of the year," says CHARLES LEE in the *Philadelphia Record*:

"Finest first novel I have found in many months—a vigorous and absorbing story with elements of greatness."—JOHN T. FREDERICK, *Chicago Sun*. \$2.50

A challenge to Americans . . .

## Towards an Abiding Peace by R. M. MacIver

"This book, no less than Willkie's 'One World' ought to be the book for everybody to read this year."—*Chicago Sun*. As Harry Hansen says in the *World-Telegram*, "Those who are studying Walter Lippmann's 'nuclear' plan will do well to consult it." \$2.50



Power and humor . . .

## In Time of Harvest by John L. Sinclair

This unusual and original novel, set in the great bean-growing country of New Mexico, combines earthly realism and poetic expression in its tale of unconventional, but real Americans.

Here is an important new author, writing with a sincerity and power particularly suited to these times. \$2.50



"Intensely interesting and significant."—NEWSWEEK

## The Legacy of Nazism THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF TOTALITARIANISM by Frank Munk



The author of "Economics of Force" here describes the drastic changes wrought by Nazi domination. A return to pre-war conditions is impossible, says this brilliant Czech economist. There will be no reconstruction but a new construction, and we must plan for it now. \$2.50

A brilliant novel of Australia . . .

## Ride On Stranger by Kylie Tennant

author of "Time Enough Later" and "The Battlers"

This is a rich book, teeming with highly colorful characters, with clever sub-plots, and alive with vitality and humor. It is a serious yet entertaining picture of modern Sydney, peppered with biting wit and keen satire. \$2.75



Practical planning . . .

## The New Europe by Bernard Newman

Here is a profound study of the problems of settling Europe's boundaries by an expert student of world affairs. The author combines information drawn from official sources and from history, with that gathered in twelve years of traveling through Europe. Maps and index. \$3.75



"In one word, irresistible!"  
—THE ATLANTA JOURNAL

## The Tharrus Three

This heart-warming story of child refugees on a Scottish farm is being enthusiastically hailed.

"Miss Maclean's book gives exquisite pleasure. It is shot through with color, blown through by tonic winds. It is an immense refreshment."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$2.50

by  
Catherine  
M.  
Maclean

A social and political Spain . . .

## The Spanish Labyrinth

This accurate and fully documented history is a living story of the struggles of simple men in search of justice and good government. The many years Mr. Brennan spent as a farmer in Spain have given him full understanding of his subject. \$3.50

by  
Gerald  
Brenan

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 60 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

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# THE *Atlantic* BOOKSHELF

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## THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by EDWARD WEEKS

SOON after my arrival in England I was told that creative writing had shriveled because of the war. But as I travel about I begin to wonder if the printed word was ever as far-reaching in Britain as it is today. I am not thinking of propaganda. I mean contemporary literature in its widest range: I mean what journalists and poets, novelists and scholars, editors and booksellers, have done and are doing to feed the inquiring and to refresh the taut minds of the British.

London has literature in its marrow — which is to say in its stones. Some of these stones have been tossed about and reduced to rubble; many of them will wear for centuries the scars of Göring's bombers. But literature still crops out of them as irrepressibly as the purple willow herb and thistles, the yellow dandelions and daffodils, which have made wild gardens in the ruined cellars. No wonder the keeper of Kew Gardens is now writing a book about the flora of bombed London.

Even Hitler could read the handwriting on these walls. I am not sure he would appreciate the humor. Says the beautiful Georgian doorway of a house whose roof and interior are gone: "This house to let; in whole as in part." Again and again in a cleared area you find a challenge like this: "Highest-class office building will be erected here after the war. For lettings apply immediately to ——" There is a comeback in those words, as in the hand-lettered sign which I saw at the entrance to a devastated church: "Service will be held as usual in the churchyard at six o'clock this evening." In all, 766 churches have been damaged.

### London's Boswell

If you really want to see the heart of Old London, find a Scotsman who loves the city. The best and dearest guide of them all is **James Bone**, who has represented the *Manchester Guardian* on Fleet for forty years and lived for thirty-five of them in the Inner Temple. You remember the Temple, that conglomeration of courts where barristers and solici-

tors had their rooms. In the old days a man could lease his quarters for the length of three lives — for his own, his son's and his grandson's. Perhaps it was that lease of immortality, perhaps it was the quiet turf and the cool shade of plane trees against the old brick, that attracted so many writers here.

"Goldsmith did some of his best work when he lived in this Court," said Mr. Bone, pointing not to a living building but to a huge vat of water. "Now, down this way is Crown Office Row," he led the way, "and here Charles Lamb was born —" Rubble, topped by the skeleton of the Round Church. "Thackeray loved this place," he said reflectively, as our walk continued. "And so did your own Sinclair Lewis, for he wrote *Dodsworth* here. But they'd not like it like this —" We came to Pump Court and the very stairs down which Mr. Pecksniff had sailed. We passed the big window — the glass still in it, for a wonder — where E. V. Lucas used to sit, reading manuscripts for Methuen. Then we turned to watch the crew of a captive balloon (half of them women) hauling down their big gray elephant. "It could have been worse," he concluded. "The Middle Temple Hall where *Twelfth Night* had its premiere still stands, and see that fine Elizabethan bit down there — undamaged! Dr. Johnson liked to walk here and touch these iron pillars for good luck. Touch them now and make a wish!" I did. For the Temple.

James Bone lost his books and many a famous drawing by his brother, Muirhead, when incendiaries gutted his rooms, but the magic and humor of his knowledge still walk with him. He leads you to those Wren churches which have miraculously survived, and to those older relics which came unscathed through the Great Fire — the fire Pepys saw three hundred years ago. We lunched in the Inn (*circa* 1600) where *Pickwick* had his rooms; we revived our legs with port in that leather-walled wineshop, half as old as time, where the coal barons used to meet





His finest novel... His longest novel  
His richest variety of characters and background

# JOHN P. MARQUAND

presents a new character whose life and work  
and search for happiness are complicated  
by two world wars—and his son

## So Little Time

*The September Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club*

SO LITTLE TIME is the story of Jeffrey Wilson, aviator in World War I, then newspaper man, play doctor, movie script rewriter. It is especially the story of Jeffrey's relations with his son, Jim... nineteen, a college student, and in love. It is also the story of some good Americans who didn't want to face the probability of total war before Pearl Harbor.

SO LITTLE TIME is brilliant satire, sparkling humor, with deep seriousness behind them both. \$2.75

A great leader voices his  
indomitable faith — history  
by a man who is making it

## THE END OF THE BEGINNING

By Winston Churchill



Britain's Prime Minister reviews the third year of the war: "He is a great reporter in a supreme observation post while the greatest story of all time is unfolding... His war speeches will live as the very stuff of history, the source the future chroniclers will have to turn to when they try to tell the stupendous and terrible tale of the days we are living through."

—N. Y. Times. \$3.50



LITTLE, BROWN & CO.  
BOSTON

"The best book ever  
written on the American Revolution."

—Book-of-the-Month Club News

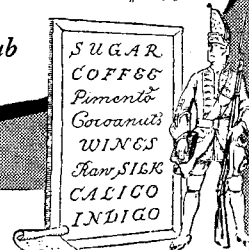
## ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By John C. Miller

"Fair to the Whig, fair to the Democrat, fair to both England and the Colonies... written with such skill... that its erudition floats in the current of a tremendous story... American readers should be wiser and shrewder and more realistic and better Americans after reading this history."—Henry Seidel Canby, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for August

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book • \$3.50



## U. S. FOREIGN POLICY

SHIELD OF THE REPUBLIC

By Walter Lippmann

A call to the American people to decide now on a foreign policy they can agree on, believe in and stick to! *An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* \$1.50

## Robert Lawson WATCHWORDS OF LIBERTY

A pageant of American quotations, with a brief, vivid story for each and many brilliant Lawson illustrations. \$2.00



and fix their prices. Mr. Bone is the epitome of London victorious, and his book, *The London Perambulator*, — it is almost unobtainable here, — preserves the beauty and humanity of Old London before the slugging began.

## How tired is tired?

Once you begin to see the damage, that question is never out of your mind. How tired are these people? How much more can they take? The vitality on the Liverpool docks and in the Glasgow shipyards is amazing. But management and the shop stewards are tight-stretched, and who can blame them if some of the rubber is worn out of their system. On the train from Edinburgh to Hull when I saw workers' families bound for the seaside on their first vacation since the summer of '39, I realized again how hard-driven these people have been.

"How tired is tired?" is the question **J. B. Priestley** poses in his new novel, *Daylight on Saturday*. His story is centered in an aircraft factory at that particular time — October, 1942 — when the war seemed to have reached a stalemate and when, from boredom and fatigue, production figures were steadily sliding down. The novelist wants you to see men and women, a cross-section of human nature, under the goad of production. From Mr. Cheviot, the General Manager, down to Sammy Gamp, the crippled janitor, there are some forty workers in this book, each identified, each revealing in his own way the dislocation, the strain, and the craving which, taken together, have run them down like a watch that needs winding.

In his burly Yorkshire attack on the problem in hand, Mr. Priestley reminds me not a little of H. G. Wells. Like Mr. Wells, he enjoys preaching and will stop his story to do some. Like Mr. Wells, he bosses his characters outrageously. In a series of episodes, lively and most skillful in transition, he conducts the reader down the assembly line of the factory, pausing to watch, now Ogmores, the communist, now Elrick, the works superintendent, now Gwen, the ablest girl in the shop, now Sister Filey, the nurse on duty. This device is effective at the outset; the characterization is swift as a flashlight, the talk natural, the clash of wills exciting. But the trouble is, there are too many characters — forty of them. Technically the novel becomes too obvious: you feel as if you were being transferred from trolley car to trolley car, each of which carried you just three blocks.

## How England reads

For refreshment and, I dare say, for courage and for hope, people are turning to books more avidly than in the Long Armistice. There simply is not enough print to go round. Modern editions of a popular writer like Mr. Priestley are sold out like hot cakes, and when the paper quota for that particular novel has been reached, no more copies are to be had.

But the demand does not stop there. Bernard Quaritch and Maggs report that there never was such a demand for the standard sets and the beautifully made press books. Prices have doubled since 1938. *The Complete Works of George Bernard Shaw* — it might have fetched eight pounds before the war — went for twenty-eight last week. The Ashendene Press Edition of *Morte d'Arthur* has jumped from forty-two pounds to eighty; the Kelmscott *Chaucer* has gone from eighty-five pounds to two hundred five, and Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* has risen from one hundred sixty pounds in July, 1940, to three hundred this summer.

In passing let me give you a tip. Now is the time to pick up first editions of a living writer second to none in these islands — the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill.

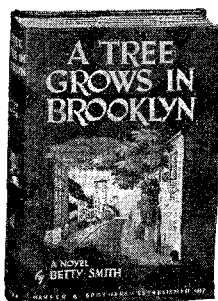
Library sets and first editions are at one extreme. At the other are the pamphlets, the little books of which there is a mushroom growth. I visited the oldest bookshop on Fleet Street — how they missed being burned is a mystery — and here, if you please, is an array of the paper-bound books that caught my eye. I give you their titles: *Rough Stuff for Home Guards*; *Silent Killing*, *Diagrams Vital Body Points*, *A Manual of Commando Warfare*; *Can We Afford Beveridge?*; *Morse in Seven Days*; *Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt*; *Rebuilding Britain*.

## Air-Sea Rescue

The most gallant of all the paperbacks are those printed by His Majesty's Stationery Office, and the one which touched me most nearly was the thirty-two-page chronicle of *Air-Sea Rescue* issued for the Air Ministry. My first week here I read a cheering but cryptic note in the morning paper: "One hundred and one airmen have been rescued from the North Sea and the Channel in the past fifty hours." That was all. But how come? I asked my friends in the Ministry of Information, they dug up a copy of this pamphlet, and I had my answer.

Here, in masculine, vivid English is the true story of what the RAF and now our own airmen do when they are "ditched"; here is how the crew of a bomber brace themselves when the craft cracks into the sea; here is how a fighter pilot holds his nose, releases his parachute harness, and grips fast to his dinghy pack just as his feet touch the water. Here is the cozy story of those air-sea rescue floats, like cabin cruisers with a sloping ramp instead of a propeller shaft, up which your damp aviator drags himself into a cabin with heat, food, and a radio. Might he meet a German aviator inside? Well, it is possible, for there are many such floats moored throughout the Channel, and German pursuits are the underdog. Here is the ceaseless, the vigilant story of the Coastal Command who scour the water for those human pinpoints, and of the Royal Naval launches that pick up the SOS. One hundred and one airmen in fifty hours. When you see an aviator wearing a goldfish on his right sleeve, you will know that he has been pulled out of the ditch at least twice.

Nothing I can say will exaggerate the priority which the Air Force holds on the imagination here.



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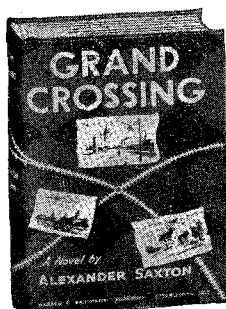
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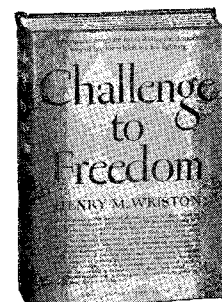
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**"I**NTELLIGENCE, dignity and courage ... an important book ... a discussion of the most important problem facing the American people ... honest, earnest, unflinching." — William Allen White, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* \$2.00

**HENRY M. WRISTON**

## **Challenge to Freedom**

# Yankee FROM OLYMPUS

THE STORY OF JUSTICE HOLMES  
BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

**FOREWORD** The story of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is the story of his country. The narrative cannot begin with the flat date of his birth — 1841. This was a man whose presence carried tradition; over his shoulder one catches sight of his ancestors. His roots reached deep into American earth; it was the strength of these roots that permitted so splendid a flowering.

Wendells, Olivers, Jacksons, Holmeses: solid people, “sound” people — and adventurous people. They left Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., a superb inheritance, one that balanced him as the nine-tenths of the iceberg we do not see balances that glittering pinnacle. To know Judge Holmes at eighty — courtly, witty, scholarly, kind — it is well to have acquaintance with his Calvinist grandfather, Abiel Holmes, with his handsome, worldly great-grandfather, Judge Wendell, with his mother from whom he inherited, he said, “a trace of melancholy.”

Above all, it is well to know his father, the sturdy Yankee who wrote bad verse and good books — professor of anatomy, talkative five-foot-three Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table who lived upon applause and said so with engaging frankness.

It is easy to know these people. They were articulate, given to writing down what they saw and thought. And they were passionately interested in their country. In the books they wrote, in their letters, their diaries, the welfare of the American Union plays a large part. Because of this, the opening page of our story falls naturally into place. Where could it begin except on the autumn day of 1800 when Abiel Holmes, gravely concerned over the approaching election of Jefferson, sat down in his parsonage on Harvard Square to commence the writing of his *American Annals*?



# YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

## 1

ON an autumn morning of the year 1800, the Reverend Abiel Holmes, aged thirty-six, handsome, widowed, and lonely, sat down in his study near Harvard Square in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to begin the writing of his new book. It was to be called *American Annals*, and the very contemplation of it caused its author's blood to run faster.

Since that day when, a boy of fifteen, as poor as he was eager, he had traveled down from Woodstock to enter Yale College, there had run in the veins of Abiel Holmes this unremitting sense of adventure where things of the mind were concerned. So would it run, and so would this excitement mount in the veins of his son Oliver Wendell Holmes and his son's son of that same name. Minister of the First Parish in Cambridge, Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, Justice of the Supreme Court — none made literature his calling. But all three lived hard and wrote what they lived, and for all three the utterance was as important as the living.

Abiel Holmes, lifting his eyes from the piles of scribbled, carefully documented notes on his desk, looked out the window across the parsonage yard to where bare maple branches swept low over a board fence, hiding the red bricks of the college beyond. In the middle of the yard the free end of the long

pump arm slanted skyward. Old Liza had left it up again, Abiel noted. Why didn't she wait and let him carry in the water as he had told her so often? Liza was getting too old to keep this big ramshackle house. Even Mary Holmes had hated it. The image of his young wife, dead five years, rose dimly before Abiel . . . Mary Stiles.

What this parsonage needed, Mary's widower reflected now, was a wife. Frowning, Abiel turned back to his desk. This was no time to be thinking of wives. There was a task at hand. He would begin these *Annals* at the beginning, with Columbus, and he would keep on with them, God willing, until his hand was too palsied to hold a pen.

Abiel Holmes loved challenge and looked as if he loved it. Under the clerical gown and bib his shoulders were broad; his thick dark hair hung to his shoulders, curling crisply at the ends; his level, deep eyes sparkled with health, his color was high. He wore the dark robe of Calvinism with an air and loved the religion it symbolized.

Abiel had a warm pride in his country — and a Calvinist conscience that translated pride quickly into a sense of debt. When you were proud of something, you got out and worked for it.

Abiel came honestly by his patriotism. His father, Captain David Holmes, had fought in two American wars and, worn out, had died at fifty-seven, leaving seven sons and a daughter to help build the country he had fought for. Abiel was fifteen when his father died; he remembered well those stories of the Canadian wilderness. Captain Holmes, fighting Indians in the Old French War of 1758, had walked single file through the forests with his men, dressed in a soldier's hat and fringed leggings, carrying his flintlock on his hip.

Was it history, Abiel wondered now, sitting at his desk by a quiet Cambridge window — was that history which had happened to one's own father? Was it history that his father's friend, Major Putnam, was captured outside Fort Ann and tied to

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CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN, essayist and the biographer of Tchaikovsky and the Rubinsteins, grew up in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. She now lives in Bryn Mawr. For more than three years she has been at work on her biography of Justice Holmes. She says, "Why did I, being neither lawyer nor professional philosopher, undertake to write a book about Justice Holmes? I think because these are times when it is good to know about Americans who believed in their country, who worked for their country with all their might, and who had a good time doing it. I wanted to throw myself into the long study of just such a man. 'Life is action and passion,' Justice Holmes said. 'I think it is required of a man that he should share the action and passion of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived.'" Certainly Holmes shared the action and passion of his country on the soldier's field as well as on the judge's bench. And the *Atlantic* and its readers are privileged to share with Mrs. Bowen her study of that splendid man and servant of his country.

a tree by the Indians, fagots piled around him? Was it history how he escaped and how, seventeen years later, the Major and Captain Holmes, on hearing the first news of Lexington, joined the Continental Army and served four long years?

Surely, these things were at least the footnote to history! Surely, thought Abiel Holmes, his quill gone dry above his paper — surely a man could put these things into footnotes without being charged with immodesty? Well, he had his father's *Orderly Books*, four large volumes written in the Captain's own hand during the wilderness campaigns of '58; if he worked from them rather than from word of mouth, it should be as authoritative as any other source.

There was so much of history that Abiel knew by word of mouth! How could he pass it by? It was in his blood. His mother and his mother's mother had told him stories. If the men of the family were adventurers and soldiers, the women had been remarkably articulate for their day, even learned.

Grandmother Hewet, for instance. Abiel remembered her, at eighty-five, pink and pretty, with gentle manners and a spicy way of talking. She had taught herself to read Latin back in the times when you might wake any black night to find a tomahawk quivering in your cabin door. "When I was a girl," she had told Abiel, "I begged to go to school with the boys. But the elders were angry, and said Latin was not for women's heads. 'Go home, Tempy,' they said, 'and learn to spin and weave.' So I taught myself to read Virgil. 'Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit,'" said Grandmother Hewet softly, in her light old voice. "Abiel, I still find it beautiful."

Abiel was a passionate antiquarian and scholar. Some of his sermons had been printed, and he had published a biography of his late father-in-law, President Ezra Stiles of Yale College. He had read histories of states and histories of towns, clerical accounts and military accounts and the records of travelers who wrote in Spanish and French and Latin and English. As he read, it seemed extraordinary that no one had written of the country as a whole.

It was fortunate for the *Annals* that Abiel was also a traveled man. He had been twice to Georgia and back, traveling by stagecoach and saddle horse. Indeed, he had not only been to Georgia but he had lived there four years as a minister in the old New England colony. When, returning north, he settled in Cambridge as minister, Abiel brought with him a view of his country that went far beyond the First Parish. Almost immediately, he began writing to his friends in faraway places, begging historical

facts. To friends in Georgia and in Virginia, in the Carolinas and westward in Tennessee. Military facts, economic facts, facts of American church history, jumbled together, set down any old way.

Abiel Holmes lived history day by day, writing it on the run, setting it down as it happened. And now the facts were gathered, they lay on Abiel's desk, overflowing the shelves of his study, neat in their folders, ready to be "written." Abiel dipped his quill: —

## AMERICAN ANNALS;

OR

## A CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA

he wrote on the title page.

FROM ITS DISCOVERY IN MCCCCXCH TO ———

Abiel left a blank for the second date. How long would he survive? It was a clan of octogenarians.

By ABIEL HOLMES, D.D. A.A.S. S.H.S.

MINISTER OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE.

he continued, and paused.

— SUUM QUAEQUE IN ANNUM REFERRE.

TACIT. ANNAL.

he wrote, and put his pen down and looked with satisfaction at the page. "Refer everything back to its own year." The Latin looked well, under his name. Abiel put the sheet aside and took a fresh one. This was, now, the true beginning. Should he say a prayer, ask the guidance of Him without Whose inspiration no man could write a book about anything? But the first sentence was already formed; the words burned in their author's mind. Abiel Holmes did not wait to pray. The blood came up in his face, and moved by the panorama of his country's history, his prose that had been so dry, so correct, swung out with a bold cadence that was new to him: —

A NEW WORLD has been discovered, which has been receiving inhabitants from the old, more than three hundred years. A new empire has arisen, which has been a theatre of great actions and stupendous events. . . .

## 2

JUST after New Year's day, 1801, a young Boston girl named Louisa Storrow wrote a chatty little note to an absent mother: —

Now, Mamma, I am going to surprise you. Mr. Abiel Holmes, of Cambridge, whom we so kindly chalked out for Miss N. W., is going to be married,

and, of all folks in the world, guess who to. Miss Sally Wendell. I am sure you will not believe it; however, it is an absolute fact, for Harriot and M. Jackson told Miss P. Russell so, who told us; it had been kept secret for six weeks, nobody knows for what. I could not believe it for some time, and scarcely can now; however, it is a fact they say.

Sally Wendell did not wait till June for her wedding. At our age, she told Abiel, there is no time to lose. We will be married at the end of March in your Meetinghouse, and we will invite everybody in Cambridge and Boston.

Abiel smiled. He did not like the practical details of life. How good it was to have, suddenly, this brisk tiny creature arranging everything! The Wendells knew everyone on both sides of the river. It seemed to Abiel they were related to everyone. Wendells, Jacksons, Olivers, Dudleys, Cabots, Eliots, Quincys, Bradstreets, Phillipses — these were Sally's cousins and forebears. They had had their portraits painted by Copley and Stuart; they had gone to London and dined with titled cousins of the great world and had brought home silver plate and furniture by Chippendale.

It seemed to Abiel Holmes extraordinary, when he stopped to think of it, that he, the son of Captain David and Temperance Holmes, was marrying the granddaughter of Colonel Wendell who had lost forty buildings in the great Boston fire of 1762. To lose forty buildings? It implied a kingdom! Abiel could live on £150 a year and had done it (with "findings" from the parish).

But this fact of the buildings stuck in his imagination as it would stick also in the imagination of his son Oliver fifty years later. Abiel occupied, most certainly, a position of leadership in his community. But intellectual and spiritual leadership carries honors altogether different from the prestige that comes from being a Wendell, a Quincy, a Jackson, with silver plate by Lamerie and a table set with Sèvres porcelain.

In March, 1801, Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated third president of the United States, bringing with him a new era and a new philosophy. He strode through the Capitol, fiery-eyed, tense with purpose. And John Adams, staunch and stubborn, representative of a century that was past, rose to his feet and, turning his back on the White House and a world that had treated him unkindly, went home to his farm at Quincy, Massachusetts. In his barnyard he found a hundred loads of seaweed. A fine load of manure, said Mr. Adams, paraphrasing Horace, was fair exchange for the honors and virtues of the world.

And in that same month of March, in the First Parish Church of Cambridge, Sarah Wendell became Mrs. Abiel Holmes and, without benefit of wedding journey, walked down the Meetinghouse steps and across the road to take charge of the parsonage. Already the old house wore a different aspect. Its new mistress had had it swept and garnished and had brought roomfuls of handsome furniture — cabinets and tables and lowboys and highboys of dark satiny wood. Every cockroach had been banished and the long pump arm no more slanted crazily. It had been replaced with a new-fangled thing one pumped up and down; even the cracked old bucket was gone.

Abiel Holmes found life suddenly extraordinarily pleasant. He was deeply in love with his wife. In his study, writing the *Annals*, preparing his sermons, he thought of Sally, listened for her high, clear voice down the steep stairway. It troubled him, this passionate connubiality. Was it quite in keeping with God's representative — and a man of nearly forty at that?

In his diary Abiel recorded a story his mother had told him; it came very close to home, bothering Abiel with a little feeling of shame concerning himself. After his father died, his mother, a handsome woman, had offers of marriage which she rejected, apparently, with scorn. When Abiel was nearly twenty, a very respectable man had begun visiting her, with obvious intent. Mrs. Holmes desired to put a stop to this before it reached an open declaration. One evening, leading her suitor into the parlor, she prayed him to listen while she read some favorite lines from Young's *Night Thoughts*.

The suitor was all smiles and ears. Was not poetry, after all, the prelude to love?

"Though gray our heads,"

read Temperance Holmes serenely, her face bland,

"our thoughts and aims are green,  
Like damaged clocks, whose hand and bell dissent,  
Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve."

Her success was complete; the disheartened suitor disappeared without further importuning.

That, said Abiel's conscience, was the way to treat love in middle age. But the story bothered him. One night he told it to Sally on the way home from prayer meeting. It was summer and the maple leaves beside their door were heavy, the air sweet with honeysuckle. Abiel's voice and laugh were elaborately casual. But Sally did not laugh at his story.

"Abiel," she said, "why are you afraid to be happy? Surely the Lord loves a cheerful heart!"



And besides, didn't the Reverend Dr. Mather himself have three wives before he was done, and fifteen children? People" — her voice quickened; there was a matter-of-factness in it that never failed to reach Abiel, cutting straight through the tortured labyrinth of his introspection — "people don't have to be dreary to be good."

With Sally in the parsonage, Abiel Holmes found little time for introspection. The house seemed filled with people, coming and going. Sally knew the private troubles of everyone in the parish, worried over them, sympathized, shed tears. She was always buying presents for somebody's baby or somebody's grandmother. Within a year after they were married, Sally presented her husband with a daughter. Mary Jackson Holmes, they named her, after Sally's mother.

Abiel was filled with a deep happiness. Around him life moved and flowed, quietly, but with a sense of accomplishment, fruition. In 1805 the *American Annals* appeared, two stout volumes which were received everywhere with acclaim. Edinburgh University gave Abiel an honorary degree *in absentia*, and in London the *Quarterly Review* gave praise most unusual for an American book.

### 3

THE favourable reception of this work in the United States, and its republication in London, encouraged me to extend my researches in order to render it more full and exact . . .," wrote Abiel in the Preface to the second edition of his work, twenty-three years later.

"To literary gentlemen and correspondents I have been indebted for answers to historical inquiries, and for the use of rare books. My particular acknowledgments are due to the late president JEFFERSON, who, approving the plan of the work, sent me from his own library several books, of which I have never seen any other copies."

A second term. It was amazing, Judge Wendell said gloomily when Jefferson was inaugurated the second time, in March, 1805, that the country had weathered the past four Republican years as well as it had.

Abiel smiled. How vehement the Judge became — and his friends with him — when the name of Jefferson was mentioned! Abiel had heard the Judge actually follow the word "Jefferson" with the word "tyrant." When their pockets were touched, men's judgment became instantly distorted. The temper of Boston, Abiel thought sometimes, — and did not say it, — was changing. She cared less for outrages

to the Rights of Man, and more for outrages to her brisk shipping interests. Touch a Massachusetts man in his pocket and the thrust went through to the heart and was immediately defended in terms of great principles. Jefferson's embargo was not spoken of as a nuisance. It was, said Boston, a threat to our Federation, a threat to freedom, to the principles of Washington and the Founding Fathers.

Thomas Jefferson, Judge Wendell said, would not only carry politics and trade to the dogs, but religion with it. Was he not an avowed atheist? Abiel Holmes was not afraid; he knew the old religion would stand. He was not even made apprehensive by the recent appointment, at Harvard, of a Unitarian as professor of theology, although the appointment had caused as much talk around town as the presidential election.

Henry Ware was a brilliant man, certainly, and a very dangerous influence to youth; several parents had already withdrawn their sons from the university because of him. This new doctrine of Unitarianism was insidious. Expose your son to it and before the month was out he was talking about "free will" and gibing openly at the notion — stamped plainly in the New England Primer — that "In Adam's fall, We sinned all."

Deliberately, Abiel omitted Ware's appointment from the *Annals* for 1805, although he saw fit to include the new professorship of natural history and the erection of a college rooming house. The best way to silence these new creeds was to ignore them; in the end the true faith survived.

Abiel Holmes had as yet no conception of the fires that smoldered beneath his very pulpit; nor that these embers, bursting at last into flame, would be a conflagration to drive him from his own Meetinghouse door. He thought of himself as a liberal-minded man. Was not one of his best friends a Unitarian? Young William Ellery Channing, who had come from Newport three years ago as proctor at the University, had promptly joined Abiel's church. The next year, when Channing was ordained minister in the Federal Street Church, Abiel himself had delivered the introductory prayer.

It was too soon for Abiel Holmes to see that the real significance of the Unitarian movement was social, not theological; that it had far more to do with the Rights of Man than with the denial of the Trinity. A dissenter himself, Abiel had not as yet the dissenter's fierce opposition to all who disagreed with him. He was forty-one; he was still growing. He looked forward, not back.

The old religion was safe, but there were other temptations that beset a man of God — the Devil

walked always behind one. The fascination of compiling the *Annals* grew daily, hourly. Abiel told himself he must beware of neglecting his spiritual, pastoral duties in favor of history. The Sunday School had eighty members, the new library was receiving books too fast to house them. A man's sermons could be used twice and thrice; Abiel exchanged pulpits with many churches in and around Boston; in particular his sermon on the death of George Washington was often asked for. Abiel kept the church records in his own hand, he would not have trusted them to another.

1809. June, July. Leaving his study with reluctance, Abiel walked downstairs and across the road to his Meetinghouse. And as always when he set foot in God's house, his heart lifted instantly. Of the modest house of God that was his own particular care, Abiel loved every foot. The slim spire with its graceful belfry topped by the big gilt weathercock, the ancient burying ground beneath. The rows of square white pews, the tall windows that let in the morning sun.

Of course, there were things that could be improved. The pew seats, for instance, raised on hinges to give standing room during prayer. After the Long Prayer they were released, and came down with a bang that was not conducive to worship. Sally did not like the choir and the music. She wanted an organ. There was nothing sinful in a church organ, she said, and besides, the bass viol was always out of tune and the strings broke regularly on Sabbath evening as if by design of Satan. Bass viol and flute, Abiel had replied, were music enough in God's house. But afterwards, he visited half the churches in Boston to examine the organs and inquire as to the cost of installation.

From the doorsill of his Meetinghouse, Abiel Holmes looked out on Cambridge Common where a seventeen-starred flag hung now from the staff and the Revolutionary cannon sat fat and cocky, not yet rusted through. It was good to see the Common green with summer, good to take one's spade behind the house and dig in the vegetable garden. The months passed, and in his almanac Abiel made occasional notes of meetings and appointments, adding little that was personal.

But on August 29, 1809, Abiel broke his rule. Alongside the date and the printed prediction that the day would be "pleasant," he added a little mark: —

= August 29 Pleasant

August 30 Commencement, Cambridge College.

= — son b.

Then he threw black sand on the ink to blot it.

"= — son b." Thus modestly was announced the advent of Oliver Wendell Holmes, doctor, professor, Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table — and poet laureate to Boston for half a century.

#### 4

1815. A boy growing up in a quiet college town. Not even a town — a village of tree-lined lanes, of open fields where raspberries grew wild, of salt marshes where the tide rose and fell and where the heron built its nest. Mr. Madison's War was over; Oliver Holmes, aged five, heard the bells peal for victory and ran all the way home from dame school, waving his hat with the other boys and shouting, "Hurrah for America!"

The hurricane came that September, blowing fiercely in from the sea, leaving salt crystals on Cambridge windows. Oliver's grandfather, driving out from Boston next day, said most of the beautiful English elms that Mr. Paddock had planted near the Common were lying in the street, blown down. The American elms stood up because they were more slender and yielding. It was like the willows and oaks in the fable.

Well, it was always good when something American stood up and something English fell down. Oliver's father insisted the British were no longer our enemies and it was a Christian's business to foster peace, not strife. But in the attic hung an old flintlock musket that had belonged to Oliver's grandfather, Captain Holmes. Abiel told his son that when he was ten he could have it for his own. Against such hopes, against such testimonies of battle, the words of peace spoken by his father were to the boy entirely unconvincing.

Oliver spent a lot of time in church. On Sunday there were three services; the long one was held in the afternoon. Until Oliver was six, Harvard College held all its services, including morning chapel, in the Meetinghouse; the students sat upstairs in the east gallery. When University Hall was built the students stopped coming to the Meetinghouse except for Commencement exercises.

And Commencement, as every Cambridge boy knew, transformed the Meetinghouse and the whole town into a place of carnival and delight. The Common was covered with tents made, in thrifty Yankee fashion, of old sails. Candy booths, Punch and Judy shows, lined the sidewalks round the Square. On Monday morning the men began putting up the tents and kept at it all night; you could hear their hammers plainly from your bed. Every August,

Oliver counted the tents, telling his brother triumphantly there were many more this year than last.

And on Tuesday morning early, standing by the Meetinghouse, you heard first of all the Lighthorse coming with their trumpets. That was the Governor, arriving to take his seat in the Meetinghouse. By nine o'clock every pew was filled. The Harvard Washington Corps was gorgeous with cockaded hats, tall polished boots, and clanking swords. And how grand the Honorable George Cabot looked, descending from his carriage in black breeches and silk stockings, wig and buckled shoes!

The scholars themselves were almost eclipsed in all this festivity. About fifty were graduated each year; they dashed about among the crowd in the August sun, their gowns floating behind them, their tall beaver hats looking hot and magnificent. Oliver Holmes knew each of them by name. With every Cambridge boy it was a point of pride to know the list of every class alphabetically from *Amory* to *Wentworth*, and not only the names but the nicknames, their owners' haunts and favorite games. Oliver looked forward to that day when he himself would thus be listed and could tell his brother John, grandly, that he and his cronies had been over to Gallagher's last night, for beer and oysters.

On Sundays, Abiel Holmes often exchanged pulpits with ministers in and around Boston. As Oliver grew older, his father began inviting the boy to come along to Dorchester or Lexington to hear him preach. The two would jog off together in the two-wheeled chaise behind a quiet horse, and the boy loved it. They would leave on Saturday and come home on Monday. Abiel, on these trips, talked religion to his son. Oliver listened vaguely. By the time he was ten the Westminster Catechism had lost its bite not only for Oliver Holmes but for most of New England. Oliver was still afraid of the Devil, but the doctrine of transmitted sin, justification, sanctification, meant no more to him than the mystic syllables by which his friends counted each other out in their games.

But to Abiel Holmes the old doctrines had become more important than ever. It seemed to him that New England was rushing toward Unitarianism like the Gadarene swine to destruction. Theologically, Unitarianism meant God as One rather than God as Three in One. As long as the movement had been confined to theology, Abiel had paid little heed. Any good historian knew such quarrels were forgotten in a generation and the true doctrine prevailed.

But Unitarianism had obviously gone far beyond

doctrinal matters. The old morality was disappearing with the old religion. Abiel, who had cautioned his congregation against singing Watts hymns with levity, saw crowds go to church gayly, in their best bonnets, as if they were going to a show. Pipe organs and mummery took the place of solemnity and the Long Prayer; if men still loved God, they most certainly did not fear Him. And fear of the Lord, Abiel told himself passionately, was the beginning of wisdom.

The truth was that the Unitarian movement was a natural concomitant to events that were not churchly but sociological, not local but nation-wide. The Jeffersonian ideal of individualism, opportunity for all, refused to jibe with the notion that man was born wicked, doomed forever. Federal or Democratic-Republican — no matter what one's politics, the ideas of Jefferson and of Rousseau before him had penetrated too far to be revoked. The Rights of Man — was this consistent with a doctrine of total depravity and everlasting damnation? If you could get ahead on earth, said Yankee common sense, you could get ahead in heaven.

And to this notion the new applied science was a potent ally. A man who had seen his mother die of the smallpox, and who now saw his son saved by vaccination, could no longer believe that prayer was the only salvation against present danger. Lavoisier had said that matter was indestructible; even smoke was but another form of the wood it rose from. John Dalton advanced his atomic theory. Down in Monticello, Thomas Jefferson was experimenting with the rotation of crops, using the calculus as well as common sense on his farm, and at the same time planning a university that was to embrace all creeds.

With every step that science took, Abiel was in keen accord, setting it down in the *Annals* whether it was a mere tally of the number of spindles in Baltimore's cotton factories in 1813 or the incorporation, in 1811, of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. But to the new spirit that went along with science — the new agnosticism, Unitarianism, whatever name men called it by — Abiel was deeply opposed.

When a man invented a cotton loom, a water-driven spindle, let him dedicate it to the glory of God! Let him go down on his knees and thank the Father who had put this invention into the mind of His humble servant. Life was becoming easy, conditions of daily living much softer. And man, Abiel Holmes observed, no longer feared his Maker. His house warmed by stoves, man looked out at the raging blizzard and smiled, forgetting to propitiate his God.



Abiel ceased exchanging pulpits with such men as William Ellery Channing. On Sundays the Meetinghouse saw no more Unitarians. It was good, thought Abiel, that he had long ago entered his son Oliver in Phillips Academy up at Andover; the Academy was a very bulwark of Orthodoxy. Perhaps Oliver would go to Andover Theological Seminary and be a minister.

## 5

OLIVER HOLMES did nothing of the kind. When he was fifteen he went for a winter to Phillips Academy, sailing pleasantly through the semesters without being marked even slightly by moral or religious suasion; the virus of Orthodoxy did not touch him. In October, 1825, he found himself a Harvard freshman — and very pleased with the fact. He was sixteen, quite sure he was a man, but he still lived at home in his old room facing west under the eaves.

Every morning he rose in the dark at the clanging of the college bell and ran across a brown, grassy field to chapel. John Kirkland was still president of Harvard, Josiah Quincy was mayor of Boston, John Quincy Adams was president of the United States. Missouri was a state, come in after Maine. One free state and one slave to match as usual — but Missouri lay north of the slavery line and Adams said that her inclusion marked the “title-page of a great, tragic volume.”

January, February, April. On the Charles River the ice was thawed. Time to get out the wherry and row round to Boston. Oliver Holmes stepped into his skiff, whistling the song the class of '29 had sung last night at the oyster supper. And three hundred miles to the westward, Clinton's Big Ditch was finished. Along its banks the drivers walked, their lines slackening across narrow water: “I got a mule and her name is Sal, fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.”

1825 The ceremony of breaking ground for the continuation of the great national road westward of the Ohio was performed at St. Clairsville on the 4th of July. — On the same day the ceremony of breaking ground for the great canal of the Ohio was performed on the Hicking Summit by governor Clinton, of New York, who had been invited for the special purpose.

Writing his *Annals*, Abiel Holmes recorded the nation moving westward and was careful, as always, to write “governor” with a small *g* — “governor” Clinton, “professor” Everett. One must be watchful never to make titles that might lead men of the New World back to the vanities of the Old.

1825 . . . and Eli Whitney, at New Haven, aged 57 years.

“By his invention of the cotton gin,” Abiel wrote in a footnote, “he ‘was the means of changing the whole course of industry in the southern section of the Union.’ . . . Mr. Whitney, at the instance of the government of the United States, next directed his mechanical ingenuity to the manufacture of fire arms, in which he was eminently successful; . . . and his death . . . was regarded as a public calamity.”

How the face of America was changing! thought Abiel Holmes. In Cambridge lanes the college boys teetered about on huge, high-wheeled velocipedes. There was gaslight on the streets of Boston. Abiel loved material progress so long as it did not interfere with things of the spirit. That same year he recorded proudly the opening of the New Faneuil Hall Market: “‘one of the boldest, most useful, and splendid public improvements, that have lately taken place in the eastern states.’” “The Quincy Rail road” was opened too, with appropriate ceremonies. Over its rails three wagons loaded with twenty-one tons of stone were moved with ease by a single horse, a distance of three miles.

1826 The first volume of Commentaries on American Law, by James Kent, was published at New York.

1826 On the 4th of July, John Adams died at Quincy, in the 91st year of his age; and Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, in Virginia, in his 83d year. . . .”

It was the last entry; except for a concluding paragraph, the *Annals* were finished. Their author had accomplished his design; he had recorded the events of three centuries since the discovery of the New World, one hundred and seventy years of Colonial history and fifty years of the history of the United States. For twenty-six years he had been writing this book; it had been his constant companion. He would write his last paragraph on the same desk, looking out on almost the same Cambridge landscape he had looked out on a quarter century ago when the *Annals* were begun. Preparing to compose his peroration, Abiel turned back to the old edition of 1805: —

A NEW WORLD has been discovered, which has been receiving inhabitants from the old, more than three hundred years. A new empire has arisen. . . .

Once more Abiel Holmes felt a stirring of his blood. When he wrote those words, America embraced sixteen states, five million people. Now it had twenty-four states, ten million inhabitants.

Searching his original Preface, searching also his first pages of actual history, Abiel was startled to find no mention of God, no credit given duly to the Heavenly Father of all these Americans, the Good Shepherd without whose help no flock could cross the western mountains, no ship arrive in harbors west or east. He was young when he wrote those pages. He had forgotten, in his country, his God.

He would revise for this second edition, which would have a new title, *The Annals of America*, the peroration of the first. There, at least, he had not excluded the counsels of heaven. He read again the sentence by General Washington which he quoted then and would quote now — a sentence he had often used in sermons: —

“No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step, by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency.”

Then, with a rolling phrase, a succession of capital letters, Abiel wrote the last words of his book: —

Following his own valedictory counsel, and favoured with the benediction of Heaven, may the Republic be preserved through all the revolving years of future Time.

## 6

ABIEL missed the *Annals* greatly. Throughout the years they had been more than an interest and a hobby: they had been a solace, a refuge from very present trouble. And as the months passed, Abiel needed a refuge and a solace. In 1827 the First Parish became involved in a very serious controversy. It concerned Abiel's refusal to accept the new Unitarian doctrines which in the last years had become so popular. The more popular they became, the more Abiel turned away his face. On exchange Sundays his congregation was greeted by no more Channings in the pulpit, but only with the strictest Congregationalists, men with the old-fashioned hell fire in their sermons.

And the congregation did not like it. They said so, and when Abiel would not listen they held meetings, made impassioned speeches, and finally, after months of wrangling, dispatched a letter to Abiel, signed by many — but not all — the leading men of the parish. The letter was long and polite, oiled with the very unction of piety. But it said in effect that if the pastor refused to comply with the wishes of his flock, his flock desired another shepherd.

Abiel read the letter and did not yield an inch.

Thirty-five years ago he had come to this parish to teach certain doctrines. The doctrines had not changed. Abiel saw no authority in this parish to change them. Sally Holmes stood staunchly by her husband. Liberal-minded herself, reared in liberal surroundings, she had never, during all the years of her marriage, been able to espouse the old religion. She was both too practical and too cheerful to accept a doctrine that sent her children to hell before they had learned to speak. She had never said so; there had been no occasion to say so. Her husband was the kindest of men; never once had she seen him strike fear to his children's hearts by any doctrine whatever.

But as he grew older, Sally had watched him sadly. Whether right or wrong, Abiel, plainly, was going to lose his church. How easy it would be for him to escape this bitter cup! A little tact, a little twisting of words, and they could go on happily as before, with the whole parish sustaining them.

But Abiel would not twist his words. The battle, he said, was not his but the Lord's. Yet his voice, when he rebuked his flock, was neither bitter nor denunciatory. It was firm, but as always it was gentle. Leaning a little forward, his long, fine hands resting on the arms of the pulpit, he spoke quietly, his face serene, benign. Strife was not fitting in God's house.

The congregation, glancing at each other, stirred restlessly. Their pastor was out of line with the times. Did he not understand what was going on around him? The older church members supported him staunchly, but to the younger, Abiel's gentleness irritated more than if he had screamed back.

“If I seem to disregard the wishes or the taste of my hearers,” he wrote to some of his parishioners, “it is because I am more desirous to *save* than to please them.”

The congregation, angry, desired to be saved in its own way. More meetings were held and on June 18, 1829, it was voted that “the Rev. Dr. Abiel Holmes be, and he hereby is, dismissed from his office of minister of the gospel and teacher of piety, religion and morality in said parish, and that all connexion between said Holmes, as such minister or teacher, and said parish, do and shall henceforth cease.”

On Sabbath evening, Abiel heard that another preacher would be there before him. It was the end; Abiel left the First Church. He did not go out alone. Sixty of the members went with him; it was the parish at large, the noncommunicants, who had opposed him. Abiel and his flock held service in the old Courthouse on the Square. They had hopes some day of building a new Meetinghouse. But no

new church, Sally Holmes knew, could take the place in her husband's heart of the old wooden Meetinghouse where he had worshiped for so long.

## 7

OLIVER HOLMES, a senior now at Harvard, was sorry for his father. But he was young and extremely occupied with his own affairs. He was Class Poet, he was vaguely in love with a different girl each week; graduation was only two months away and he had not the slightest idea what he was going to do after he had received his diploma. Everyone else in the class of '29, it seemed to him, had settled upon a career. Sam Smith was going to Andover Theological Seminary; Ben Peirce was going to teach mathematics, Curtis and Bigelow were going to the Law School under Judge Story.

The last thing Oliver desired was to be a minister, and the next last thing, a mathematician. There was not, in truth, much choice of careers. He had written successfully for the college papers; he would like to be an author — but how could a man keep alive on a few poems and stories? In the end he settled on the law, enrolled under Judge Story in the newly established law courses at Dane Hall, and spent a hideous winter brooding over Blackstone and Kent. By January he was in despair. "I am sick at heart of this place," he wrote a school friend of Andover days. "I know not what the temple of the law may be to those who have entered it, but to me it seems very cold and cheerless about the threshold."

Spring came, and instead of writing law Oliver sat by the window looking out on a green world, and wrote poetry. How easily the verses came, pouring out upon the paper, quips and puns, conceits and figures! "I spend my time," he wrote his friend, "writing poetry like a madman, and talking sentiment like a turtle dove."

Cambridge had the most delightful girls, and lately Oliver had made excursions into Boston too. There was one girl in particular who seemed quite perfect, Miss Amelia Jackson of Bedford Place. She was almost as small as he — a prerequisite for any man under five feet four — and she said she loved to listen to him talk. Her father was Judge Jackson and her uncle was Dr. James Jackson, who taught physics at the Medical School — the most fascinating man, Oliver was sure, that he had ever met.

Miss Jackson liked poetry, Oliver soon discovered, especially the poetry of O. W. Holmes. Oliver wrote more verses than ever, covering the backs of

his old law papers with lines evenly matched. In September of 1830 he conceived a poem that had nothing to do with love, purple shadows, or Miss Amelia Jackson. It had to do with an old, worn-out ship, but it came from the heart all the same and was written furiously, in anger and indignation.

The frigate *Constitution*, — Old Ironsides, — whose victorious return to harbor Boston had once greeted with such wild joy, lay now rotting at the wharf. The government announced suddenly, tersely, that the vessel was taking up too much room and must be scrapped. Boston protested, the whole country protested, but with no result. Abiel Holmes was almost ill over it; Oliver, bursting into the door one afternoon late, found him sitting moodily at his desk, trying to compose a letter to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. Now that the second edition of the *Annals* was in print, what weapon, said Abiel Holmes, had he against such outrage?

Oliver went upstairs and, sitting down by the western window, got out pen and paper. The lines poured from him, swept from him in a tide. It was as though he were writing someone else's poem, dictated carefully by its author and transcribed by Oliver Holmes: —

"Ay! pull her tattered ensign down,  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many a heart has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;

.....  
"Oh better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the God of storms —  
The lightning and the gale!"

There were three stanzas. Oliver copied them, finding very little to change. It was late when he took the poem downstairs. His father was still at his desk; Saurin's *Sermons* lay open before him. Silently, Oliver laid his poem on the desk and left the room.

A moment later his father called him. When Oliver came in, Abiel Holmes was standing by the desk, the poem in his hand. He began to speak, and his voice choked. With enormous surprise and a great lift of the heart, Oliver, looking up, saw tears in his father's eyes, saw that the hand holding his verses was trembling.

The poem, published next day in the *Advertiser*, swept Boston like wildfire, then reached beyond Boston all over the country. Printed in broadsides,



the verses were sold on the streets of Washington. The government, overwhelmed, gave orders that the frigate *Constitution* be preserved.

In Boston a shout of triumph went up. And in Boston, Cambridge, and far beyond the river Charles, Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the Reverend Dr. Abiel Holmes of Holmes Place, was famous.

## 8

SUDDEN fame did not determine Oliver Holmes, at twenty-one, to be a poet by profession. The conditions of being the first American gentleman of letters were as baffling as ever; "Old Ironsides" brought fame but not money. Moreover the whole episode, it seemed to Oliver, was fantastic. On Wednesday nobody had heard of him; on Thursday night he was celebrated. By Friday week, Oliver told himself, he would be forgotten. For all his frivolity there was a practical Yankee streak in this young man.

What success did for Oliver Holmes was to give him courage to abandon the law. There had been no doubt in his mind that he hated the law, from Blackstone to Kent. But with no alternative in mind it would have been impossible to go to his father and announce he was dropping the law because the law was disagreeable. His talks with Dr. Jackson, Oliver found increasingly fascinating; lately he had been looking into medical books and seeking out his brother-in-law, Dr. Parsons, to answer his questions. Here, in medicine, was a profession that concerned MAN. Here was a way to earn money and study mankind at the same time. To Oliver, Dr. Jackson was the wisest man he knew. He would ask Dr. Jackson now — tomorrow — if he could attend his lectures in Boston, and if Dr. Jackson said yes, he would go to his father that night and be done with the law forever.

To Abiel Holmes, his son's decision did not come as a great surprise; Abiel was aware the boy had been wasting his time at the law. If Oliver wished to study medicine, then let him begin immediately, and let him apply himself with more diligence than heretofore. "You are twenty-one," Abiel told his son gravely. "You have had many advantages of education and background. At your age I had my own parish in Georgia."

There was more of the same. Oliver, standing on one foot and then the other, listened automatically. How often during his lifetime he had heard about these "advantages." But this time his father was justified and Oliver knew it: he had thrown away a whole year at the law.

Oliver went into Boston and found a boarding-house — it was at 2 Central Court — and flung himself into medicine, certain that it would prove delightful from start to finish. Dr. Jackson's lectures fulfilled his every hope and expectation. But when the young student went down to the hospital and saw the white faces of the sick, row upon row in the long corridors, he was horrified. That night gray faces, wasted limbs, pursued his dreams. It was worse a few days later when he walked into the operating theater for the first time, notebook in hand. Dr. Bigelow stood there, a saw in his hand. His old black suit was splashed with the blood of a score of operations; beneath him on the table a man, made mercifully half-drunk with whiskey, screamed while Oliver's friends of the medical class held him down.

Even the skeleton that hung over the table in the students' room made Oliver wince. All day and for many days when he should have been memorizing the names of bones, he found himself moralizing upon the mortality of man.

At home he was quiet, disposed to seek out his father and start conversations on the brevity of life and the dangers that beset us. Abiel was astonished. He did not know that his son had witnessed, that morning at the lying-in ward, a young mother die in the agonies of childbed fever. "I knew Oliver was clever," Abiel told his wife that night in their room. "I knew he was talented, too. But he never gave evidence, before, that he could think on spiritual subjects."

*Oliver Wendell Holmes to his old schoolmate,  
Phineas Barnes*

MARCH, 1831

I must announce to you the startling position that I have been a medical student for more than six months, and am sitting with Wistar's Anatomy beneath my quiescent arm, with a stethoscope on my desk, and the blood-stained implements of my ungracious profession around me. I do not know what you will say, — but I cannot help it. . . . I know I might have made an indifferent lawyer, — I think I may make a tolerable physician, — I did not like the one, and I do like the other. And so you must know that for the last several months I have been quietly occupying a room in Boston, attending medical lectures, going to the Massachusetts Hospital, and slicing and slivering the carcasses of better men and women than I ever was myself or am like to be. It is a sin for a puny little fellow like me to mutilate one of your six-foot men as if he was a sheep, — but *vive la science!* I must write a piece and call it records of the dissecting-room, so let me save all my pretty things, as plums for my pudding. If you would die fagged to death like a crow with the king birds after him, — be a school-master; if you would wax thin and savage, like a half-fed spider, — be a lawyer;

if you would go off like an opium-eater in love with your starving delusion, — be a doctor.

"I must write a piece . . . *let me save all my pretty things, as plums for my pudding.*"

Oliver Holmes was finding himself. Action was important; one's blood called for action, whether it was the slicing of carcasses or the shove that sent a wherry from boat-slip to river. But what really mattered was to *remember* the slicing, remember the glint on the river beyond the bridge's shadow. Not to remember dimly, as a vague, completed pleasure. The act of memory must be one with the experience itself. While the thing was happening, Oliver experienced it with a joyful, painful vividness, phrase by phrase as it were, dimly conscious that later, when pen in hand he called upon these phrases, they would come back.

It was a kind of double living, the success of which could be proved only by Oliver's readers. Strangers, reading what he wrote, must feel as Oliver had felt. If they did not so feel, then Oliver knew that he had failed, and his own experience turned to ashes within him. There was in this no shred of altruism; Oliver Holmes had no desire to give boat trips to the poor of Boston or to the rich. He was an artist and acted from the artist's necessity to record and thus to fix forever — shake off forever — the impressions that crowded so mercilessly, demanding release.

Around the supper table at 2 Central Court, Oliver observed his fellow boarders with acutest interest, trying to place them, each in his proper niche. He ended by putting them all into an essay and calling it *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*. (This was not the real Autocrat that we know today; it would be twenty-six years before Oliver wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* the series that made him famous. This was only the germ, the first beginning of the Autocrat.) Signing the essay with his initials, Oliver sent it to the *New England Magazine*. It was published in November. Nobody noticed it. Oliver followed it with one more paper on the same subject and then turned again to medicine.

In January, 1833, Oliver completed his studies under Dr. Jackson. The next step was a foregone conclusion: he must go abroad and become familiar

with the great European hospitals. When Dr. Jackson had been young the place to go was London; Jackson himself had worked as a "dresser" at St. Thomas's. Now he recommended Paris. The best physicians in the world, he said, were to be found at La Pitié and at the Hôtel Dieu.

Oliver sailed for France. For two years he sat at the feet of the great in medicine — and for every one of them he had a description. Andral the eloquent, Broussais the old volcano, Ricord whom Oliver called the Voltaire of pelvic literature. Oliver's hero was Dr. Louis who told his students: —

"Formez toujours les idées nettes.  
Fuyez les à peu près."

In November of 1835, Oliver sailed for home. The Parisian medical world, he said, had taught him three principles of the profession. He listed them: "*Not to take authority when I can have facts; not to guess when I can know; not to think a man must take physic because he is sick.*" Before he left Paris, Oliver had been able to procure one of Chevalier's microscopes. Dr. Jackson would be enthralled; Jackson kept up with the times. In his stateroom Oliver unwrapped the instrument, fingering it lovingly. If he could manage to slant the pipe a trifle, the eye would not water looking down. When he got home he would rig up an arrangement by which a candle could be fastened to the platform, throwing light onto the slide.

The trip from Le Havre to New York took forty-three days; it was December when Oliver reached Cambridge. Snow had fallen. How white and deep it was, and how quiet the lanes of Cambridge after the noisy cobblestones of Paris! His mother looked well and as brisk as ever, but when he saw his father, Oliver was shocked. Why, his father was an old man, white-haired, frail. His hickory cane stood always by the door; walking down the icy path to the gate, he leaned heavily on it. Oliver, watching, saw him stop to speak to a child, reach a mittened hand in the pocket of his greatcoat, and give the child something. Since Oliver could remember, his father had carried candy to give to children. But this time it was an old man's gesture. Tears scalded Oliver's eyes.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

## THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR